



FARNEL.

The Cows neglectful of their pasture stand
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.

*Vide Eclogue on Health, lxxxix
Lament by Thirk, and Engraved by C. Warren
Printed for C. Cooke, Dec. 1839.*

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. THO. PARNELL.

CONTAINING THOSE
PUBLISHED BY MR. POPE,
TOGETHER WITH HIS
POSTHUMOUS PIECES.
WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.---Hor.

Cooke's Edition.

Such were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,
Till Death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh! just beheld and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!
Bless'd in each science! bless'd in ev'ry strain!
Dear to the Muse, to *Harley* dear---in vain!
For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the Statesman in the Friend.----
Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sign the absent claims, the dead a tear;)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy *Parnell* in his living lays.----

Pope to Lord Oxford.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row;
And sold by all the Booksellers in
Great Britain and
Ireland.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. THOMAS PARNELL.

CONTAINING HIS

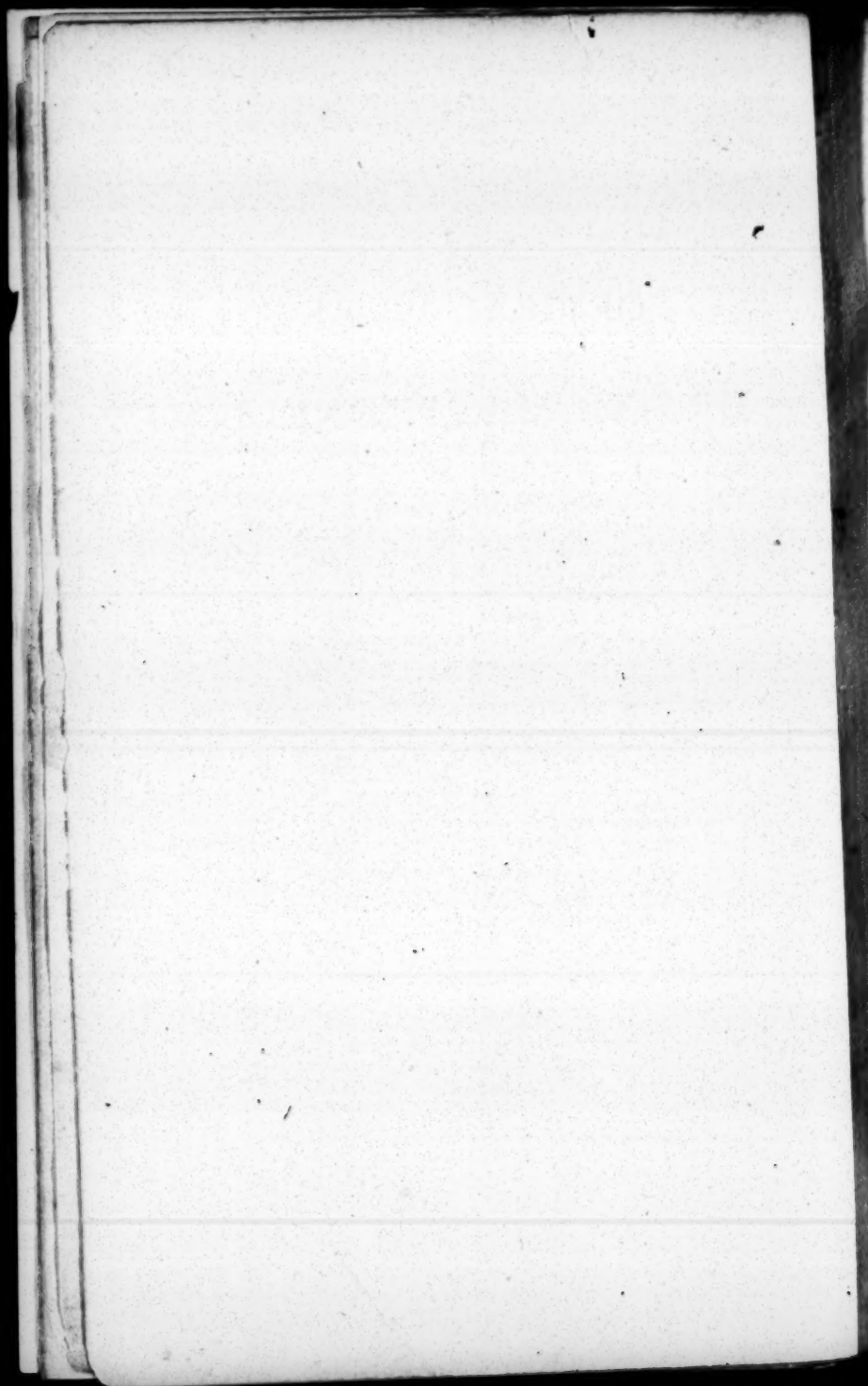
ANACREONTICS,	DEBORAH,
ECLOGUES,	HANNAH,
SONGS,	DAVID,
HYMNS,	SOLOMON,
EPISTLES,	JONAH,
MISCELLANIES,	HEZEKIAH,
MOSES,	HABAKKUK,

Et. Et. Et.

Charm'd with a zeal the Maker's praise to show,
Bright Gift of Verie descend! and here below
My ravish'd heart with rais'd affection fill,
And warbling o'er the soul incline my will.
Among thy pomp let rich-Expreffion wait,
Let ranging Numbers form thy train complete.
And when thy feet with gliding beauty tread,
Let Fancy's flow'ry spring erect its head.----
My call is favour'd. Time, from first to last,
Unwinds his years; the present sees the past:
I view the circles as he turns them o'er,
And fix my footsteps where he went before.

Gift of Poetry.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.



THE LIFE OF DR. THOMAS PARNELL.

FOR what is known of the life of Parnell, the world is indebted to Dr. Goldsmith; and those who consider the candour and ability of the biographer, will regret his want of materials for the completion of his undertaking; as he acknowledges he was under a necessity of taking the character of Dr. Parnell from such as knew but little of him, or who, perhaps, could have given very little information, if they had known more.

The circumstances stated in these memoirs will, therefore, of course, be chiefly taken from the account of Goldsmith, a plan professedly adopted by Dr. Johnson, who passes the greatest eulogium on that much admired writer, in the following lines, which precede his Life of Dr. Parnell.

"The life of Dr. Parnell is a task which I should very willingly decline, since it has been lately written by Goldsmith; a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do that best which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute, without tediousness; and general, without confusion; whose language was copious, without exuberance; exact, without constraint; and easy, without weakness.

"What such an author has told, who would tell again? I have made an abstract from his larger narrative; and have this gratification from my attempt, that it gives me an opportunity of paying due tribute to the memory of Goldsmith."

Thomas Parnell was descended from an ancient family, that had for some centuries been settled at Congleton, in Cheshire. His father, who had been attached to the Commonwealth party, upon the Restoration went over to Ireland, and purchased estates there, which, together with his possessions in Cheshire, descended to our Poet; upon which Goldsmith remarks, that, for this cause, "Want, which has compelled many of our greatest men into the service of the Muses, had no influence upon Parnell; he was a poet by inclination."

Parnell was born in Dublin in 1679; and, after the usual education at a grammar school, admitted into Trinity College at the age of thirteen; from which it may be inferred, that he had made a great progress in learning; as they are much stricter in their examination for entrance there than either at Oxford or Cambridge.

"His progress (says Goldsmith) through the college course of study was probably marked with but little splendour; his imagination might have been too warm to relish the cold logic of Begeridicius, or the dreary subtleties of Smiglelius; but it is certain, that, as a classical scholar, few could equal him: His own compositions shew this; and the deference which the most eminent men of his time paid him upon that head, put it beyond a doubt."

In 1700 he took the degree of Master of Arts, and was in the same year ordained a Deacon, having obtained a dispensation from the Primate, as being under twenty-three years of age. About three years after he was admitted into Priest's orders; and in 1705 preferred to the Archdeaconry of Clogher. About the same time, also, he married Miss Anne Minchin, an amiable lady, by whom he had two sons, who died young, and a daughter, who long survived him.

His happy disposition for society procured him the friendship of persons of every rank and party, as appears from the extensiveness of his connections,

connections, even before he made any figure in the literary world. Great contentions prevailed at that time between the Whigs and Tories. At the head of one party were Addison, Steele, and Congreve; at that of the other, Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot. "Parnell (says Goldsmith) was a friend to both sides; and, with a liberality becoming a scholar, scorned all those trifling distinctions, that are noisy for the time, and ridiculous to posterity."

At the end of Queen Anne's reign, however, at the dismissal of the Whig Ministry, he attached himself to the Tory party, not without much censure from his friends in Ireland, who imputed his desertion to the influence of Swift, by whom he was introduced to Harley, Earl of Oxford. When his Lordship was told that Dr. Parnell waited among the crowd in the outer room, he went, at the instance of Swift, with his treasurer's staff in his hand, to enquire for him, and bid him welcome; and afterwards admitted him among the number of his most intimate friends, as may be inferred from the following lines in Pope's Dedication:

For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend.
For Swift and him despis'd the farce of State,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dext'rous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

His wit, pleasantry, and classical erudition, procured him admission into the society called the *Scribblers Club*, formed by Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Swift, and Jervas. It is probable the club began with Parnell; for it is not mentioned during his intimacy with Addison, Steele, and Congreve, previous to his connection with the Tory ministry. Few societies have been productive of a greater variety of frolics and whimsical conceits, among which the following circumstance, related by Goldsmith, we apprehend, will not be displeasing to our readers.

"The *Scribblers Club*, when the members were in town, were seldom asunder; they often made excursions together into the country, and generally on foot. Swift was usually the butt of the company; and if a trick was played, he was always the sufferer. The whole party once agreed to walk down to the house of Lord Bolingbroke, whose seat was about twelve miles from town. As every one agreed to make the best of his way, Swift, who was remarkable for walking, soon left all the rest behind him, fully resolved, upon his arrival, to chuse the very best bed for himself, for that was his custom. In the mean time, Parnell was determined to prevent his intentions; and taking horse, arrived at Lord Bolingbroke's, by another way, long before him. Having apprised his Lordship of Swift's design, it was resolved, at any rate, to keep him out of the house; but how to effect this was the question. Swift never had the small-pox, and was very much afraid of catching it: as soon, therefore, as he appeared striding along at some distance from the house, one of his Lordship's servants was dispatched to inform him, that the small-pox was then making great ravages in the family; but that there was a summer-house, with a field-bed at his service, at the end of the garden. There the disappointed Dean was obliged to retire, and take a cold supper, that was sent out to him, while the rest were feasting within. However, at last, they took compassion on him; and, upon his promising never to chuse the best bed again, they permitted him to make one of the company." Upon this whimsical adventure, Goldsmith remarks, "there is something satisfactory in those accounts of the follies of the wise, as they give a natural air to the picture, and reconcile us to our own."

These wits wrote many things in conjunction; and their connection advanced the fame and interest of them all. They submitted their productions

ductions to the review of each other, and readily adopted alterations dictated by taste and judgment, unmixed with envy, or any sinister motive. How long the society lasted cannot be precisely determined.

Having formed such important connections as afforded every reasonable ground for expectation of high preferment in the church, Parnell applied himself to preaching, and displayed his elocution with great success in the pulpits of London; but the death of the Queen putting an end to his expectations, he abated his diligence.

Amidst these expectations he had the misfortune to lose his wife. This event is supposed to have made an indelible impression on his spirits; and Pope represents him as falling from that time into intemperance of wine. This seems to be corroborated by Swift, in one of his journals to Stella, where he says, "I am heartily sorry for poor Mrs. Parnell's death; she seemed to be an excellent good-natured young woman; and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted: they appeared to live perfectly well together."

Goldsmith also observes, that, from the time of her death, "he could never venture to court the Muse in solitude, where he was sure to find the image of her who inspired his attempts. He began, therefore, to throw himself into every company, and to seek from wine, if not relief, insensibility. Those helps that sorrow first called in for assistance, habit soon rendered necessary; and he died before his fortieth year, in some measure a martyr to conjugal fidelity."

He was now to derive every future addition to his preferment from his personal interest with his private friends. Nor was he long unregarded; for Swift warmly recommended him to Archbishop King, who gave him a prebend; and about three years after presented him to the vicarage of Finglas, in the diocese of Dublin, worth 400*l.* a year. But his prosperity did not last long; he enjoyed his preferment little more than a year; for he had died at Chester, on his way to Ireland, in July, 1717, in the thirty-eighth year of his age; and was buried in Trinity church in that city, without any monument to mark the place of his interment. As he died without male issue, his estate devolved to his only nephew, Sir John Parnell, Bart. whose father was younger brother to the Arch-deacon, and one of the Justices of the King's Bench in Ireland. He left many compositions behind him, of which Pope selected those which he thought best, and published them in one volume, with a dedication to the Earl of Oxford.

"Such (says Goldsmith) is the very unpoetical detail of the life of a Poet. Some dates, and a few facts, scarce more interesting than those that make the ornament of a country tomb-stone, are all that remain of one whose labours now begin to excite curiosity. A poet, while living, is seldom an object sufficiently great to attract much attention; his real merits are known but to a few, and these are generally sparing in their praises. When his fame is increased by time, it is then too late to investigate the peculiarities of his disposition; the dews of the morning are past, and we vainly try to continue the chase by the meridian splendour."

Parnell was a man of very agreeable manners. His conversation is said to have been extremely pleasing; but in what its peculiar excellence consisted is now unknown. He was respected by the world as a man of superior endowments. To talents, learning, and virtue, were joined a competent estate, and considerable preferments in the church. Though not a very great economist, he was by no means so profuse as to have materially reduced his fortune. Goldsmith says, "he was the most capable man in the world to make the happiness of those he conversed with, and the least able to secure his own. He wanted that evenness of disposition which bears disappointment without phlegm, and joy with indifference. He was ever very much elated, or depressed; and his whole life was spent in agony or rapture. But the turbulence of these passions

passions only affected himself, and never those about him. He knew the ridicule of his own character, and very effectually raised the mirth of his companions as well at his vexations as at his triumphs. Indeed, he took care that his friends should always see him to the best advantage; for when he found his fits of spleen and uneasiness, which sometimes lasted for weeks together, returning, he betook himself with all expedition to the remote parts of Ireland, and there made out a gloomy kind of satisfaction, in giving hideous descriptions of the solitude to which he retired. It is said (continues Goldsmith) of a famous painter, that, being confined in prison for debt, his whole delight consisted in drawing the faces of his creditors in caricature. It was just so with Parnell. From many of his unpublished pieces, which I have seen, and from others that have appeared, it would seem, that scarce a bog in his neighbourhood was left without reproach, and scarce a mountain reared its head unsung." "I can easily, (says Pope, in one of his letters in answer to a dreary description of Parnell's,) I can easily image to my thoughts the solitary hours of your eremetical life in the mountains, from something parallel to it in my own retirement." And in another place, "We are both miserably enough situated, God knows; but, of the two evils, I think the solitudes of the South are to be preferred to the solitudes of the West."

In this manner Pope answered him in the tone of his own complaints; and these descriptions of the imagined distresses of his situation served to give him a temporary relief, as they threw off the blame from himself, and laid upon fortune and accident, a wretchedness of his own creating. But these dreary representations disgusted his friends in Ireland, who did not care to confess themselves his fellow sufferers; so that he received many mortifications, upon that account, among them: for being naturally fond of company, he could not endure to be without even theirs, which, however, among his English friends, he pretended to despise. In fact, his conduct, in this particular, cannot be commended; for it seems he had either lost the art to engage, or did not employ his skill in securing those more permanent, though more humble, connections; and sacrificed, for a month or two in England, a whole year's happiness by his country fire-side.

However, what he permitted the world to see of his life, was elegant and splendid. His fortune (for a poet) was very considerable; and it may easily be supposed he lived to the very extent of it. As soon as ever he had collected his annual revenues, he immediately set out for England, to enjoy the company of his dearest friends, and laugh at the more prudent part of the world, that were minding business, and gaining money. The friends to whom, during the latter part of his life, he was chiefly attached, were the members of the *Scribblers Club*, before mentioned. Among these he was particularly happy; his mind was entirely at ease, and gave loose to every harmless folly that came uppermost. "Indeed it was a society, (says Goldsmith,) in which, of all others, a wise man might be most foolish, without incurring any danger of contempt." Perhaps the reader may be gratified in seeing a letter to him from a part of this junto, as there is something striking even in the levities of genius. It comes from Gay, Jervas, Arbuthnot, and Pope, assembled at a chop-house near the Exchange, and is as follows.

"My dear Sir,

"I was last summer in Devonshire, and am this winter at Mrs. Bonyer's. In the summer I wrote a Poem, and in the winter I have published it, which I have sent to you by Dr. Elwood. In the summer I eat two dishes of toad-stools of my own gathering, instead of mushrooms; and in the winter I have been sick with wine, as I am at this time, blessed be God for it, as I must bless God for all things. In the summer I spoke truth to damsels; in the winter I told lies to ladies. Now you know where I have been, and what I have done, I shall

I shall tell you what I intend to do the ensuing summer. I propose to do the same thing I did last, which was to meet you in any part of England you would appoint. Don't let me have two disappointments. I have longed to hear from you, and to that intent have teased you with three or four letters; but having no answer, I feared both yours and my letters might have miscarried. I hope my performance will please the Dean, whom I often wish for, and to whom I would have often wrote, but for the same reason I neglected writing to you. I hope I need not tell you how I love you, and how glad I should be to hear from you, which, next to seeing you, would be the greatest satisfaction to

"Your most affectionate friend and

"Humble servant,

"J. G."

"Dear Mr. Archdeacon,

"Though my proportion of this epistle should be but a sketch in miniature, yet I take up half this page, having paid my club with this good company, both for my dinner of chops and for this paper. The poets will give you lively descriptions in their way; I shall only acquaint you with that which is directly my province. I have just set the last hand to a couplet, for so I may call two nymphs in one piece. They are Pope's favourites; and though few, you will guess, must have cost me more pains than any nymphs can be worth. He has been so unreasonable to expect that I should have made them as beautiful upon canvas as he has done upon paper. If this same Mr. P—— should omit to write for the dear Frogs and the Pervigilium, I must intreat you not to let me languish for them, as I have done ever since they crossed the seas. I am going on at the old rate, and want you and the Dean prodigiously; am in hopes of making you a visit this summer, and of hearing from you both now you are together. Fortescue, I am sure, will be concerned that he is not in Cornhill, to set his hand to their presents, not only as a witness, but as

"Serveiteur tres humble

"C. JERVAS."

"It is so great an honour to a poor Scotchman to be remembered at this time a day, especially by an inhabitant of the *Glaciolis Jerne*, that I take it very thankfully, and have with my good friends, remembered you at our table in the chop-house in Exchange-Alley. There wanted nothing to complete our happiness but your company, and our dear friend the Dean's. I am sure the whole entertainment would have been to his relish. Gay has got so much money by his "Art of walking the Streets," that he is ready to set up his equipage: he is just going to the Bank to negotiate some exchange bills. Mr. Pope delays the second volume of his Homer till the martial spirit of the rebels is quite quelled, being judged that the first part did some harm that way. Our love again and again to the dear Dean, *Fuimus Trojes*. I can say no more.

"ARBUTHNOT."

"When a man is conscious that he does no good himself, the next thing is to cause others to do some. I may claim some merit this way, in hastening this testimonial from your friends above writing: their love to you, indeed, wants no spur, their ink wants no pen, their pen wants no hand, their hand wants no heart, and so forth, (after the manner of Rabelais, which is betwixt some meaning and no meaning;) and yet it may be said, when present thought and opportunity is wanting, their pens want ink, their hands want pens, their hearts want hands, &c. till time, place, and conveniency, concur to set them a writing; as at present, a sociable meeting, a good dinner, warm fire, and an easy situation do, to the joint labours and pleasures of this epistle; wherein if I should say nothing, I should say much, (much being included in my love;) though my love be such, that if I should say much, I should yet say nothing, being (as Cowley says) equally impossible either to conceal or express it.

"If I were to tell you the thing I wish above all things, it is to see you again; the next is to see here your treatise of *Zoilus*, with the *Batrachomyomachia*, and the *Pervigilium Veneris*: they are master-pieces in several kinds; and I question not the prose is as excellent in its sort as the Essay on Homer. Nothing can be more glorious to that great author, than that the same hand that raised his last statue, and decked it with its old laurels, should also hang up the scarecrow of his miserable critic, and gibbet up the carcase of *Zoilus*, to the terror of the wirlings of posterity. More, and much more, upon this, and a thousand other subjects, will be the matter of my next letter, wherein I must open all the friend to you. At this time I must be content with telling you, I am faithfully your most affectionate, and

"Humble servant,

"A. POPE."

Goldsmith observes, that "if we regard this letter with a critical eye, we shall find it indifferent enough; if we consider it as a mere effusion of friendship, in which every writer contended in affection, it will appear much to the honour of those who wrote it. To be mindful of an absent friend in the hours of mirth and feasting, when his company is least wanted, shews no slight degree of sincerity; yet probably there was still another motive for writing thus to him in conjunction. The above named, together with Swift and Parnell, had some time before formed themselves into the *Scribblers Club*, and I should suppose they commemorated him thus as being an absent member. It is past a doubt, that they wrote many things in conjunction, and Gay usually held the pen. And yet I don't remember any productions which were the joint efforts of this society as doing it honour. There is something feeble and quaint in all their attempts, as if company repressed thought, and genius wanted solitude for its boldest and happiest exertions. Of these productions in which Parnell had a principal share, that of the *Origin of the Sciences* from the *Monkies* in *Ethiopia* is particularly mentioned by Pope himself, in some manuscript anecdotes he left behind him."

Pope was not only excessively fond of Parnell's company, but likewise under several literary obligations to him for his assistance in the Translation of *Homer*, as appears by the following extract from one of his letters.

"My business (says Pope) depends entirely upon you. The moment I lost you, Eutathius, with nine thousand contractions of the Greek character, arose to my view. Spensanus with all his auxiliaries, in number a thousand pages, (value three shillings,) and Dacier's three volumes; Barnes's two; Valteric's three; Cuperus, half in Greek; Leo Allatius, three parts in Greek; Scaliger, Macrobius, and, worse than all, Aulus Gellius. All these rushed upon my soul at once, and whelmed me under a fit of the head-ach. I cursed them all religiously, damned my best friends amongst the rest, and even blasphemed *Homer* himself. Dear Sir, not only as you are a friend, and a good-natured man, but as you are a Christian and a Divine, come back speedily, and prevent the increase of my sins; for at the rate I have begun to rave, I shall not only damn all poets and commentators who have gone before me, but be damned myself by all that come after me. In short, come down forthwith, or give me good reasons for delaying, though but for a day or two, by the next post. If I find them just, I will come up to you; though you know how precious my time is at present. My hours were never worth so much money before."*

Gay was obliged to Parnell on another account; for being always poor, he was not above receiving from him the copy-money which he got for his writings.† From all these testimonies we may conclude, that Parnell merited the character of an agreeable, a generous, and a sincere man.

Our Author, as Goldsmith observes, is only to be considered as a Poet, as his prosaic writings were never held in general estimation. The life of *Homer*, prefixed to the translation of the *Iliad*, was written by him, and corrected by Pope; and, as that great man assures us, in the same place, this correction was not effected without great labour. "It is still stiff, (says he,) and was written still stiffer. As it is, I verily think, it cost me more pains in correcting, than the writing it would have done." Goldsmith gives credit to this observation of Pope, and justifies his opinion by

* It may easily be perceived, from this, that Parnell was not a little necessary to Pope in conducting his translation; however, he has worded it so ambiguously, that it is impossible to bring the charge directly against him.

† Pope, in a letter to Parnell, desires to know upon what terms he is to deal with the bookseller respecting the sale of two of his works, and whether he designed the copy-money for Gay, as he had mentioned on a former occasion.

by remarking, that every thing of Parnell's, that has appeared in prose, is written in a very awkward, inelegant manner. He admits that his productions teem with imagination, and shew great learning, while they want that ease and sweetness for which his poetry is so much admired: and the language is also most shamefully incorrect. Yet, though all this may be allowed, Pope should have taken care not to leave his errors upon record against him, or put it in the power of envy to tax his friend with faults that do not appear in what he has left to the world. A poet has a right to expect the same secrecy in his friend as in his confessor; the sins he discovers are not divulged for punishment, but pardon. Indeed, Pope is almost inexcusable in this instance, as what he seems to condemn in one place he very much applauds in another. In one of the letters from him to Parnell, he treats the Life of Homer with much greater respect; and seems to say, that the prose is excellent in its kind. Who then can defend his candour or his sincerity?

When Doctor Johnson has given his opinion of Goldsmith in the nervous language we have cited in the introductory part of these memoirs, and corroborated the same, by observing, that, of Parnell's compositions, selected by Pope, and dedicated to the Earl of Oxford, "Goldsmith has given an opinion, and his criticism is seldom safe to contradict," we vouch the highest authority for laying it before our readers in his own express words.

"The universal esteem (says Goldsmith) in which his Poems are held, and the reiterated pleasure they give in the perusal, are a sufficient test of their merit. He appears to me to be the last of the great school that had modelled itself upon the ancients, and taught English poetry to resemble what the generality of mankind have allowed to excel. A studious and correct observer of antiquity, he sets himself to consider nature with the lights it lent him; and he found that the more aid he borrowed from the one, the more delightfully he resembled the other. To copy nature is a task the most bungling workman is able to execute; to select such parts as contribute to delight, is reserved only for those whom accident has blessed with uncommon talents, or such as have read the ancients with indefatigable industry. Parnell is very happy in the selection of his images, and scrupulously careful in the choice of his subjects. His productions bear no resemblance to those tawdry things which it has for some time been the fashion to admire; in writing which the poet sits down without any plan; and heaps up splendid images without any selection; where the reader grows dizzy with praise and admiration, and yet soon grows weary, he can scarce tell why. Our Poet, on the contrary, gives out his beauties with a more sparing hand; he is still carrying his reader forward, and just gives him refreshment sufficient to support him to his journey's end. At the end of his course, the reader regrets that his way has been so short; he wonders that it gave him so little trouble, and so resolves to go over the journey again.

"His poetical language is not less correct than his subjects are pleasing. He found it at that period in which it was brought to its pitch of refinement; and ever since his time it has been gradually debasing. It is, indeed, amazing, after what has been done by Dryden, Addison, and Pope, to improve and harmonize our native tongue, that their successors should have taken so much pains to involve it in pristine barbarity. These misguided innovators have not been content with restoring antiquated words and phrases, but have indulged themselves in the most licentious transpositions and the hardest constructions, vainly imagining that the more their writings are unlike prose, the more they resemble poetry. They have adopted a language of their own, and call upon mankind for admiration. All those who do not understand them are silent; and those who make out their meaning, are willing to praise, to shew they understand. From these follies and affectations the Poems of Parnell are entirely free: he has

has considered the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmest thought in the simplest expression.

"Of Parnell's collection, selected by Pope, some are indifferent, and some moderately good; but the greater part are excellent. Some structures on the most striking shall conclude this account.

"*Hesiod, or the Rise of Woman*, is a very fine illustration of a hint from Hesiod. It was one of his earliest productions, and first appeared in a miscellany, published by Tonson.

"Of the three *Songs* that follow, two of them were written upon the lady he afterwards married: they were the genuine dictates of his passion, but are not excellent in their kind.

"The *Anacreontic*, beginning with *When spring came on with fresh delight*, is taken from a French Poet, whose name I forget; and, as far as I am able to judge of the French language, is better than the original. The *Anacreontic* that follows, *Gay Bacchus*, &c. is also a translation of a Latin poem by *Aurelius Augurellus*, an Italian poet. Parnell, when he translated it, applied the characters to some of his friends; and as it was written for their entertainment, it probably has given them more pleasure than it has given the public in the perusal. It seems to have more spirit than the original; but it is extraordinary that it was published as an original, and not as a translation. Pope, as he knew it, should have acknowledged it.

"The *Fairy Tale* is incontestably one of the finest pieces in any language. The old dialect is not perfectly preserved, but that is a very slight defect where all the rest is so excellent.

"The *Peripetium Veneris* (which, by the bye, does not belong to Catullus) is very well versified; and in general all Parnell's translations are excellent. The *Battle of the Frogs and Mice* is done as well as the subject would admit; but there is a defect in the translation, which sinks it below the original, and which it is impossible to remedy. I mean the names of the combatants, which in the Greek bear a ridiculous allusion to their natures, but have no force to the English reader. A bacon-eater was a good name for a mouse; and *Pternotractas*, in Greek, was a very good sounding word, that conveyed that meaning. Puff-cheek would sound odiously as a name for a frog; and yet *Phygnathus* does admirably well in the original.

"The epistle to Mr. Pope is one of the finest compliments that ever was paid to any poet; the description of his situation at the end of it is very fine, but very far from being true. Mr. Coote, a gentleman in his neighbourhood, who thought that he himself had wit, was very much displeased with Parnell for casting his eyes so far off for a learned friend, when he could so conveniently be supplied at home.

"The translation of a part of the *Rape of the Lock* into monkish verse, serves to shew what a matter Parnell was of the Latin; a copy of verses made in this manner, is one of the most difficult trifles than can possibly be imagined. I am assured that it was written upon the following occasion. Before the *Rape of the Lock* was yet completed, Pope was reading it to his friend Swift, who sat very attentively, while Parnell, who happened to be in the house, went in and out, without seeming to take any notice. However, he was very diligently employed in listening; and was able, from the strength of his memory, to bring away the whole description of the toilet pretty exactly. This he versified in the manner now published in his works; and the next day, when Pope was reading his poem to some friends, Parnell insisted that he had stolen that part of the description from an old monkish manuscript. An old paper, with the Latin verses, was soon brought forth; and it was not till after some time that Pope was delivered from the confusion it first produced.

"The

"The *Book Worm* is another acknowledged translation from a Latin poem by Beza. It was the fashion with the wits of the last age to conceal the places from whence they took their hints or their subjects. A trifling acknowledgment would have made that lawful prize which may now may be considered as plunder.

"The *Night Piece* on *Death* deserves every praise; and I should suppose, with very little amendment, might be made to surpass all those night-pieces and church-yard pieces that have since appeared.

"But the Poem of Parnell's best known, and on which his best reputation is grounded, is the *Hermit*. Pope, speaking of this, in those manuscript anecdotes already mentioned, says, that "the poem is very good. That the poem was written originally in Spanish, whence probably Howell had translated it into prose, and inserted it in one of his letters. Addison liked the scheme, and was not disinclined to come into it. However this may be, Dr. Henry Moore, in his *Dialogue*, has the very same story; and I have been informed by some, that it is originally of Arabian invention."

Dr. Johnson thus briefly comments on the criticism of Goldsmith. "He bestows (says the Doctor) just praise upon the *Rise of Woman*, the *Fairy Tale*, and the *Pervigilium Veneris*; and has very properly remarked, that, in the *Battle of Mice and Frogs*, the Greek names have not in English their original effect. He tells us that the *Book-worm* is borrowed from Beza; but he should have added, with modern applications: and when he discovers that *Gay Bacchus* is translated from Augustellus, he ought to have remarked, that the latter part is purely Parnell's. Another poem, *When Spring came on*, is, he says, taken from the French. I would add, that the description of Barrenness, in his verses to Pope, was borrowed from *Secundus*; but lately searching for the passage, which I had formerly read, I could not find it. The *Night Piece on Death* is indirectly preferred by Goldsmith to Gray's *Church-Yard*; but, in my opinion, Gray has the advantage in dignity, variety, and originality of sentiment. He observes, that the story of the *Hermit* is in Moore's *Dialogue* and Howell's *Letters*, and supposes it to have been originally Arabian.

"Goldsmith has not taken any notice of the *Elegy to the old Beauty*, which is perhaps the meanest, nor of the *Allegory on Man*, the happiest, of Parnell's performances. The hint of the *Hymn to Contentment* I suspect to have been borrowed from Cleveland."

The general character of Parnell is not great for extent of comprehension, or fertility of mind. His praise must be derived from the easy sweetness of his diction: in his verses there is more happiness than pains: he is spritely without effect; and always delights, though he never ravishes: every thing is proper, yet every thing seems casual. If there is some appearance of elaboration in the *Hermit*, the narrative, as it is less airy, is less pleasing. Of his other compositions it is impossible to say, whether they are the productions of nature so excellent as not to want the help of art, or of art so refined as to resemble nature.



has considered the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmest thought in the simplest expression.

"Of Parnell's collection, selected by Pope, some are indifferent, and some moderately good; but the greater part are excellent. Some strictures on the most striking shall conclude this account.

"*Hesiod, or the Rise of Woman*, is a very fine illustration of a hint from Hesiod. It was one of his earliest productions, and first appeared in a miscellany, published by Tonson.

"Of the three *Songs* that follow, two of them were written upon the lady he afterwards married: they were the genuine dictates of his passion, but are not excellent in their kind.

"The *Anacreontic*, beginning with *When spring came on with fresh delight*, is taken from a French Poet, whose name I forget; and, as far as I am able to judge of the French language, is better than the original. The *Anacreontic* that follows, *Gay Bacchus, &c.* is also a translation of a Latin poem by *Aurelius Augurellus*, an Italian poet. Parnell, when he translated it, applied the characters to some of his friends; and as it was written for their entertainment, it probably has given them more pleasure than it has given the public in the perusal. It seems to have more spirit than the original; but it is extraordinary that it was published as an original, and not as a translation. Pope, as he knew it, should have acknowledged it.

"The *Fairy Tale* is incontestably one of the finest pieces in any language. The old dialect is not perfectly preserved, but that is a very slight defect where all the rest is so excellent.

"The *Pervigilium Veneris* (which, by the bye, does not belong to Catullus) is very well versified; and in general all Parnell's translations are excellent. The *Battle of the Frogs and Mice* is done as well as the subject would admit; but there is a defect in the translation, which sinks it below the original, and which it is impossible to remedy. I mean the names of the combatants, which in the Greek bear a ridiculous allusion to their natures, but have no force to the English reader. A bacon-eater was a good name for a mouse; and *Pternotractas*, in Greek, was a very good sounding word, that conveyed that meaning. Puff-cheek would sound odiously as a name for a frog; and yet *Phygnathus* does admirably well in the original.

"The epistle to Mr. Pope is one of the finest compliments that ever was paid to any poet; the description of his situation at the end of it is very fine, but very far from being true. Mr. Coote, a gentleman in his neighbourhood, who thought that he himself had wit, was very much displeased with Parnell for casting his eyes so far off for a learned friend, when he could so conveniently be supplied at home.

"The translation of a part of the *Rape of the Lock* into monkish verse, serves to shew what a master Parnell was of the Latin; a copy of verses made in this manner, is one of the most difficult trifles than can possibly be imagined. I am assured that it was written upon the following occasion. Before the *Rape of the Lock* was yet completed, Pope was reading it to his friend Swift, who sat very attentively, while Parnell, who happened to be in the house, went in and out, without seeming to take any notice. However, he was very diligently employed in listening; and was able, from the strength of his memory, to bring away the whole description of the toilet pretty exactly. This he versified in the manner now published in his works; and the next day, when Pope was reading his poem to some friends, Parnell insisted that he had stolen that part of the description from an old monkish manuscript. An old paper, with the Latin verses, was soon brought forth; and it was not till after some time that Pope was delivered from the confusion it first produced.

"The

"The *Book-Worm* is another acknowledged translation from a Latin poem by Beza. It was the fashion with the wits of the last age to conceal the places from whence they took their hints or their subjects. A trifling acknowledgment would have made that lawful prize which may now may be considered as plunder.

"The *Night Piece on Death* deserves every praise; and I should suppose, with very little amendment, might be made to surpass all those night-pieces and church-yard pieces that have since appeared.

"But the Poem of Parnell's best known, and on which his best reputation is grounded, is the *Hermit*. Pope, speaking of this, in those manuscript anecdotes already mentioned, says, that "the poem is very good. That the poem was written originally in Spanish, whence probably Howell had translated it into prose, and inserted it in one of his letters. Addison liked the scheme, and was not disinclined to come into it. However this may be, Dr. Henry Moore, in his Dialogue, has the very same story; and I have been informed by some, that it is originally of Arabian invention."

Dr. Johnson thus briefly comments on the criticism of Goldsmith. "He bestows (says the Doctor) just praise upon the *Rise of Woman*, the *Fairy Tale*, and the *Pervigilium Veneris*; and has very properly remarked, that, in the *Battle of Mice and Frogs*, the Greek names have not in English their original effect. He tells us that the *Book-worm* is borrowed from Beza; but he should have added, with modern applications: and when he discovers that *Gay Bacchus* is translated from Augurellus, he ought to have remarked, that the latter part is purely Parnell's. Another poem, *When Spring came on*, is, he says, taken from the French. I would add, that the description of Barrenness, in his verses to Pope, was borrowed from *Secundus*; but lately searching for the passage, which I had formerly read, I could not find it. The *Night Piece on Death* is indirectly preferred by Goldsmith to Gray's *Church-Yard*; but, in my opinion, Gray has the advantage in dignity, variety, and originality of sentiment. He observes, that the story of the *Hermit* is in Moore's Dialogue and Howell's Letters, and supposes it to have been originally Arabian.

"Goldsmith has not taken any notice of the *Elegy to the old Beauty*, which is perhaps the meanest, nor of the *Allegory on Man*, the happiest, of Parnell's performances. The hint of the *Hymn to Contentment* I suspect to have been borrowed from Cleveland."

The general character of Parnell is not great for extent of comprehension, or fertility of mind. His praise must be derived from the easy sweetness of his diction: in his verses there is more happiness than pains: he is spritely without effect; and always delights, though he never ravishes: every thing is proper, yet every thing seems casual. If there is some appearance of elaboration in the *Hermit*, the narrative, as it is less airy, is less pleasing. Of his other compositions it is impossible to say, whether they are the productions of nature so excellent as not to want the help of art, or of art so refined as to resemble nature.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
ROBERT,
EARL OF OXFORD AND EARL MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,
Till Death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh! just beheld and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!
Bless'd in each science! bless'd in ev'ry strain!
Dear to the Muse, to Harley dear.--in vain!

For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him despis'd the sars of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dext'rous the craving fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear,)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays;
Who careless now of interest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine;
A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
The rage of pow'r, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made,
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis her's the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all the oblig'd desert, and all the vain,
She waits or to the scaffold or the cell,
When the last line'ring friend has bid farewell:
E'en now the shades thy ev'ning walk with bays,
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)
E'en now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day,
'Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell that Mortimer is he.

Sept. 25. 1721.

A. POPE.



ANACREONTICS.

ANACREONTIC I.

WHEN spring came on with fresh delight,
To cheer the soul and charm the sight,
While easy breezes, softer rain,
And warmer suns, salute the plain,
'Twas then, in yonder piny grove,
That Nature went to meet with Love.

5

Green was her robe, and green her wreath,
Where'er she trod 'twas green beneath;
Where'er she turn'd the pulses beat
With new recruits of genial heat;
And in her train the birds appear,
To match for all the coming year.

10

Rais'd on a bank, where daisies grew,
And vi'lets intermix'd a blue,
She finds the boy she went to find;
A thousand Pleasures wait behind;
Aside a thousand arrows lie,
But all unfeather'd wait to fly.

15

When they met, the dame and boy,
Dancing Graces, idle Joy,
Wanton Smiles, and airy Play,
Conspir'd to make the scene be gay;
Love pair'd the birds through all the grove,
And Nature bid them sing to Love;
Sitting, hopping, flutt'ring, sing,
And pay their tribute from the wing,
To fledge the shafts that idly lie,
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.

20

25

'Tis thus, when spring renews the blood,
They meet in ev'ry trembling wood,
And thrice they make the plumes agree,
And every dart they mount with three,
And ev'ry dart can boast a kind,
Which suits each proper turn of mind.

30

From the tow'ring eagle's plume
 The gen'rous hearts accept their doom ;
 Shot by the peacock's painted eye,
 The vain and airy lovers die :
 For careful dames and frugal men
 The shafts are speckled by the hen.
 The pyes and parrots deck the darts
 When prattling wins the panting hearts ;
 When from the voice the passions spring,
 The warbling finch affords a wing :
 Together by the sparrow stung,
 Down fall the wanton and the young ;
 And fledg'd by geese the weapons fly,
 When others love—they know not why.
 All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)
 I learn'd in yonder waving grove.
 " And see," says Love, (who call'd me near,)
 " How much I deal with Nature here,
 " How both support a proper part ;
 " She gives the feather, I the dart :
 " Then cease for souls averse to sigh ;
 " If Nature cross ye, so do I ;
 " My weapon there unfeather'd flies,
 " And shakes and shuffles through the skies :
 " But if the mutual charms I find
 " By which she links you mind to mind,
 " They wing my shafts, I poize the darts,
 " And strike from both through both your hearts."

ANACREONTIC II.

GAY Bacchus, liking Estcourt's wine,
 A noble meal bespoke us,
 And for the guests that were to dine
 Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The god near Cupid drew his chair,
 Near Comus Jocus plac'd,
 For wine makes love forget its care,
 And mirth exalts a feast.

ANACREONTICS.

17

35 The more to please the sprightly god,
Each sweet engaging Grace
Put on some clothes to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.

10

40 Then Cupid nam'd at every glass
A lady of the sky,
While Bacchus swore he'd drink the lass,
And had it bumper-high.

15

45 Fat Comus tofs'd his brimmers o'er,
And always got the most;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he miss'd the toast.

20

50 They call'd and drank at every touch;
He fill'd and drank again;
And if the gods can take too much,
'Tis said they did so then.

55 Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung,
By reck'ning his deceits;
And Cupid mock'd his stamm'ring tongue
With all his stagg'ring gaits:

25

60 And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
And tales without a jest,
62 While Comus call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at best.

30

Such talk soon fet 'em all at odds;
And, had I Homer's pen,
I'd sing ye how they drunk like gods,
And how they fought like men.

35

To part the fray the Graces fly,
Who make 'em soon agree;
Nay, had the Furies' selves been nigh,
They still were three to three.

40

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow;
But kept some darts to stir the cup
Where sack and sugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' rosy crown,
And gaily wore the prize,
And thrice in mirth he push'd him down,
As thrice he strove to rise.

Then Cupid sought the myrtle grove
Where Venus did recline,
And Venus close embracing Love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus, loudly cursing wit,
Roll'd off to some retreat,
Where boon companions gravely sit
In fat unwieldy state.

Bacchus and Jocus, still behind,
For one fresh glass prepare:
They kiss, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be sincere.

But part in time whoever hear
This our instructive song;
For though such friendships may be dear,
They can't continue long.



ECLOGUES.

HEALTH, AN ECLOGUE.

NOW early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,
And print long footsteps in the glitt'ring grass;
The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.
When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn, 5
Damon, a youth from city cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd through,
A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view;
There rests the youth, and, while the feather'd throng 10
Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song.
Here wasted o'er by mild Etesian air,
Thou country goddess, beauteous Health! repair;
Here let my breast thro' quiv'ring trees inhale
The rosy blessings with the morning gale.
What are the fields, or flow'rs, or all I see? 15
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.
Joy to my Soul! I feel the goddess nigh,
The face of Nature cheers as well as I;
O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
The smiling daisies blow beneath the sun, 20
The brooks run purling down with silver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
The chirping birds from all the compass rove,
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove;
High sunny summits, deeply shaded dales, 25
Thick mossy banks, and flow'ry winding vales,
With various prospect gratify the sight,
And scatter fix'd attention in delight.
Come, country Goddess! come; nor thou suffice,
But bring thy mountain-sister Exercise. 30
Call'd by thy lively voice she turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chace;
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain;
Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train;
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind, 35
And lines and meshes loosely float behind:
All these as means of toil the feeble see,
But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.

Let Sloth lie soft'ning till high noon in down,
 Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,
 Unnerv'd with rest, and turn her own disease, 40
 Or foster others in luxurious ease:
 I mount the courier, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
 The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;
 I lead where stags thro' tangled thickets tread, 45
 And shake the saplings with their branching head;
 I make the falcons wing their airy way,
 And soar to seize, or stooping strike, their prey;
 To snare the fish I fix the luring bait;
 To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate. 50
 'Tis thus thro' change of exercise I range,
 And strength and pleasure rise from ev'ry change.
 Here, beauteous Health! for all the year remain,
 When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

Oh come, thou Goddess of my rural song!
 And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along; 55
 Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
 From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly:
 For her I mow my walks, I plat my bow'rs,
 Clip low my hedges, and support my flow'rs; 60
 To welcome her this summer-seat I dress,
 And here I court her when she comes to rest;
 When she from exercise to learned ease
 Shall change again, and teach the change to please.

Now friends conversing my soft hours refine, 65
 And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine:
 Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
 And such as make me rather good than great;
 Or o'er the works of easy Fancy rove,
 Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove: 70
 The native bard that on Sicilian plains
 First sung the lowly manners of the swains,
 Or Maro's Muse, that in the fairest light
 Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight;
 These soft amusements bring content along, 75
 And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song.
 Here, beauteous Health! for all the year remain,
 When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again. 78

THE FLIES, AN ECLOGUE.

40 **W**HEN in the river cows for coolness stand,
 And sheep for breezes seek the lofty land,
 A youth (whom Æsop taught that ev'ry tree,
 Each bird and insect, spoke as well as he)
 Walk'd calmly musing in a shaded way, 5
 45 Where flow'ring hawthorn broke the sunny ray,
 And thus instructs his moral pen to draw
 A scene that obvious in the field he saw.
 Near a low ditch, where shallow waters meet,
 Which never learn'd to glide with liquid feet, 10
 50 Whose Naiads never prattle as they play,
 But, screen'd with hedges, slumber out the day,
 There stands a slender fern's aspiring shade,
 Whose ans'w'ring branches regularly laid
 Put forth their ans'w'ring boughs, and proudly rise 15
 55 Three stories upward in the nether skies.
 For shelter here, to shun the noon-day heat,
 An airy nation of the flies retreat;
 Some in soft air their silken pinions ply,
 And some from bough to bough delighted fly; 20
 60 Some rise, and circling light to perch again,
 A pleasing murmur hums along the plain.
 So when a stage invites to pageant shows,
 (If great and small are like) appear the beaux;
 In boxes some with spruce pretension sit, 25
 65 Some change from seat to seat within the pit,
 Some roam the scenes, or, turning, cease to roam;
 Preluding music fills the lofty dome.
 When thus a Fly (if what a Fly can say
 Deserves attention) rais'd the rural lay: 30
 70 "When late Amintor made a nymph a bride,
 "Joyful I flew by young Favonia's side,
 "Who, mindless of the feasting, went to sip
 "The balmy pleasure of the shepherd's lip:
 "I saw the wanton, where I stoop'd to sup, 35
 75 And half resolv'd to drown me in the cup,
 "Till, brush'd by careless hands, she soar'd above:
 "Cease, Beauty! cease to vex a tender love."

Thus ends the youth, the buzzing meadow rung,
And thus the rival of his music sung:

"When suns by thousands shone in orbs of dew,
"I, wafted soft, with Zephyretta flew,
"Saw the clean pail, and sought the milky cheer,
"While little Daphne seiz'd my roving dear.
"Wretch that I was! I might have warn'd the dame
"Yet sat indulging as the danger came;
"But the kind huntress left her free to soar:
"Ah! guard, ye Lovers! guard a mistress more."

Thus from the fern, whose high-projecting arms
The fleeting nation bent with dusky swarms,
The swains their love in easy music breathe,
When tongues and tumult stun the field beneath:
Black ants in teams come dark'ning all the road,
Some call to march, and some to lift the load;
They strain, they labour with incessant pains,
Press'd by the cumbrous weight of single grains.
The Flies, struck silent, gaze with wonder down;
The busy burghers reach their earthy town,
Where lay the burthens of a wint'ry store,
And thence unwearied part in search of more:
Yet one grave sage a moment's space attends,
And the small city's loftiest point ascends,
Wipes the salt dew that trickles down his face,
And thus harangues them with the gravest grace:

"Ye foolish Nurslings of the summer air!
"These gentle tunes and whining songs forbear;
"Your trees and whisp'ring breeze, your grove and
"Your Cupid's quiver, and his mother's dove: [love
"Let bards to business bend their vigorous wing,
"And sing but seldom, if they love to sing;
"Else when the flow'rets of the season fail,
"And this your ferny shade forsakes the vale,
"Tho' one would save ye, not one grain of wheat
"Should pay such songsters idling at my gate."

He ceas'd: the Flies, incorrigibly vain,
Heard the May'r's speech, and fell to sing again.

SONGS.

SONG I.

WHEN thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky,
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye ! 5
But when without art
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes thro' every vein ;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your
Then I know you're a woman again. [heart,
" There's a passion and pride 11
" In our sex (she reply'd)
" And thus (might I gratify both) I would do :
" Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
" But still be a woman to you." 15

SONG II.

THYRSIS, a youth and am'rous swain,
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
Who both his heart subdue ;
Gay Cælia's eyes were dazzling fair,
Sabina's easy shape and air 5
With softer magic drew.
He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,
Lives in a fond romance of love,
And seems for each to die ;
Till each a little spiteful grown, 10
Sabina Cælia's shape ran down,
And the Sabina's eye.
Their envy made the shepherd find
Those eyes which love could only blind,
So set the lover free : 15
No more he haunts the grove or stream,
Or with a true-love knot and name
Engraves a wounded tree.

" Ah, Cælia! (fly Sabina cry'd)
 " Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd;
 " Now to support the sex's pride,
 " Let either fix the dart."
 " Poor Girl! (says Cælia) say no more;
 " For should the swain but one adore,
 " That spite which broke his chains before
 " Would break the other's heart."

SONG III.

MY days have been so wondrous free,
 The little birds, that fly
 With careless ease from tree to tree,
 Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding waters if a tear
 Of mine increas'd their stream?
 Or ask the flying gales if e'er
 I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught;
 The tender chains of sweet desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye Nightingales! ye twisting Pines!
 Ye Swains that haunt the grove!
 Ye gentle Echoes! breezy Winds!
 Ye close Retreats of Love!

With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design;
 O teach a young unpractis'd heart
 To make my Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate
 As much as of despair,
 Nor ever covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.

'Tis true the passion in my mind
 Is mix'd with soft distress,
 Yet while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

HYMNS.

A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of humankind!
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the sky
With more of happiness below 5
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head!
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease? 10
Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state to meet thee there:
Increasing Avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd.
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way 15
Thro' rocks, amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love, and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales, 20
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought, but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found 25
In trailing purple o'er the ground;
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky;
Converse with stars above, and know
All Nature in its forms below; 30
The rest it seeks in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.
Lovely, lasting Peace! appear;
This world itself, if thou art here,

Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd:
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of the Grace:
When thus she spoke—"Go rule thy will,
" Bid thy wild passions all be still;
" Know God—and bring thy heart to know
" The joys which from religion flow;
" Then ev'ry Grace shall prove its guest,
" And I'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ
With sense of gratitude and joy;
Rais'd, as ancient prophets were,
In heav'nly vision, praise, and pray'r,
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and blest'd with God alone;
Then while the gardens take my sight
With all the colours of delight,
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear and court my song,
I'll lift my voice and tune my string,
And thee, great Source of Nature! sing.

The sun that walks his airy way
To light the world and give the day,
The moon that shines with borrow'd light,
The stars that gild the gloomy night,
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves,
The wood that spreads its shady leaves,
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me;
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

HYMNS.

27

31 Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes,
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

75

78

A HYMN FOR MORNING.

40 SEE the star that leads the day,
Rising shoots a golden ray,
To make the shades of darkness go
45 From heav'n above and earth below,
And warn us early with the sight
To leave the beds of silent night,
From an heart sincere and sound,
From its very deepest ground,
50 Send Devotion up on high,
Wing'd with heat, to reach the sky.
See the time for sleep has run,
Rise before or with the sun,
Lift thine hands, and humbly pray
55 The Fountain of eternal day,
That as the light serenely fair
Illustrates all the tracts of air,
The sacred Spirit so may rest
With quick'ning beams upon thy breast,
60 And kindly clean it all within
From darker blemishes of sin,
And shine with grace, until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.
See the day that dawns in air,
65 Brings along its toil and care,
From the lap of Night it springs
With heaps of bus'ness on its wings;
Prepare to meet them in a mind
That bows submissively resign'd,
70 That would to works appointed fall,
And knows that God has order'd all.
And whether with a small repast
We break the sober morning fast,

5

10

15

20

25

30

Or in our thoughts and houses lay
 The future methods of the day,
 Or early walk abroad to meet
 Our bus'ness, with industrious feet,
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
 His glory still be kept in view.
 O Giver of eternal bliss!
 Heav'nly Father! grant me this,
 Grant it all as well as me,
 All whose hearts are fix'd on thee,
 Who revere thy Son above,
 Who thy sacred Spirit love.

A HYMN FOR NOON.

THE sun is swiftly mounted high,
 It glitters in the southern sky,
 Its beams with force and glory beat,
 And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat.
 Father! also with thy fire
 Warm the cold, the dead desire,
 And make the sacred love of thee
 With my soul a sun to me:
 Let it shine so fairly bright,
 That nothing else be took for light,
 The worldly charms be seen to fade,
 And in its lustre find a shade:
 Let it strongly shine within,
 To scatter all the clouds of sin,
 That drive when gusts of passion rise,
 And intercept it from our eyes:
 Let its glory more than vie
 With the sun that lights the sky:
 Let it swiftly mount in air,
 Mount with that, and leave it there,
 And soar with more aspiring flight
 To realms of everlasting light.
 Thus, while here I'm forc'd to be,
 I daily wish to live with thee,

HYMNS.

29

25

And feel that union which thy love
 Will, after death, complete above.
 From my soul I send my pray'r,
 35 Great Creator! bow thine ear;
 Thou, for whose propitious sway
 The world was taught to see the day,
 Who spake the word, and earth begun,
 30 And shew'd its beauties in the sun,
 With pleasure I thy creatures view,
 And would with good affection too,
 Good affection sweetly free,
 35 Loose from them, and move to thee:
 O teach me due returns to give,
 And to thy glory let me live!
 And then my days shall shine the more,
 Or pass more blessed than before.
 40

A HYMN FOR EVENING.

THE beam-repelling mists arise,
 5 And ev'ning spreads obscurer skies:
 The twilight will the night forerun,
 And night itself be soon begun.
 Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
 5 And pray the Lord of glory now
 To fill thy breast, or deadly sin
 10 May cause a blinder night within.
 And whether pleasing vapours rise,
 Which gently dim the closing eyes,
 10 Which make the weary members blest
 With sweet refreshment in their rest,
 15 Or whether spirits in the brain
 Dispel their soft embrace again,
 And on my watchful bed I stay,
 15 Forsook by sleep, and waiting day;
 Be God for ever in my view,
 20 And never he forsake me too;
 But still as day concludes in night,
 To break again with new-born light,
 20 His wondrous bounty let me find
 With still a more enlighten'd mind.

When grace and love in one agree,
Grace from God, and love from me,
Grace that will from heav'n inspire,
Love that seals it in desire,
Grace and love that mingle beams,
And fill me with increasing flames.
Thou that hast thy palace far
Above the moon and every star,
Thou that sittest on a throne
To which the night was never known,
Regard my voice, and make me blest,
By kindly granting its request.
If thoughts on thee my soul employ,
My darkness will afford me joy,
Till thou shalt call, and I shall soar,
And part with darkness evermore.



EPISTLES.

TO MR. POPE.

TO praise, yet still with due respect to praise,
A bard triumphant in immortal bays ;
The learn'd to show, the sensible commend,
Yet still preserve the province of the friend ;
What life, what vigour, must the lines require ? 5
What music tune their what affection fire ?
O might thy genius in my bosom shine !
Thou shouldst not fail of numbers worthy thine ;
The brightest Ancients might at once agree
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee. 10
Horace himself would own thou dost excel
In candid arts to play the critic well ;
Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
Whom Windsor-Forest sees a gliding stream ;
On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd, 15
She runs for ever thro' poetic ground.
How flame the glories of Belinda's hair !
Made by the Muse the envy of the fair ;
Less shone the tresses Egypt's princess wore,
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before. 20
Here courtly trifles set the world at odds,
Belles war with beaux, and whims descend for gods.
The new machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave frenzy of the chemic fool :
But know, ye Fair ! a point conceal'd with art, 25
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart :
The Graces stand in sight ; a Satyr train
Peep o'er their heads, and laugh behind the scene.
In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits,
Enshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits, 30
And sits in measures, such as Virgil's Muse,
To place thee near him, might be fond to chuse :
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he,
While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wife, 35
Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the prize ?
Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.

Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
 Parent of flow'rets, old Arcadia! hail:
 Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
 Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head;
 Still slide thy waters soft among the trees,
 Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze;
 Smile all thy vallies in eternal spring;
 Be hush'd, ye Winds! while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
 Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
 He shines in council, thunders in the fight,
 And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight.
 Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
 Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;
 In all the majesty of Greek retir'd,
 Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd;
 His language failing wrapp'd him round with night,
 Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
 So wealthy mines, that ages long before
 Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
 When chok'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
 And shepherds only say, "The mines were here;"
 Should some rich youth (if Nature warm his heart,
 And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
 Here clear the caves, their ope the leading vein,
 The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs!
 How ev'ry music varies in thy lines!
 Still as I read I feel my bosom beat,
 And rise in raptures by another's heat.
 Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
 When Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,
 Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle, blest,
 And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest;
 The shades resound with song—O softly tread!
 While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my friend—and when a friend inspires,
 My silent harp its master's hand requires,
 Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound,
 For Fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground,

Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
 From wit, from learning—far, oh far! from thee! 80
 Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf,
 Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf;
 Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
 Rocks at their side, and torrents at their feet,
 Of lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood, 85
 Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.
 Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Ease,
 A friend delight me, and an author please;
 Even here I sing, while Pope supplies the theme,
 Show my own love, tho' not increase his fame. 90

TO DR. SWIFT,
 ON HIS BIRTH DAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1713.

URG'D by the warmth of Friendship's sacred flame,
 But more by all the glories of thy fame;
 By all those offsprings of thy learned mind,
 In judgment solid, as in wit refin'd,
 Resolv'd I sing. Though labouring up the way 5
 To reach my theme, O Swift, accept my lay.
 Rapt by the force of thought, and rais'd above,
 Through Contemplation's airy fields I rove;
 Where powerful Fancy purifies my eye,
 And lights the beauties of a brighter sky; 10
 Fresh paints the meadows, bids green shades ascend,
 Clear rivers wind, and opening plains extend;
 Then fills its landscape through the varied parts
 With Virtues, Graces, Sciences, and Arts:
 Superior Forms, of more than mortal air, 15
 More large than Mortals, more serenely fair.
 Of these two Chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
 Conspire to raise thee to the point of fame.
 Ye Future Times, I heard the silver sound!
 I saw the Graces form a circle round! 20
 Each, where she fix'd, attentive seem'd to root,
 And all, but Eloquence herself, was mute.
 High o'er the rest I see the Goddess rise,
 Loose to the breeze her upper garment flies:
 By turns, within her eyes the Passions burn, 25
 And softer Passions languish in their turn:

Upon her tongue Persuasion or Command,
And decent Action dwells upon her hand.

From out her breast ('twas there the treasure lay)
She drew thy labours to the blaze of day;
Then gaz'd, and read the charms she could inspire,
And taught the listening audience to admire,
How strong thy flight, how large thy grasp of thought
How just thy schemes, how regularly wrought;
How sure you wound when Ironies deride,
Which must be seen, and feign to turn aside.
'Twas thus exploring she rejoic'd to see
Her brightest features drawn so near by thee:
"Then here," she cries, "let future ages dwell,
"And learn to copy, where they can't excel."

She spake. Applause attended on the close:
Then Poësy, her sister-art, arose;
Her fairer sister, born in deeper ease,
Not made so much for business, more to please.
Upon her cheek sits Beauty, ever young;
The soul of Music warbles on her tongue;
Bright in her eyes a pleasing Ardour glows,
And from her heart the sweetest Temper flows:
A laurel-wreath adorns her curls of hair,
And binds their order to the dancing air:
She shakes the colours of her radiant wing,
And, from the Spheres, she takes a pitch to sing.

Thrice happy Genius his, whose Works have hit
The lucky point of Business and of Wit.
They seem like showers, which April months prepare
To call their flowery glories up to air:
The drops, descending, take the painted bow,
And dress with sunshine, while for good they flow.
To me retiring oft, he finds relief
In slowly-wasting care and biting grief:
From me retreating oft, he gives to view
What eases care and grief in others too.
Ye fondly grave, be wise enough to know,
"Life, ne'er unbent, were but a life of woe."
Some, full in stretch for greatness, some for gain,
On his own rack each puts himself to pain.

I'll gently steal you from your toils away,
 Where balmy winds with scents ambrosial play;
 Where, on the banks as crystal rivers flow,
 They teach immortal amaranths to grow: 70
 Then, from the mild indulgence of the scene,
 Restore your tempers strong for toils again.
 She ceas'd. Soft music trembled in the wind,
 And sweet delight diffus'd through every mind:
 The little Smiles, which still the Goddess grace, 75
 Sportive arose, and ran from face to face.
 But chief (and in that place the Virtues bless)
 A gentle band their eager joys express:
 Here, Friendship asks, and Love of Merit longs
 To hear the Goddesses renew their songs; 80
 Here great Benevolence to Man is pleas'd;
 These own their Swift, and grateful hear him prais'd.
 You gentle band, you well may bear your part,
 You reign Superior Graces in his heart.

O Swift! if Fame be life, (as well we know 85
 That Bards and Heroes have esteem'd it so,)
 Thou canst not wholly die. Thy works will shine
 To future times, and Life in Fame be thine.

TO A YOUNG LADY, ON HER TRANSLATION OF THE
 STORY OF PHOEBUS AND DAPHNE, FROM OVID.

IN Phœbus Wit (as Ovid said)

Enchanting Beauty woo'd;

In Daphne Beauty coyly fled,

While vainly Wit pursu'd.

But when you trace what Ovid writ, 5

A diff'rent turn we view;

Beauty no longer flies from Wit,

Since both are join'd in you.

Your lines the wondrous change impart

From whence our laurels spring, 10

In numbers fram'd to please the heart,

And merit what they sing.

It thinks thy Poet's gentle shade

Its wreath presents to thee;

What Daphne owes you as a maid,

She pays you as a tree. 16

MISCELLANIES.

HESIOD :

OR, THE RISE OF WOMAN.

WHAT ancient times (those times we fancy with
Have left on long record of Woman's rise,
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,
What author wrote it, how that author dy'd,
All these I sing. In Greece they fram'd the tale,
(In Greece 'twas thought a Woman might be frail,
Ye modern Beauties! where the poet drew
His softest pencil, think he dream'd of you;
And warn'd by him, ye wanton Pens! beware
How Heav'n's concern'd to vindicate the fair.
The case was Hesiod's; he the fable writ;
Some think with meaning, some with idle wit:
Perhaps 'tis either, as the ladies please;
I wave the contest, and commence the lays.

In days of yore (no matter where or when,
'Twas ere the low creation swarm'd with men,
That one Prometheus, sprung of heav'nly birth,
(Our author's song can witness,) liv'd on earth:
He carv'd the turf to mould a manly frame,
And stole from Jove his animating flame;
The sly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
When thus the monarch of the stars began :

“ Oh vers'd in arts! whose daring thoughts aspire
“ To kindle clay with never-dying fire!
“ Enjoy thy glory past, that gift was thine;
“ The next thy creature meets be fairly mine:
“ And such a gift, a vengeance so design'd,
“ As suits the counsel of a god to find;
“ A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,
“ Which felt they curse, yet covet still to feel.”

He said, and Vulcan straight the fire commands
To temper mortar with ethereal hands;
In such a shape to mould a rising fair,
As virgin-goddeses are proud to wear;

To make her eyes with di'mond-water shine, 35
And form her organs for a voice divine.

'Twas thus the fire ordain'd; the pow'r obey'd,
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made;
The fairest, softest, sweetest, frame beneath,
Now made to seem, now more than seem, to breathe!

As Vulcan ends, the cheerful queen of charms 41

Clasp'd the new-panting creature in her arms;
From that embrace a fine complexion spread,
Where mingled whiteness glow'd with softer red;
Then in a kiss she breath'd her various arts 45

Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts;

A mind for love, but still a changing mind,

The lisp affected, and the glance design'd;

The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink;

The gentle-swimming walk, the courteous sink; 50

The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown,

For decent yielding, looks declining down;

The practis'd languish, where well-feign'd desire

Would own its melting in a mutual fire;

Gay smiles to comfort, April show'rs to move, 55

And all the nature, all the art, of love.

Gold-sceptred Juno next exalts the fair,

Her touch endows her with imperious air;

Self-valuing Fancy, highly-crested Pride,

Strong sov'reign will, and some desire to chide; 60

For which an eloquence that aims to vex,

With native tropes of anger arms the sex.

Minerva (skilful goddess) train'd the maid

To twirl the spindle by the twisting thread,

To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part, 65

Cross the long web, and close the web with art;

An useful gift; but what profuse expence,

What world of fashions, took its rise from hence!

Young Hermes next, a close-conjuring god,

Her brows encircled with his serpent rod; 70

Then plots and fair excuses fill'd her brain,

The views of breaking am'rous vows for gain,

The price of favours, the designing arts,

That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;

And for a comfort in the marriage life,
The little pilf'ring temper of a wife.

Full on the fair his beams Apollo flung,
And fond persuasion tipp'd her easy tongue;
He gave her words where oily flatt'ry lays
The pleasing colour of the art of praise;
And wit, to scandal exquisitely prone,
Which fiets another's spleen to cure its own.

Those sacred virgins whom the bards revere,
Tun'd all her voice, and shed a sweetness there,
To make her sense with double charms abound,
Or make her lively nonsense please by sound.

To dress the maid, the decent Graces brought
A robe in all the dyes of beauty wrought,
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade,
Where pictur'd Loves on ev'ry cover play'd;
Then spread those implements that Vulcan's art
Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart;
The wire to curl, the close-indent'd comb,
To call the locks that lightly wander home;
And, chief, the mirror, where the ravish'd maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected shade.

Fair Flora lent her stores, the purpled Hours
Confin'd her tresses with a wreath of flow'rs;
Within the wreath arose a radiant crown,
A veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back roll'd her azure veil with serpent fold,
The purpled border deck'd the floor with gold.
Her robe (which closely by the girdle brac'd
Reveal'd the beauties of a slender waist)
Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' air,
When Venus' statues have a robe to wear.

The new-sprung creature, finish'd thus for harms
Adjusts her habit, practises her charms,
With blushes glows, or shines with lively smiles,
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles;
Then conscious of her worth, with easy pace
Glides by the glass, and turning views her face.

A finer flax than what they wrought before,
Thro' Time's deep cave the Sister Fates explore;

Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave, 115
And thus their toil prophetic songs deceive.

"Flow from the rock, my Flax! and swiftly flow,

"Pursue thy thread, the spindle runs below:

"A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,

"The creature Woman, rises now to reign: 120

"New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;

"New love begins, a love produc'd to die;

"New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,

"The fondling mistress and the ruling wife.

"Men, born to labour, all with pains provide; 125

"Women have time to sacrifice to pride;

"They want the care of man, their want they know,

"And dress to please with heart alluring show;

"The show prevailing, for the sway contend,

"And make a servant where they meet a friend. 130

"Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts

"A loitering race the painful bee supports;

"From sun to sun, from bank to bank, he flies,

"With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;

"Fly where he will, at home the race remain, 135

"Prune the silk dress, and murm'ring eat the gain.

"Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,

"Whose temper betters by the father's side;

"Unlike the rest, that double human care,

"Fond to relieve, or resolute to share: 140

"Happy the man whom thus his stars advance!

"The curse is gen'ral, but the blessing chance."

Thus sung the Sisters, while the gods admire

Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire;

The young Pandora she, whom all contend 145

To make too perfect not to gain her end;

Then bid the winds, that fly to breathe the spring,

Return to bear her on a gentle wing:

With wafting airs the winds obsequious blow,

And land the shining vengeance safe below; 150

A golden coffer in her hand she bore,

(The present treach'rous, but the bearer more,)

'Twas fraught with pangs, for Jove ordain'd above

That gold should aid and pangs attend on Love.

Her gay descent the man perceiv'd afar,
 Wond'ring, he run to catch the falling star;
 But so surpris'd, as none but he can tell,
 Who lov'd so quickly, and who lov'd so well.
 O'er all his veins the wand'ring passion burns,
 He calls her Nymph, and ev'ry nymph by turns: 15
 Her form to lovely Venus' he prefers,
 Or swears that Venus' must be such as her's.
 She, proud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to teize,
 Neglects his offers while her airs she plays,
 Shoots scornful glances from the bended frown, 16
 In brisk disorder trips it up and down,
 Then hums a careless tune to lay the storm,
 And sits and blushes, smiles, and yields in form.

"Now take, what Jove design'd (she softly cry'd),
 "This box thy portion, and myself thy bride." 17
 Fir'd with the prospect of the double charms,
 He snatch'd the box and bride with eager arms.

Unhappy man! to whom so bright she shone,
 The fatal gift, her tempting self, unknown!
 The winds were silent, all the waves asleep, 17
 And heav'n was trac'd upon the flattering deep;
 But whilst he looks, unmindful of a storm,
 And thinks the water wears a stable form,
 What dreadful din around his ears shall rise!
 What frowns confuse his picture of the skies! 18

At first the creature Man was fram'd alone,
 Lord of himself, and all the world his own;
 For him the Nymphs in green forsook the woods,
 For him the Nymphs in blue forsook the floods;
 In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave, 18
 They bore him heroes in the secret cave;
 No care destroy'd, no sick disorder prey'd,
 No bending age his sprightly form decay'd;
 No wars were known, no females heard to rage,
 And poets tell us 'twas a Golden Age. 19

When Woman came, those ills the box confin'd
 Burst furious out, and poison'd all the wind;
 From point to point, from pole to pole, they flew,
 Spread as they went, and in the progress grew:

MISCELLANIES.

41

- 19 The Nymphs regretting left the mortal race,
And alt'ring Nature wore a sickly face:
New terms of folly rose, new states of care,
New plagues, to suffer and to please the fair!
The days of whining and of wild intrigues
Commenc'd, or finish'd with the breach of leagues;
The mean designs of well-dissembled love, 201
The sordid matches never join'd above;
Abroad the labour, and at home the noise,
(Man's double suff'rings for domestic joys,)
16 The curse of jealousy, expence and strife, 205
Divorce, the public brand of shameful life;
The rival's sword, the qualm that takes the fair,
Disdain for passion, passion in despair—
These, and a thousand yet unnam'd we find;
17 Ah, fear the thousand yet unnam'd behind! 210
Thus on Parnassus tuneful Hesiod sung,
The mountain echo'd, and the valley rung,
The sacred groves a fix'd attention show,
The crystal Helicon forbore to flow,
17 The sky grew bright, and (if his verse be true) 215
The Muses came to give the laurel too.
But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,
If Love swore vengeance for the tales he writ?
Ye Fair offended! hear your friend relate
18 What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate, 220
Tho' when it happen'd no relation clears,
'Tis thought in five or five-and-twenty years.
Where, dark and silent, with a twisted shade
The neighb'ring woods a native arbour made,
18 There oft a tender pair for am'rous play 225
Retiring, toy'd the ravish'd hours away;
A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he,
A fair Milesian, kind Evanthé, she;
But swelling Nature in a fatal hour
19 Betray'd the secrets of the conscious bow'r; 230
The dire disgrace her brothers count their own,
And trace her steps to make its author known.
It chanc'd one ev'ning ('twas the lovers' day)
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay,

When Hesiod wand'ring, mus'd along the plain, 23
 And fix'd his seat where Love had fix'd the scene:
 A strong suspicion straight possess their mind,
 (For poets ever were a gentle kind,)
 But when Evanthe near the passage stood,
 Flung back a doubtful look, and shot the wood; 24
 "Now take (at once they cry) thy due reward;"
 And, urg'd with erring rage, assault the bard.
 His corpse the sea receiv'd. The dolphins bore
 ('Twas all the gods would do) the corpse to shore.
 Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes, 24
 And see the dreams of ancient Wisdom rise;
 I see the Muses round the body cry,
 But hear a Cupid loudly laughing by;
 He wheels his arrow with insulting hand,
 And thus inscribes the moral on the sand: 25
 "Here Hesiod lies: ye future Bards! beware
 "How far your moral tales incense the fair:
 "Unlov'd, unloving, 'twas his fate to bleed;
 "Without his quiver Cupid caus'd the deed:
 "He judg'd this turn of malice justly due,
 "And Hesiod dy'd for joys he never knew." 25

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
 Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,
 Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose,
 That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey;
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway: 10
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenour of his soul is lost:
 So when a smooth expanse receives impress
 Calm Nature's image on its watry breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow, 15
 And skies beneath with antiw'ring colours glow;

But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
 And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run. 20
 To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books or swains report it right,
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew,)
 He quits his cell: the pilgrim-staff he bore, 25
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.
 The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass; 30
 But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair:
 Then near approaching, "Father! hail," he cry'd; 35
 And, "Hail, my Son!" the rev'rend Sire reply'd:
 Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
 And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
 Till each with other pleas'd, and loath to part,
 While in their age they differ, join in heart: 40
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
 Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
 Nature in silence bid the world repose; 45
 When near the road a stately palace rose:
 There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
 It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home;
 Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise, 51
 Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 The pair arrive; the liv'ry'd servants wait;
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
 The table groans with costly piles of food, 55
 And all is more than hospitably good.

Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play ;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go,
And but the landlord none had cause of woe :
His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;
So seem'd the Sire, when far upon the road
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;
Its owner's temper tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain,

MISCELLANIES.

45

At length some pity warm'd the master's breast ;
 ('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest ;)
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shivering pair ; 100
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And Nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls:
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with meager wine,
 (Each hardly granted,) serv'd them both to dine ;
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease, 105
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd
 In one so rich a life so poor and rude ;
 And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside? 110
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place
 In every settling feature of his face,
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl 115
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day : 120
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travel of uncertain thought ;
 His partner's acts without their cause appear ; 125
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky ;
 Again the wand'ers want a place to lie ; 130 }
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh :
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great ;
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind. 135

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

" Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
" To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;
" From him you come, for him accept it here,
" A frank and sober, more than costly, cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled Morn arose ;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck : the landlord's little pride,
O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'
Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done !
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in funder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads ; a servant show'd the way :
A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before :
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in ;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead !

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the Father's eyes ;
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
" Detested Wretch !" — But scarce his speech began
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;

Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
 Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight, 180
 And moves in all the majesty of light.
 Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends. 185
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
 (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)
 "Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life, to vice unknown,
 "In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
 "These charms success in our bright region find, 190
 "And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
 "For this commission'd, I forsook the sky:
 "Nay, cease to kneel—thy follow-servant I.
 "Then know the truth of government divine,
 "And let these scruples be no longer thine. 195
 "The Maker justly claims that world he made,
 "In this the right of Providence is laid;
 "Its sacred majesty thro' all depends
 "On using second means to work his end:
 "'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye, 200
 "The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
 "Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
 "And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
 "What strange events can strike with more surprise
 "Than those which lately strook thy wond'ring eyes?
 "Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just, 206
 "And where you can't unriddle learn to trust.
 "The great vain man who far'd on costly food,
 "Whose life was too luxurious to be good,
 "Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine, 210
 "And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
 "Has with the cup the graceless custom lost,
 "And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
 "The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
 "Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor, 215

" With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 " That Heav'n can bless if mortals will be kind.
 " Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 " And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
 " Thus artists melt the fallen ore of lead,
 " With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
 " In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 " And loose from dross the silver runs below.
 " Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
 " But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God
 " (Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
 " And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
 " To what excesses had his dotage run!
 " But God to save the father took the son.
 " To all but thee in fits he seem'd to go,
 " (And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow,)
 " The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
 " Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
 " But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
 " Had that false servant sped in safety back:
 " This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
 " And what a fund of charity would fail!
 " Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er
 " Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."
 On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
 The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
 Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high
 His master took the chariot of the sky;
 The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
 The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
 The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
 " Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done."
 Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace.



A FAIRY TALE,

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

- 21 **I**N Britain's isle and Arthur's days,
When midnight Faeries daunc'd the maze,
w, Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis a gentle youth,
m God Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth, 5
Tho' badly shap'd he been.
- 21 His mountain back mote well be said
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above;
21 Yet spight of all that Nature did 10
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.
- 21 He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
steal, Could ladies look within; 15
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art;
ial o'er And if a shape could win a heart,
w, He had a shape to win.
- 24 Edwin (if right I read my song)
With slighted passion pac'd along 20
All in the moony light:
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
24 Where sportive Faeries made resort
To revel out the night.
- 24 His heart was drear, his hope was crost, 25
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour-town:
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown. 30

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground ;
And (well I ween to count aright)
At once an hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds encrease,
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay
Come prancing o'er the place.

But (trust me, Gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before ;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant, drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cry'd ;
“ What mortal of a wretched mind,
“ Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
“ Has here presum'd to hide ? ”

At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul
No fears of magic art controul,
Advanc'd in open sight :
“ Nor have I cause of dread,” he said,
“ Who view (by no presumption led)
“ Your revels of the night.

“ 'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
“ Which made my steps unweeting rove
“ Amid the nightly dew.”
“ 'Tis well,” the gallant cries again ;
“ We Faeries never injure men
“ Who dare to tell us true,

" Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
 " Be mine the task, or e'er we part,
 " To make thee grief resign:
 " Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce,
 " Whilst I with Mab, my part'ner, daunce,
 " Be little Mable thine."

70

He spoke, and all a sudden there
 Light music flotes in wanton air;
 The Monarch leads the Queen:
 The rest their Faerie partners found,
 And Mable trimly tript the ground
 With Edwin of the Green.

75

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
 And siker such a feast was made
 As heart and lip desire;
 Withouten hands the dishes fly,
 The glasses with a wish come nigh,
 And with a wish retire.

80

But now, to please the Faerie King,
 Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,
 And antic feats devise;
 Some wind and tumble like an ape,
 And other some transmute their shape
 In Edwin's wond'ring eyes:

85

90

Till one at last, that Robin hight,
 (Renown'd for pinching maids by night,)
 Has hent him up aloof;
 And full against the beam he flung,
 Where by the back the youth he hung
 To spraul unneath the roof.

95

From thence, " Reverse my charm," he crys,
 " And let it fairly now suffice,
 " The gambol has been shown."
 But Oberon answers with a smile,
 " Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
 " The vantage is thine own."

100

Here ended all the phantome play,
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind, that bore the crowd,
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers dy;
Poor Edwin falls to floor:
Forlorn his state, and dark the place;
Was never wight in sicke a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a-dauncing as he walks;
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd
(The youth of Edith erst approv'd)
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall:
Up spring the tapers as before,
The Faeries bragly foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.

10 But certes, forely sunk with woe,
 Sir Topaz sees the Elfin show, 140
 His spirits in him dy;
 When Oberon cries, "A man is near,
 "A mortal passion, cleeped Fear,
 "Hangs flagging in the sky."

11 With that Sir Topaz (hapless youth!) 145
 In accents fault'ring, ay for ruth,
 Intreats them pity graunt;
 For als he been a mister wight
 Betray'd by wand'ring in the night
 To tread the circled haunt. 150

11 "Ah, Lofell vile!" at once they roar,
 "And little skill'd of Faerie lore,
 "Thy cause to come we know:
 "Now has thy kestrell courage fell,
 12 "And Faeries, since a lye you tell, 155
 "Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
 To trail the swains among the mire,
 The caitiff upward flung;
 11 Their like a tortoise in a shop 160
 He dangled from the chamber-top,
 Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
 Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
 13 They sit, they drink, and eat; 165
 The time with frolic mirth beguile,
 And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
 Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
 They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink, 170
 And down ydrops the knight;
 For never spell by Faerie laid
 With strong enchantment bound a glade
 Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er;
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His seely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;
She softly strok'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
" Thus some are born, my son, (she cries,)
" With base impediments to rise,
" And some are born with none.

" But virtue can it self advance
" To what the fav'rite fools of Chance
" By fortune seem design'd;
" Virtue can gain the odds of Fate,
" And from itself shake off the weight
" Upon th' unworthy mind."



THE VIGIL OF VENUS,

*Written in the Time of Julius Cæsar, and by some
ascribed to Catullus.*

178 "LET those love now who never lov'd before ;
180 "LET those who always lov'd now love the more."
The spring, the new, the warbling spring, appears,
The youthful season of reviving years.
In spring the Loves enkindle mutual heats, 5
The feather'd nation chuse their tuneful mates,
The trees grow fruitful with descending rain,
And dress'd in diff'ring greens adorn the plain.
183 She comes ; to-morrow Beauty's Empress roves
Thro' walks that winding run within the groves ; 10
She twines the shooting myrtle into bow'rs,
And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flow'rs,
Then rais'd sublimely on her easy throne,
From Nature's pow'rful dictates draws her own.
190 "Let those love now who never lov'd before ; 15
"Let those who always lov'd now love the more."
191 'Twas on that day which saw the teeming flood
Swell round, impregnate with celestial blood ;
Wand'ring in circles stood the finny crew,
The midst was left a void expanse of blue, 20
There parent Ocean work'd with heaving throes,
And dropping wet the fair Dione rose.

PERVIGILIUM VENERIS.

"CRAS amet qui numquam amavit ;
"Quique amavit cras amet."
Ver novum, ver jam canorum : vere natus orbis est,
Vere concordant amores, vere nubent alites,
Et nemus comam resolvit de maritis imbribus.
Cras amorem copulatrix inter umbras arborum
Implicat gazas virentes de flagello myrteo.
Cras Dione jura dicit, fulta sublimi throno.
"Cras amet qui numquam amavit ;
"Quique amavit cras amet."
Tunc liquore de superno, spumeo ponti e globo,
Cæulas inter catervas, inter et bipedes, equos,
Fecit undantem Dionen de maritis imbribus.

" Let those love now who never lov'd before ;

" Let those who always lov'd now love the more."

She paints the purple year with vary'd show, 25
 Tips the green gem, and makes the blossom glow :
 She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,
 Expand to leaves, and shade the naked trees :
 When gath'ring damps the misty nights diffuse,
 She sprinkles all the morn with balmy dews ; 30
 Bright trembling pearls depend at ev'ry spray,
 And, kept from falling, seem to fall away :
 A glossy freshness hence the rose receives,
 And blushes sweet through all her silken leaves ;
 (The drops descending through the silent night, 35
 While stars serenely roll their golden light ;)
 Close till the morn her humid veil she holds,
 Then deck'd with virgin pomp the flow'r unfolds,
 Soon will the morning blush : ye Maids ! prepare,
 In rosy garlands bind your flowing hair ; 40
 'Tis Venus' plant ; the blood fair Venus shed
 O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red ;
 From Love's soft kifs a sweet ambrosial smell
 Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell ;
 From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light, 45
 The richest lustre makes her purple bright,
 And she to morrow weds ; the sporting gale
 Unties her zone, she bursts the verdant veil :

" Cras amet qui numquam amavit ;

" Quique amavit cras amet."

*Ipsa gemmas purpurantem pingit annum floribus,
 Ipsa surgentis papillas de Favonî spiritu,
 Urguet in toros tepentes ; ipsa roris lucidi,
 Noctis aura quem relinquit, spargit umentis aquas,
 Et micant lacrymæ trementes decidivo pondere.
 Gutta præceps orbe parvo sustinet casus suos.
 In pudorem florulentæ prodiderunt purpuræ.
 Umor ille, quem serenis astra rorant noctibus.
 Mane virgines papillas solvit umentis peplo.
 Ipsa jussit mane ut udæ virgines nubant rosæ
 Fusæ prius de cruore deque amoris osculis,
 Deque gemmis, deque flammis, deque solis purpuris.*

Thro' all her sweets the rifling lover flies,
 And as he breathes her glowing fires arise. 50
 "Let those love now who never lov'd before;
 "Let those who always lov'd now love the more."
 Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove
 Sends the gay nymphs, and sends her tender Love.
 And shall they venture? is it safe to go? 55
 While nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a bow?
 Yes, safely venture, 'tis his mother's will;
 He walks unarm'd, and undesigning ill;
 His torch extinct, his quiver useless hung,
 His arrows idle, and his bow unstrung: 60
 And yet, ye Nymphs! beware, his eyes have charms,
 And Love that's naked still is love in arms.
 "Let those love now who never lov'd before;
 "Let those who always lov'd now love the more."
 From Venus' bow'r to Delia's lodge repairs 65
 A virgin train, complete with modest airs:
 "Chaste Delia! grant our suit; or shun the wood,
 "Nor stain this sacred lawn with savage blood.
 "Venus, O Delia! if she could persuade,
 "Would ask thy presence, might she ask a maid." 70

Cras ruborum qui latebat veste tectus ignea,
 Unica marito nodo non pudebit solvere.

"Cras amet qui numquam amavit;
 "Quique amavit cras amet."

Ipsa Nymfas Diva luco jussit ire myrteo
 Et puer comes puellis. Nec tamen credi potest
 Esse Amorum feriatum, si sagittas vexerit.
 He, Nymfæ: posuit arma, feriatum est Amor.
 Jussus est inermis ire, nudus ire jussus est:
 Neu quid arcu, neu sagitta, neu quid igne læderet.
 Sed tamen cavete, Nymfæ, quod Cupido pulcher est:
 Totus est inermis idem, quando nudus est amor.

"Cras amet qui numquam amavit;
 "Quique amavit cras amet."

Compari Venus pudore mittit ad te virgines.
 Una res est quam rogamus, cede virgo Delia,
 Ut nemus sit incruentum de ferinis stragibus.
 Ipsa vellet ut venires, si deceret virginem:

Here cheerful quires for three auspicious nights
 With songs prolong the pleasurable rites;
 Here crowds in measures lightly-decent rove,
 Or seek by pairs the covert of the grove,
 Where meeting greens for arbours arch above,
 And mingling flow'rets strow the scenes of love:
 Here dancing Ceres shakes her golden sheaves;
 Here Bacchus revels, deckt with viny leaves;
 Here Wit's enchanting god, in laurel crown'd,
 Wakes all the ravish'd hours with silver sound.
 Ye Fields! ye Forests! own Dione's reign;
 And Delia, huntress Delia, shun the plain.
 "Let those love now who never lov'd before;
 "Let those who always lov'd now love the more."

Gay with the bloom of all her opening year,
 The queen at Hybla bids her throne appear,
 And there presides; and there the fav'rite band
 (Her smiling Graces) share the great command.
 Now, beauteous Hybla! dress thy flow'ry beds
 With all the pride the lavish season sheds;
 Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance, yield,
 And rival Enna's aromatic field.
 To fill the presence of the gentle court,
 From ev'ry quarter rural nymphs resort,

Jam tribus choros videres feriatos noctibus:
 Congreges inter catervas ire par saltus tuos,
 Floreas inter coronas, myrteas inter casae.
 Nec Ceres, nec Bacchus absunt, nec poetarum Deus;
 Decinent et tota nox est pervigila Cantibus.
 Regnet in silvis Dione: tu recede Delia.

"Cras amet qui numquam amavit;

"Quique amavit cras amet."

Jussit Hiblæis tribunal stare diva floribus.
 Præsens ipsa jura dicit, adfuderunt Gratiae
 Hibla totos funde flores quidquid annus adtulit.
 Hibla florum rumpe vestem, quantus Æennæ campus
 est.

Ruris hic erunt puellæ, vel puellæ montium,

MISCELLANIES.

59

From woods, from mountains, from their humble vales,
From waters curling with the wanton gales. 96

Heas'd with the joyful train, the laughing queen

In circles seats them round the bank of green;

And "Lovely Girls! (shewhispers) guard your hearts;

"My boy, tho' stript of arms, abounds in arts."

"Let those love now who never lov'd before; 101

"Let those who always lov'd now love the more."

Let tender grass in shaded alleys spread,

Let early flow'rs erect their painted head:

To-morrow's glory be to-morrow seen, 105

That day old Ether wedded Earth in green;

The Vernal Father bid the spring appear,

In clouds he coupled to produce the year,

The sap descending o'er her bosom ran,

And all the various sorts of soul began. 110

By wheels unknown to sight, by secret veins

Distilling life, the fruitful goddess reigns,

Through all the lovely realms of native day,

Through all the circled land and circling sea,

With fertile seed she fill'd the pervious earth, 115

And ever fix'd the mystic ways of birth.

Quæque silvas, quæque lucos, quæquemontes incolunt.

Iussit omnis adfidere pueri mater alitas,

Iussit et nudo puellas nil Amori credere.

"Cras amet qui numquam amavit;

"Quique amavit cras amet."

Et recentibus virentes ducat umbras floribus.

Cras erat qui primus æther copulavit nuptias,

Ut pater roris crearet vernis annum nubibus

In inum maritus imber fluxit almæ conjugis,

Ut foetus immixtus omnis aleret magno corpore.

Ipsa venas atque mentem permeante spiritu

Intus occultis gubernat procreatrix viribus,

Perque cœlum, perque terras, perque pontum subditum,

Pervium sui tenorem seminali tramite

Inbuit, jussitque mundum nosse nascendi vias.

" Let those love now who never lov'd before ;

" Let those who always lov'd now love the more."

'Twas she the parent to the Latian shore
Through various dangers Troy's remainder bore: 112
She won Lavinia for her warlike son,
And winning her the Latian empire won :
She gave to Mars the maid, whose honour'd womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome :
Decoy'd by shows, the Sabine dames she led, 113
And taught our vig'rous youth the means to wed :
Hence sprung the Romans, hence the race divine
Through which great Cæsar draws his Julian line.

" Let those love now who never lov'd before ;

" Let those who always lov'd now love the more."

In rural seats the soul of pleasure reigns, 114
The life of beauty fills the rural scenes ;
E'en Love (if Fame the truth of Love declare)
Drew first the breathings of a rural air.
Some pleasing meadow pregnant Beauty prest, 115
She laid her infant on its flow'ry breast,
From Nature's sweets he sipp'd the fragrant dew,
He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.

" Let those love now who never lov'd before ;

" Let those who always lov'd now love the more." 116

" Cras amet qui numquam amavit ;

" Quique amavit cras amet."

Ipsa Trojanos nepotes in Latino transtulit ;
Ipsa Laurentem puellam conjugem nato dedit ;
Moxque Marti de sacello dat pudicam virginem.
Romuleas ipsa fecit cum Sabinis nuptias,
Unde Rames et Quirites, proque prole posterum
Romuli matrem crearet et nepotem Cæsarem.

" Cras amet qui numquam amavit ;

" Quique amavit cras amet."

Rura fecundat voluptas : rura Venerem sentiunt,
Ipse Amor puer Dionæ rure natus dicitur.
Hunc ager cum parturiret, ipsa suscepit sinu,
Ipsa florum delicatis educavit osculis.

" Cras amet qui numquam amavit ;

" Quique amavit cras amet."



N
Secu
Now
Wh
And
Rail
The
Run
Wh
And
We
It m
Of l
But
And
And
H
And
Swe
And
Tis
My
His
But
L
L
E
un
rb
an
ad
t
l
u
r
e
C
C

Now bulls o'er stalks of broom extend their sides,
 Secure of favours from their lowing brides :
 Now stately rams their fleecy consorts lead,
 Who bleating follow thro' the wand'ring shade ;
 And now the goddess bids the birds appear, 145
 Raise all their music, and salute the year :
 Then deep the swan begins, and deep the song
 Runs o'er the water where he sails along :
 While Philomela tunes a treble strain,
 And from the poplar charms the list'ning plain, 150
 We fancy love express'd at ev'ry note,
 It melts, it warbles, in her liquid throat :
 Of barb'rous Tereus she complains no more,
 But sings for pleasure, as for grief before :
 And still her graces rise, her airs extend, 155
 And all is silence till the Syren end.

How long in coming is my lovely Spring !
 And when shall I, and when the swallow, sing ?
 Sweet Philomela ! cease, or here I sit,
 And silent lose my rapt'rous hour of wit. 160
 'Tis gone ; the fit retires ; the flames decay ;
 My tuneful Phœbus flies averse away.
 His own Amycle thus, as stories run,
 But once was silent, and that once undone.
 Let those love now who never lov'd before ; 165
 Let those who always lov'd now love the more."

*Ecce, jam super genittas explicant tauri latus.
 Quisque tuus quo tenetur conjugali foedere.
 Subter umbras cum maritis ecce balantum gregem.
 Et canoras non tacere Diva jussit alites.
 Nam loquaces ore rauco stagna cygni perstrepunt,
 Adsonat Terei puella subter umbram populi,
 Et putas motus Amoris ore dici musico,
 Reges queri sororem de marito barbaro.
 Illa cantat: nos tacemus: quando ver venit meum?
 Quando faciam ut celidon, ut tacere desinam?
 Perdidit Musam tacendo, nec me Phœbus respicit.
 Et Amyclas, cum tacerent, perdidit silentium.
 Cras amet qui numquam amavit;
 Quique amavit cras amet."*

HOMER's

Batrachomomachia :

OR, THE

BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

IN THREE BOOKS.

NAMES OF THE FROGS.

Phygnathus, one who swells his cheeks.

Pelus, a name from mud.

Hydromeduse, a ruler in the waters.

Hypsihoas, a loud bawler.

Pelion, from mud.

Scutiæus, called from the beets.

Polyphonus, a great babbler.

Lymnocharis, one who loves the lake.

Crambophagus, a cabbage-eater.

Lymnisius, called from the lake.

Calaminthius, from the herb.

Hydrocharis, who loves the waters.

Borborocates, who lies in the mud.

Præstophagus, an eater of garlic.

Pelusiæus, from mud.

Pelobates, who walks in the dirt.

Præstæus, called from garlic.

Craugasides, from croaking.

NAMES OF THE MICE.

Ptycarnax, one who plunders granaries.

Troxartas, a bread-eater.

Lychomile, a lick of meal.

Pternotraftas, a bacon-eater.

Lychopinax, a lick of dishes.

Embasichytros, a creeper in pots.

Lychenor, a name for licking.

Troglodytes, one who runs in holes.

Artophagus, who feeds on bread.

Tyroglyphus, a cheese-scooper.

Pternoglyphus, a bacon-scooper.

Pternophagus, a bacon-eater.

Cnissodiotætes, one who follows steam of kitchens.

Sitophagus, an eater of wheat.

Meridarpax, one who plunders share.

BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

Book I.

TO fill my rising song with sacred fire,
Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet celestial quire!
From Helicon's imbow'ring height repair,
Attend my labours and reward my pray'r:
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write, 5
The springs of contest, and the fields of fight;
How threat'ning Mice advanc'd with warlike grace,
And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
Not louder tumults shook Olympus' tow'rs,
When earth-born giants dar'd immortal pow'rs: 10
Those equal acts an equal glory claim,
And thus the Muse records the tale of fame.
Once on a time, fatigu'd and out of breath,
And just escap'd the stretching claws of Death,
A gentle Mouse, whom cats pursu'd in vain, 15
Fled swift-of-foot across the neighbouring plain,
Hung o'er a brink his eager thirst to cool,
And dipt his whiskers in the standing pool;
When near a courteous Frog advanc'd his head,
And from the waters hoarse-responding said: 20
What art thou, Stranger! what the line you boast?
What chance hast cast thee panting on our coast?
With strictest truth let all thy words agree,
Nor let me find a faithless Mouse in thee.
If worthy friendship, proffer'd friendship take, 25
And ent'ring view the pleasurable lake;
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,
And glad return from hospitable fare.
This silver realm extends beneath my sway,
And me, their monarch, all its Frogs obey. 30
Great Physignathus I! from Peleus' race
Begot in fair Hydromede's embrace,
Where by the nuptial bank that paints his side,
The swift Eridanus delights to glide. 34
Thee, too, thy form, thy strength, and port, pro-
claim
A sceptred king; a son of martial fame;

"Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes."
 Thus ceas'd the Frog, and thus the Mouse replies:
 "Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly
 "Thro' wild expanses of the midway sky,
 "My name resounds, and if unknown to thee,
 "The soul of great Psycarpax lives in me.
 "Of brave Troxartas' line, whose sleeky down
 "In love compress'd Lychomile the brown.
 "My mother she, and princess of the plains
 "Where'er her father Pternotracas reigns;
 "Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,
 "With figs, with nuts, with vary'd dainties, fed:
 "But since our natures nought in common know,
 "From what foundation can a friendship grow?
 "These curling waters o'er thy palace roll,
 "But man's high food supports my princely soul.
 "In vain the circled loaves attempt to lie
 "Conceal'd in flasks from my curious eye;
 "In vain the tripe, that boasts the whitest hue,
 "In vain the gilded bacon, shuns my view;
 "In vain the cheeses, offspring of the pale,
 "Or honey'd cakes, which gods themselves regale.
 "And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,
 "Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight.
 "Tho' large to mine the human form appear,
 "Not man himself can smite my soul with fear.
 "Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,
 "Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
 "And fix indented wounds with dext'rous skill;
 "Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.
 "Yet have we foes which direful dangers cause,
 "Grim owls, with talons arm'd, and cats with claws
 "And that false trap, the den of silent Fate,
 "Where Death his ambush plants around the bait:
 "All-dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest,
 "The potent warriors of the tabby vest;
 "If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
 "And rend our heroes of the nibbling race;
 "But me nor stalks nor wat'rish herbs delight,
 "Nor can the crimson radish charm my sight,

"The lake-resounding Frogs' selected fare,
"Which not a Mouse of any taste can bear."

As thus the downy prince his mind express,
His answer thus the croaking king address.

80

"Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,

"And, Stranger, we can boast of bounteous Jove :

"We sport in water, or we dance on land,

"And, born amphibious, food from both command :

"But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view, 85

"And safely tempt those seas, I'll bear thee thro' :

"Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,

"And reach my marshy court, and feast in state."

He said, and bent his back ; with nimble bound
Leaps the light Mouse, and clasps his arms around, 90

Then wond'ring flotes, and sees with glad survey

The winding banks resembling ports at sea ;

But when aloft the curling water rides,

And wets with azure wave his downy sides,

His thoughts grow conscious of approaching woe, 95

His idle tears with vain repentance flow,

His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,

Thick beats his heart with unaccustom'd fears ;

He sighs, and, chill'd with danger, longs for shore ;

His tail extended forms a fruitless oar ; 100

Half-drench'd in liquid death his pray'rs he spake,

And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake.

"So pass'd Europa thro' the rapid sea,

"Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous way ;

"With oary feet the bull triumphant rode, 105

"And safe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.

"Ah! safe at last, may thus the Frog support

"My trembling limbs to reach his ample court."

As thus he sorrows, death ambiguous grows ;

Lo! from the deep a water hydra rose ; 110

He rolls his sanguin'd eyes, his bosom heaves,

And darts with active rage along the waves.

Confus'd, the monarch sees his hissing foe,

And dives, to shun the sable fates, below.

Forgetful Frog! the friend thy shoulders bore, 115

Unkill'd in swimming, flotes remote from shore.

He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,
 Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;
 Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,
 And sinks, and strives, but strives with Fate in vain;
 The weighty moisture clogs his hairy vest, 121
 And thus the Prince his dying rage exprest:

“Nor thou, that fling’st me flound’ring from thy
 back,

“As from hard rocks rebounds the shatt’ring wrack,

“Nor thou shalt ’scape thy due, perfidious King! 123

“Pursu’d by vengeance on the swiftest wing.

“At land thy strength could never equal mine;

“At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine;

“But heav’n has gods, and gods have searching eyes.

“Ye Mice! ye Mice! my great avengers rise.” 130

This said, he sighing gasp’d, and gasping dy’d;

His death the young Lychopinax espy’d,

As on the flow’ry brink he pass’d the day,

Bask’d in the beams, and loiter’d life away:

Loud shrieks the Mouse, his shrieks the shores repeat

The nibbling nation learn their hero’s fate; 136

Grief, dismal grief, ensues; deep murmurs sound,

And shriller fury fills the deafen’d ground:

From lodge to lodge the sacred heralds run,

To fix their council with the rising sun; 140

Where great Troxartas crown’d in glory reigns,

And winds his length’ning court beneath the plains:

Pfycarpax’ father, father now no more!

For poor Pfycarpax lies remote from shore;

Supine he lies, the silent waters stand,

And no kind billow wafts the dead to land! 146

BOOK II.

WHEN rosy-finger’d Morn had ting’d the clouds,
 Around their monarch-Mouse the nation
 crowds;

Slow rose the sov’reign, heav’d his anxious breast,
 And thus the council, fill’d with rage, address:

“For lost Pfycarpax much my soul endures;

“’Tis mine the private grief, the public yours.

" Three warlike sons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
 " Three sons, alas! before their father dead:
 " Our eldest perish'd by the rav'ning cat,
 " As near my court the prince unheedful sat; 10
 " Our next an engine fraught with danger drew,
 " The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view;
 " Dire arts assist the trap, the Fates decoy,
 " And men un pitying kill'd my gallant boy!
 " The last, his country's hope, his parents' pride, 15
 " Plung'd in the lake by Physignathus, dy'd.
 " Rouse all to war, my Friends! avenge the deed,
 " And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed."
 His words in ev'ry breast inspir'd alarms,
 And careful Mars supply'd their host with arms. 20
 In verdant hulls, despoil'd of all their beans,
 The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains:
 Quills aptly bound their bracing corselet made,
 Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they slay'd;
 The lamp's round boss affords their ample shield; 25
 Large shells of nuts their cov'ring helmet yield,
 And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
 Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze.
 Dreadful in arms the marching Mice appear;
 The wond'ring Frogs perceive the tumult near,
 Forsake the waters, thick'ning form a ring, 30
 And ask and hearken whence the noises spring.
 When near the crowd, disclos'd to public view,
 The valiant chief Embasichytros drew;
 The sacred herald's sceptre grac'd his hand, 35
 And thus his words express'd his king's command:
 " Ye Frogs! the Mice, with vengeance fir'd; ad-
 vance,
 And, deck'd in armour, shake the shining lance;
 Their hapless prince by Physignathus slain,
 Extends incumbent on the wat'ry plain; 40
 Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try;
 Lead forth those Frogs that have the soul to die."
 The chief retires, the crowd the challenge hear,
 And proudly-swelling, yet perplex'd, appear;

Much they resent, yet much their monarch blame, 4
Who, rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame.

“ O Friends! I never forc’d the Mouse to death,
“ Nor saw the gaspings of his latest breath;
“ He, vain of youth, our art of swimming try’d,
“ And vent’rous, in the lake the wanton dy’d. 5
“ To vengeance now by false appearance led,
“ They point their anger at my guiltless head,
“ But wage the rising war by deep device,
“ And turn its fury on the crafty Mice.
“ Your king directs the way; my thoughts, elate 55
“ With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate.
“ Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,
“ And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,
“ There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,
“ Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight; 6
“ Then where the dancing feather joins the crest,
“ Let each brave Frog his obvious Mouse arrest;
“ Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,
“ Till countless circles whirl the lake below:
“ Down sink the Mice in yielding waters drown’d, 6
“ Loud flash the waters, and the shores resound;
“ The Frogs triumphant tread the conquer’d plain,
“ And raise their glorious trophies of the slain.”

He spake no more; his prudent scheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldest hearts. 7

Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,
Around their legs the greaves of mallows close;
Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,
And green the colewort which the target made:
Form’d of the vary’d shells the waters yield, 7
Their glossy helmets glistened o’er the field;
And tap’ring sea-reeds for the polish’d spear,
With upright order pierc’d the ambient air.
Thus dress’d for war, they take th’ appointed height
Poize the long arms, and urge the promis’d fight. 8

But now, where Jove’s irradiate spires arise,
With stars surrounded in ethereal skies,
(A solemn council call’d,) the brazen gates
Unbar; the gods assume their golden seats:

MISCELLANIES.

69

The fire superior leans, and points to show 85
 What wondrous combats mortals wage below:
 How strong, how large, the num'rous heroes stride!
 What length of lance they shake with warlike pride!
 What eager fire their rapid march reveals!
 So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales; 90
 And so confirm'd the daring Titans rose,
 Heap'd hills on hilis, and bid the gods be foes.

This seen, the pow'r his sacred visage rears,
 He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,
 And asks what heav'nly guardians take the list, 95
 Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs, assist?

Then thus to Pallas: "If my daughter's mind
 Have join'd the Micæ, why stays she still behind?
 Drawn forth by sav'ry steams they wind their way,
 And sure attendance round thine altar pay, 100
 Where while the victims gratify their taste,
 They sport to please the goddess of the feast."
 Thus spake the ruler of the spacious skies;

But thus, resolv'd, the blue-ey'd maid replies:
 In vain, my Father! all their dangers plead, 105
 To such thy Pallas never grants her aid:
 My flow'ry wreaths they petulantly spoil,
 And rob my crystal lamps of feeding oil;
 (Ills following ill!) but what afflicts me more,
 My veil that idle race profanely tore: 110

The web was curious, wrought with art divine;
 Relentless Wretches! all the work was mine!
 Along the loom the purple warp I spread,
 Cast the light shoot, and cross'd the silver thread;
 In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear, 115
 The thousand breaches skilful hands repair,
 For which vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve
 (The gods, that use no coin, have none to give,
 And learning's goddess never less can owe,
 Neglected learning gains no wealth below.) 120

Nor let the Frogs to win my succour sue;
 Those clam'rous fools have lost my favour too:
 For late, when all the conflicts ceas'd at night,
 When my stretch'd sinews work'd with eager fight;

" When, spent with glorious toil, I left the field, 12
 " And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield,
 " Lo, from the deep, repelling sweet repose,
 " With noisy croakings half the nation rose :
 " Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,
 " Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day. 13
 " Let all, like me, from either host forbear,
 " Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear,
 " Lest heav'nly blood (or what for blood may flow)
 " Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe. 14
 " Some daring Mouse may meet the wondrous odds,
 " Tho' gods oppose, and brave the wounded gods :
 " O'er gilded clouds reclin'd the danger view,
 " And be the wars of mortal scenes for you."
 So mov'd the blue-ey'd Queen ; her words persua'de
 Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd. 15

BOOK III.

NOW front to front the marching armies shine,
 Halt ere they meet, and form the length'ning
 line :

The chiefs conspicuous seen, and heard afar,
 Give the loud signal to the rushing war ;
 Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets sound
 The sounded charge remurmurs o'er the ground ;
 E'en Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
 And rolls low thunder thro' the troubled sky.

First to the fight the large Hypsiboas flew,
 And brave Lychenor with a javelin slew :
 The luckless warrior, fill'd with gen'rous flame,
 Stood foremost glitt'ring in the post of fame,
 When in his liver struck the jav'lin hung,
 The Mouse fell thund'ring, and the target rung ;
 Prone to the ground he sinks his closing eye,
 And soil'd in dust his lovely tresses lie.

A spear at Pelion Troglodytes cast,
 The missive spear within the bosom past ;
 Death's sable shades the fainting Frog surround,
 And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound,

Embafichytros felt Scutlæus' dart

Transfix and quiver in his panting heart ;

But great Artophagus aveng'd the slain,

And big Scutlæus tumbling loads the plain :

And Polyphonus dies, a Frog renown'd

For boastful speech and turbulence of sound ;

Deep thro' the belly pierc'd, supine he lay,

And breath'd his soul against the face of day.

The strong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire

A victor triumph and a friend expire,

With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,

And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought,

(A warrior vers'd in arts of sure retreat,

But arts in vain elude impending fate,)

Full on his sinewy neck the fragment fell,

And o'er his eye-lids clouds eternal dwell.

Lychenor (second of the glorious name)

Striding advanc'd, and took no wand'ring aim ;

Thro' all the Frog the shining jav'lin flies,

And near the vanquish'd Mouse the victor dies.

The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,

Long bred to banquets, leis inur'd to fights ;

Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,

And wildly flound'ring flashes up the deep ;

Lychenor following with a downward blow,

Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe ;

Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood

Distains the surface of the silver flood ;

Thro' the wide wound the rushing entrails throng,

And slow the breathless carcase floats along.

Lymnifius good Tyroglyphus assails,

Prince of the Mice that haunt the flow'ry vales ;

Lost to the milky fares and rural seat,

He came to perish on the bank of Fate.

The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,

Which tender Calaminthius shuns by flight ;

Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,

Slides thro' the lake, and safely dives below ;

But dire Pternophagus divides his way

Thro' breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day.

No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceness more,
 His parents fed him on the savage boar;
 But where his lance the field with blood imbru'd,
 Swift as he mov'd Hydrocharis pursu'd,
 Till fall'n in death he lies; a shatt'ring stone
 Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone;
 His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
 And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.

Lychopinax with Borborocates fights,
 A blameless Frog, whom humbler life delights;
 The fatal jav'lin unrelenting flies,
 And darkness seals the gentle croaker's eyes.

Incens'd Prassophagus with spritely bound
 Bears Cnissodiotetes off the rising ground,
 Then drags him o'er the lake depriv'd of breath,
 And downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.
 But now the great Pycarpax shines afar,
 (Scarce he so great whose loss provok'd the war,)
 Swift to revenge his fatal jav'lin fled,
 And thro' the liver struck Pelusius dead;
 His freckled corpse before the victor fell,
 His soul indignant sought the shades of hell.

This saw Pelobates, and from the flood
 Heav'd with both hands a monstrous mass of mud;
 The cloud obscene o'er all the hero flies,
 Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes:
 Enrag'd, and wildly sputt'ring, from the shore
 A stone immense of size the warrior bore,
 A load for lab'ring earth, (whose bulk to raise
 Asks ten degen'rate Mice of modern days,)
 Full on the leg arrives the crushing wound;
 The Frog supportless writhes upon the ground.

Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force
 Till loud Craugasides arrests his course:
 Hoarse-croaking threats precede; with fatal speed
 Deep thro' the belly run the pointed reed,
 Then strongly tugg'd, return'd imbru'd with gore,
 And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.

The lame Sitophagus, oppress'd with pain,
 Creeps from the desp'rate dangers of the plain;

MISCELLANIES:

73

And where the ditches rising weeds supply
To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky,
There lurks the silent Mouse reliev'd from heat,
And safe embower'd avoids the chance of Fate.

But here Troxartas, Physignathus there, 105

Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear;
But where the foot around its ancle plies,
Troxartas wounds, and Physignathus flies,
Hals to the pool, a safe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind; 110
The Mouse still urges, still the Frog retires,
And half in anguish of the flight expires.

Then pious ardour young Prassæus brings
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings;
Hark, harmless Frog! with forces hardly grown, 115

He darts the reed in combats not his own,
Which faintly tinkling on Troxartas' shield,
Rings at the point, and drops upon the field.

Now nobly tow'ring o'er the rest appears
A gallant prince, that far transcends his years, 120

Side of his sire, and glory of his house,
And more a Mars in combat than a Mouse;

In action bold, robust his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his resounding name.

The warrior, singled from the fighting crowd, 125
Lifts the dire honours of his arms aloud;

Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,
To all its nations threats approaching fate:

And such his strength, the silver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground; 130

At pow'rful Jove, who shews no less his grace
To Frogs that perish than to human race,

With soft compassion rising in his soul,
He shook his sacred head, that shook the pole;

Then thus to all the gazing pow'rs began 135
The sire of gods, and Frogs, and Mice, and man.

"What seas of blood I view! what worlds of slain!
An Iliad rising from a day's campaign!

How fierce his jav'lin o'er the trembling lakes
The black furr'd hero Meridarpax shakes! 140

" Unless some fav'ring deity descend,
 " Soon will the Frogs' loquacious empire end.
 " Let dreadful Pallas, wing'd with pity, fly,
 " And make her Ægis blaze before his eye,
 " While Mars, refulgent on his rattling car,
 " Arrests his raging rival of the war."

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,
 When thus the glorious god of combats said:
 " Nor Pallas, Jove, tho' Pallas take the field
 " With all the terrors of her hissing shield,
 " Nor Mars himself, tho' Mars in armour bright
 " Ascend his car, and wheel amidst the fight;
 " Not these can drive the desp'rate Mouse afar,
 " Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war;
 " Let all go forth, all heav'n in arms arise,
 " Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies;
 " Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,
 " When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay,
 " When all the giant-race enormous fell,
 " And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell."

'Twas thus th' armipotent advis'd the gods,
 When from his throne the Cloud-compeller nods;
 Deep-length'ning thunders run from pole to pole,
 Olympus trembles as the thunders roll:
 Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt around,
 And headlong darts it at the distant ground;
 The bolt discharg'd, inwrapp'd with lightning, flies
 And rends its flaming passage thro' the skies,
 Then earth's inhabitants, the Nibblers, shake;
 And Frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake:
 Yet still the Mice advance their dread design,
 And the last danger threatens the croaking line,
 Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,
 With strange assistants fill'd the frightened shore.

Pour'd from the neigh'ring strand, deform'd
 They march, a sudden unexpected crew! [view
 Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,
 Which, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows
 In wheeling marches turn'd oblique they go;
 With harpy claws their limbs divide below;

Tell sheers the passage to their mouth command ;
 From out the flesh their bones by nature stand ;
 Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders rise ;
 Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd thighs ;
 With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd ; 185
 Their round black eyeballs in their bosom plac'd ;
 On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread,
 And either end alike supplies a head :
 These mortal wits to call the Crabs agree ;

The gods have other names for things than we. 190

Now where the jointures from their loins depend,
 The heroes' tails with sev'ring grasps they rend ;
 Here short of feet, depriv'd the pow'r to fly,
 There without hands, upon the field they lie :
 Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all around,
 The bended lances heap the cumber'd ground. 196

Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,
 And mad confusion thro' their host appear ;
 O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,
 Or creep, conceal'd, in vaulted holes below. 200

But down Olympus to the western seas
 Far-shooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays,
 And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,
 Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving sun. 204



PART OF THE FIRST CANTO OF
THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AND now unveil'd, the toilette stands display'd,
 Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
 First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
 With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
 A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears :
 Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
 The various off'rings of the world appear;
 From each she nicely sulls with curious toil,
 And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The tortoise here and elephant unite,
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.

A TRANSLATION OF PART OF THE FIRST CANTO OF
THE RAPE OF THE LOCK,

Into Leonine Verse, after the Manner of the ancient Monks,

ET nunc dilectum speculum, pro more reiectum,
 Emicat in mensâ, quæ splendet pyxide densâ :
 Tum primùm lymphâ, se purgat candida Nympha;
 Jamque sine mendâ, cœlestis imago videnda,
 Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.
 Hâc stupet explorans, seu cultus numen adorans.
 Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,
 Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque superbia ! lautè,
 Dona venusta ; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
 Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
 Pyxide devotâ, se pandit hic India tota,
 Et tota ex istâ transpirat Arabia cistâ ;
 Testudo hic flectit, dum se mea Lesbia pectit ;
 Atque elephas lentè, te pectit Lesbia dente ;
 Hunc maculis nôris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
 Hic jacet et mundè, mundus muliebris abundè ;

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
 Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms,
 The fair each moment rises in her charms,
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,
 These set the head, and those divide the hair;
 Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown,
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

20

25

*Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
 Pulvis suavis odore, et pistola suavis amore.
 In luit arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
 Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens;
 Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratiâ visûs,
 Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu.
 Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura gliscet,
 Et geminans bellis splendet magè fulgor ocellis.
 Tant lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique saluti,
 Hic figit Zonam, capiti, locat ille coronam,
 Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam:
 Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty!
 Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum.*



AN ELEGY, TO AN OLD BEAUTY.

IN vain, poor Nymph! to please our youthful sight
 You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
 Your face with patches soil, with paint repair,
 Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair:
 If truth in spite of manners must be told,
 Why, really, fifty-five is something old.

Once you were young, or one, whose life's so long
 She might have borne my mother, tells me wrong:
 And once (since Envy's dead before you die)
 The women own you play'd a sparkling eye,
 Taught the light foot a modish little trip,
 And pouted with the prettiest purple lip.

To some new charmer are the roses fled,
 Which blew to damask all thy cheek with red;
 Youth calls the Graces there to fix their reign,
 And airs by thousands fill their easy train.
 So parting Summer bids her flow'ry prime
 Attend the sun to dress some foreign clime,
 While with'ring seasons in succession, here,
 Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.

But thou (since Nature bids) the world resign,
 'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine;
 With more address (or such as pleases more)
 She runs her female exercises o'er,
 Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the fan,
 And smiles, or blushes, at the creature Man:
 With quicker life, as gilded coaches pass,
 In fawning courtesy she drops the glass:
 With better strength, on visit-days, she bears,
 To mount her fifty flights of ample stairs.
 Her mein, her shape, her temper, eyes, and tongue,
 Are sure to conquer—for the rogue is young;
 And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
 We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

Let time, that makes you homely, make you sage
 The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.
 'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
 And hears the flatt'ring tongues of soft desire,

MISCELLANIES.

79

If not from virtue, from its gravest ways
The soul with pleasing avocation strays ; 40
But beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise,
As harpers better by the loss of eyes.

Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
Haunt less the plays, and more the public pray'rs;
Reject the Mechlin head and gold brocade, 45
Go pray, in sober Norwich crape array'd.

Thy pendent di'monds let thy Fanny take,
(Their trembling lustre shows how much you shake,)
Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl,
You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl, 50

So for the rest, with less incumbrance hung,
You walk thro' life unmingled with the young,
And view the shade and substance as you pass,
With joint endeavour trifling at the glass,

Or Folly dress'd, and rambling all her days, 55
To meet her counterpart, and grow by praise;
Yet still sedate yourself, and gravely plain,
You neither fret nor envy at the vain,

'Twas thus (if man with woman we compare)
The wise Athenian cross'd a glittering fair ; 60
Unmov'd by tongues and fights he walk'd the place,
Thro' tape, toys, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and lace,

Then bends from Mars's Hill his awful eyes,
And "What a world I never want?" he cries ;
But cries unheard ; for Folly will be free ; 65
So parts the buzzing gaudy crowd and he :

As careless he for them, as they for him ;
He wrapt in wisdom, and they whirl'd by whim. 68

THE BOOK-WORM.

COME hither, Boy! we'll hunt to-day
The Book-worm, ravening beast of prey,
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds
(As Fame reports it) with the gods.

Him frantic hunger wildly drives 5
Against a thousand authors' lives :
Thro' all the fields of wit he flies ;
Dreadful his head with clust'ring eyes,

With horns without, and tusks within,
 And scales to serve him for a skin.
 Observe him nearly, lest he climb
 To wound the bards of ancient time,
 Or down the vale of Fancy go
 To tear some modern wretch below;
 On ev'ry corner fix thine eye,
 Or ten to one he slips thee by.

See where his teeth a passage eat;
 We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
 But who the shelter's forc'd to give?
 'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live!
 From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
 He draws the tadpole form along,
 He mounts the gilded edge before;
 He's up, he scuds the cover o'er;
 He turns, he doubles; there he past,
 And here we have him caught at last.

Insatiate Brute! whose teeth abuse
 The sweetest servants of the Muse;
 (Nay, never offer to deny,
 I took thee in the fact to fly.)
 His roses nipt in ev'ry page,
 My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage;
 By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
 By thee my Lesbia's Sparrow dies;
 Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
 The work of Love in Biddy Floyd;
 They rent Belinda's locks away,
 And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
 For all, for ev'ry single deed,
 Relentless Justice bids thee bleed.
 Then fall a victim to the Nine,
 Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.

Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso, near,
 To pile a sacred altar here.
 Hold, Boy! thy hand out-runs thy wit,
 You reach'd the plays that D——s writ;
 You reach'd me Ph——'s rustic strain;
 Pray take your mortal bards again.

MISCELLANIES.

31

Come, bind the victim—There he lies,

And here between his num'rous eyes

50

This venerable dust I lay,

From manuscripts just swept away.

The goblet in my hand I take,

(For the libation's yet to make,)

A health to Poets! all their days

55

May they have bread as well as praise!

Sense may they seek, and less engage

In papers fill'd with party-rage!

But if their riches spoil their vein,

O Muses! make them poor again.

60

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,

With which my tuneful pens are made.

Strike the scales that arm thee round,

And twice and thrice I print the wound;

The sacred altar floats with red;

65

And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the son of Jove I stand,

This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand!

May bare the monster's entrails here,

To see what dangers threat the year:

70

O Gods! what Sonnets on a wench!

That lean Translations out of French!

Is plain, this lobe is so unsound,

—prints before the months go round.

But hold, before I close the scene,

75

The sacred altar should be clean.

I had I Sh——ll's second bays,

T——! thy pert and humble lays,

O Pair! forgive me when I vow

Never mis'd your Works till now,)

80

Tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,

That only way you please the Nine,)

Since I chance to want these two,

Make the songs of D——y do.

Tent from the corpse, on yonder pin

85

Hang the scales that brac'd it in;

Hang my studious morning gown,

Write my own inscription down.

" This trophy, from the Python won,
 " This robe, in which the deed was done,
 " These Parnell, glorying in the feat,
 " Hung on these shelves, the Muses' seat.
 " Here Ignorance and Hunger found
 " Large realms of wit to ravage round ;
 " Here Ignorance and Hunger fell ;
 " Two foes in one I sent to hell.
 " Ye Poets ! who my labours see,
 " Come share the triumph all with me :
 " Ye Critics ! born to vex the Muse,
 " Go mourn the grand ally you lose."

AN ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and spare,
 Our race of mortals call him Care,
 (Were Homer living, well he knew
 What name the gods have call'd him too,)
 With fine mechanic genius wrought,
 And lov'd to work, tho' no one bought.

This being, by a model bred
 In Jove's eternal sable head,
 Contriv'd a shape impower'd to breathe,
 And be the worldling here beneath.

The man rose staring, like a stake,
 Wond'ring to see himself awake !
 Then look'd so wise, before he knew
 The bus'ness he was made to do,
 That, pleas'd to see with what a grace
 He gravely shew'd his forward face,
 Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
 An under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,
 Which ever binds a poet's god,
 (For which his curls ambrosial shake,
 And Mother Earth's oblig'd to quake,)
 He saw old Mother Earth arise,
 She stood confess'd before his eyes,
 But not with what we read she wore,
A castle for a crown before,

Nor with long streets and longer roads,
 Tangling behind her like commodores :
 As yet with wreaths alone she drest,
 And trail'd a landscape-painted vest ; 30
 Then thrice she rais'd, (as Ovid said,)
 And thrice she bow'd—her weighty head.
 Her honours made, " Great Jove," she cry'd,
 " This thing was fashion'd from my side ;
 His hands, his heart, his head, are mine, 35
 " Then what hast thou to call him thine ?"
 " Nay rather ask," the monarch said,
 " What boots his hand, his heart, his head ?
 Were what I gave remov'd away,
 Thy part's an idle shape of clay." 40
 " Halves, more than halves," cry'd honest Care ;
 Your pleas would make your titles fair ;
 You claim the body, you the soul,
 But I, who join'd them, claim the whole."
 Thus with the gods debate began 45
 On such a trivial cause as Man.
 " And can celestial tempers rage ?"
 Quoth Virgil, in a latter age.
 As thus they wrangled, Time came by ;
 There's none that paint him such as I, 50
 For what the fabling Ancients sung
 Makes Saturn old when Time was young.)
 As yet his winters had not shed
 Their silver honours on his head ;
 He just had got his pinions free 55
 From his old fire Eternity.
 A serpent girdled round he wore,
 The tail within the mouth before,
 By which our almanacs are clear,
 That learned Egypt meant the year. 60
 A staff he carry'd, where on high
 A glass was fix'd to measure by,
 And amber boxes made a show
 Of heads of canes an age ago.
 His vest, for day and night, was py'd, 65
 A bending fickle arm'd his side,

And Spring's new months his train adorn ;
The other seasons were unborn.

Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.

O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
(Where since his hours a dial made,)

Then leaning, heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate :

" Since body from the parent Earth,
" And soul from Jove, receiv'd a birth,
" Return they where they first began ;
" But since their union makes the man,
" Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
" To Care, who join'd them, Man is due."

He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year ;
Where ever since the seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.

" 'Tis well," said Jove; and for consent
Thund'ring he shook the firmament ;
" Our umpire Time shall have his way ;
" With Care I let the creature stay :
" Let bus'ness vex him, av'rice blind,
" Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind ;
" Let Error act, Opinion speak,
" And Want afflict, and Sickness break,
" And Anger burn, Dejection chill,
" And Joy distract, and Sorrow kill ;
" Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
" Time draws the long destructive blow,
" And wasted man, whose quick decay
" Comes hurrying on before his day,
" Shall only find, by this decree,
" The soul flies sooner back to me."

AN IMITATION OF SOME
FRENCH VERSES.

RELENTLESS Time! destroying pow'r,
Whom stone and brass obey,
Who giv'st to ev'ry flying hour
To work some new decay;

Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,
Thy secret saps prevail,
And ruin man, a nice machine,
By Nature form'd to fail.

5

My change arrives; the change I meet
Before I thought it nigh:
My spring, my years of pleasure fleet,
And all their beauties die.

10

In age I search, and only find
A poor unfruitful gain,
Grave Wisdom stalking slow behind,
Oppress'd with loads of pain.

15

My ignorance could once beguile,
And fancy'd joys inspire;
My errors cherish'd Hope to smile
On newly-born Desire:

20

But now experience shews the bliss
For which I fondly sought,
Not worth the long impatient wish,
And ardour of the thought.

My youth met Fortune fair array'd,
(In all her pomp she shone,)
And might, perhaps, have well essay'd
To make her gifts my own:

25

H

But when I saw the blessings show'r
On some unworthy mind,
I left the chace, and own'd the pow'r
Was justly painted blind.

I pass'd the glories which adorn
The splendid courts of kings;
And while the persons mov'd my scorn,
I rose to scorn the things.

My manhood felt a vig'rous fire,
By love increas'd the more;
But years, with coming years, conspire
To break the chains I wore.

In weakness safe, the sex I see
With idle lustre shine;
For what are all their joys to me,
Which cannot now be mine?

But hold—I feel my gout decrease,
My troubles laid to rest;
And truths, which would disturb my peace,
Are painful truths at best.

Vainly the time I have to roll
In sad reflection flies;
Ye fondling Passions of my soul!
Ye sweet Deceits! arise.

I wisely change the scene within
To things that us'd to please;
In pain philosophy is spleen,
In health 'tis only ease.



A NIGHT-PIECE, ON DEATH.

BY the blue taper's trembling light
 No more I waste the wakeful night,
 Intent with endless view to pore
 The schoolmen and the sages o'er;
 Their books from wisdom widely stray,
 Or point at best the longest way:
 I'll seek a readier path, and go
 Where wisdom's surely taught below.

5

How deep yon' azure dyes the sky!
 Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
 While thro' their ranks, in silver pride,
 The nether crescent seems to glide.
 The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
 The lake is smooth and clear beneath;
 Where once again the spangled show
 Descends to meet our eyes below;
 The grounds which on the right aspire,

10

15

In dimness from the view retire;
 The left presents a place of graves,
 Whose wall the silent water laves.

20

That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
 Among the livid gleams of night;
 There pass, with melancholy state,
 By all the solemn heaps of Fate,
 And think, as softly-sad you tread
 Above the venerable dead,

25

"Time was like thee they life possess,
 "And Time shall be that thou shalt rest."

Those graves, with bending osier bound,
 That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
 Quick to the glancing thought disclose
 Where Toil and Poverty repose.

30

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
 The chissel's slender help to fame,
 (Which ere our set of friends decay
 Their frequent steps may wear away,)
 A middle race of mortals own,
 Men half ambitious, all unknown.

35

The marble tombs that rise on high,
 Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
 Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
 Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
 These (all the poor remains of state)
 Adorn the rich, or praise the great,
 Who while on earth in fame they live,
 Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze pale Cynthia fades,
 The bursting earth unveils the shades!
 All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,
 They rise in visionary crowds,
 And all with sober accent cry,
 "Think, Mortal! what it is to die."

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
 That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
 Methinks I hear a voice begin,
 (Ye Ravens! cease your croaking din:
 Ye tolling Clocks! no time resound
 O'er the long lake and midnight ground;)
 It sends a peal of hollow groans,
 Thus speaking from among the bones:

"When men my scythe and darts supply,
 "How great a king of fears am I!
 "They view me like the last of things;
 "They make, and then they dread, my stings.
 "Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
 "No more my spectre-form appears.
 "Death's but a path that must be trod,
 "If man would ever pass to God;
 "A port of calms, a state of ease
 "From the rough rage of swelling seas."

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
 Deep pendent cypress, mourning poles,
 Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
 Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
 And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
 Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
 Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe.

MISCELLANIES.

89

As men who long in prison dwell,
 With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
 Whene'er their suff'ring years are run,
 Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun;
 Such joy, tho' far transcending sense,
 Have pious souls at parting hence.
 On earth, and in the body plac'd,
 A few and evil years they waste;
 But when their chains are cast aside,
 See the glad scene unfolding wide;
 Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
 And mingle with the blaze of day.

80

85

90

THE HORSE AND THE OLIVE.

WITH moral tale let ancient wisdom move,
 Whilst thus I sing to make the Moderns wise;
 Strong Neptune once with sage Minerva strove,
 And rising Athens was the victor's prize.
 By Neptune Plutus, (guardian pow'r of gain,) 5
 By great Minerva bright Apollo stood;
 But Jove, superior, bade the side obtain
 Which best contriv'd to do the nation good.
 Then Neptune striking, from the parted ground
 The warlike Horse came pawing on the plain, 10
 And as it toss'd its mane, and pranc'd around,
 By this," he cries, " I'll make the people reign."
 The goddess, smiling, gently bow'd her spear,
 And rather thus they shall be bless'd," she said:
 Then upward shooting in the vernal air, 15
 With loaded boughs the fruitful Olive spread.
 He saw what gift the rural pow'rs design'd,
 And took th' impartial scales, resolv'd to show
 If greater bliss in warlike pomp we find,
 Or in the calm which peaceful times bestow. 20
 In Neptune's part he plac'd victorious days,
 Gay trophies won, and fame extending wide;
 But Plenty, Safety, Science, Arts, and Ease,
 Minerva's scale with greater weight supply'd.

Fierce War devours whom gentle peace would save;
 Sweet Peace restores what angry War destroys;
 War made for Peace with that rewards the brave,
 While Peace its pleasures from itself enjoys.

Hence vanquish'd Neptune to the sea withdrew,
 Hence wise Minerva rul'd Athenian lands;
 Her Athens hence in arts and honours grew,
 And still her Olives deck pacific hands.

From fables thus disclos'd, a monarch's mind
 May form just rules to chuse the truly great;
 And subjects, weary'd with distresses, find
 Whose kind endeavours most befriend the state.

E'en Britain here may learn to place her love,
 If cities won her kingdom's wealth have cost;
 If Anna's thoughts the patriot souls approve,
 Whose cares restore that wealth the wars had lost.

But if we ask, the moral to disclose,
 Whom her best patroness Europa calls,
 Great Anna's title no exception knows,
 And, unapply'd in this, the fable falls.

With her nor Neptune or Minerva vies:
 Whene'er she pleas'd her troops to conquest flew;
 Whene'er she pleases peaceful times arise:
 She gave the Horse, and gives the Olive too.



THE THIRD SATIRE OF DR. DONNE,
VERSIFIED BY DR. PARNELL.

COMPASSION checks my spleen, yet scorn denies
The tears a passage through my swelling eyes;
To laugh or weep at sins might idly show
Unheedful passion or unfruitful woe.
Satire! arise, and try thy sharper ways, 5
If ever satire cur'd an old disease.
Is not Religion (heav'n-descended dame!)
As worthy all our soul's devoutest flame,
As Moral Virtue in her early sway,
When the best Heathens saw by doubtful day! 10
Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,
As great and strong to vanish earthly love
As earthly glory, fame, respect, and show,
As all rewards their virtue found below?
Alas! Religion proper means prepares; 15
These means are ours, and must its end be theirs?
And shall thy father's spirit meet the sight
Of Heathen sages cloth'd in heav'nly light,
Whose merit of strict life, severely suited
To Reason's dictates, may be faith imputed, 20
Whilst thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,
Art ever banish'd from the bleis'd abode?

THE THIRD SATIRE OF DR. DONNE.

KIND Pity checks my spleen, brave Scorn forbids
Those tears to issue which swell my eye-lids.
I must not laugh nor weep sins, but be wise;
Can railing then cure these worn maladies?
Is not our mistress, fair Religion,
As worthy of all our soul's devotion
As Virtue was to the first blinded age?
Are not heaven's joys as valiant to assuage
Lusts, as earth's honour was to them? Alas!
As we do them in means, shall they surpass
Us in the end? and shall thy father's spirit
Meet blind philosophers in heaven, whose merit
Of strict life may be imputed faith, and hear
Thee, whom he taught so easie ways and near

Oh! if thy temper such a fear can find,
This fear were valour of the noblest kind.

Dar'st thou provoke, when rebel souls aspire, 25
Thy Maker's vengeance and thy monarch's ire,
Or live entomb'd in ships, thy leader's prey,
Spoil of the war, the famine, or the sea;
In search of pearl in depth of ocean breathe,
Or live, exil'd the sun, in mines beneath, 30
Or where in tempests icy mountains roll,
Attempt a passage by the northern pole?
Or dar'st thou parch within the fires of Spain,
Or burn beneath the line for Indian gain?
Or for some idol of thy fancy draw 35
Some loose-gown'd dame? O courage made of straw!
Thus, desp'rate Coward! would'st thou bold appear,
Yet when thy God has plac'd thee sentry here,
To thy own foes, to his, ignoble yield,
And leave, for wars forbid, th' appointed field? 40
Know thy own foes; th' apostate Angel, he
You strive to please, the foremost of the three;

To follow, damn'd? Oh! if thou dar'st, fear this:
This fear great courage and high valour is.
Dar'st thou ayd mutinous Dutch? and dar'st thou lay
Thee in ships, wooden sepulchres, a prey
To leader's rage, to storms, to shot, to dearth?
Dar'st thou dive seas and dungeons of the earth?
Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen North discoveries, and thrice
Colder than salamanders? like divine
Children in th' oven, fires of Spain and the line,
Whose countries limbeck to our bodies be,
Canst thou for gain bear? and must every he
Which cries not Goddess to thy mistress, draw
Or eat thy poysonous words? Courage of straw!
O desperate Coward! wilt thou seem bold, and
To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand
Sentinel in this world's garrison) thus yield,
And for forbid warres leave th' appointed field?
Know thy foes; the foul Devil (he whom thou
Striv'st to please) for hate, not love, would allow

He makes the pleasures of his realm the bait,
 But can he give for love that acts in hate?
 The World's thy second love, thy second foe, 45
 The World, whose beauties perish as they blow;
 They fly, she fades herself, and at the best,
 You grasp a wither'd strumpet to your breast:
 The Flesh is next, which in fruition wastes,
 High flush'd with all the sensual joys it tastes; 50
 While men the fair, the goodly, soul destroy,
 From whence the Flesh has pow'r to taste a joy.
 Seek thou Religion primitively found——
 Well, gentle Friend! but where may she be found?
 By faith implicit blind Ignaro led, 55
 Thinks the bright seraph from his country fled,
 And seeks her seat at Rome, because we know
 She there was seen a thousand years ago,
 And loves her relic rags, as men obey
 The foot-cloth where the prince sat yesterday. 60
 These pageant forms are whining Obed's scorn,
 Who seeks Religion at Geneva born;
 A sullen thing, whose coarseness suits the crowd,
 Tho' young, unhandsome; tho' unhandsome, proud.

Thee fain his whole realm to be quit; and as
 The world's all parts wither away and pass,
 To the World's self, thy other lov'd foe, is
 In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this
 Dost love a withered and worn strumpet: last
 Flesh (itself's death) and joys which flesh can taste
 Thou lovest; and thy fair goodly soul, which doth
 Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath.
 Seek true Religion! O where? Mirreus
 Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
 Seeks her at Rome; there, because he doth know
 That she was there a thousand years ago,
 She loves the raggs so, as we here obey
 The state-cloth where the prince sat yesterday.
 Grant to such brave loves will not be intrall'd,
 But loves her only who at Geneva is call'd
 Religion, plain, simple, sullen, young,
 Contemptuous, yet unhandsome. As among

Thus, with the wanton, some perversely judge
All girls unhealthy but the country drudge.

No foreign schemes make easy Cæpio roam,
The man contented takes his church at home;
Nay, should some preachers, servile bawds of gain,
Should some new laws, which like new fashions reign,
Command his faith to count salvation ty'd
To visit his, and visit none beside,
He grants salvation centres in his own,
And grants it centres but in his alone:
From youth to age he grasps the proffer'd dame,
And they confer his faith who give his name;
So from the guardian's hands the wards who live
Enthrall'd to guardians take the wives they give.

From all professions careless Airy flies,
For all professions can't be good, he cries;
And here a fault, and there another views,
And lives unfix'd for want of heart to chuse;
So men, who know what some loose girls have done,
For fear of marrying such will marry none.
The charms of all obsequious courtly strike,
On each he dotes, on each attends alike;
And thinks, as different countries deck the dame,
The dresses altering, and the sex the same:

Lecherous humours there is one that judges
No wenches wholesome but coarse country drudges.
Grajus stays still at home here, and because
Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
Still new, like fashions, bids him think that she
Which dwells with us is only perfect, he
Imbraceth her whom his godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender; as wards still
Take such wives as their guardians offer, or
Pay valews. Careless Phrygius doth abhor
All, because all cannot be good; as one
Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.
Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that so
As women do in divers countries go

MISCELLANIES.

95

So fares Religion, chang'd in outward show,
But 'tis Religion still where'er we go.

90

This blindness springs from an excess of light,
And men embrace the wrong to chuse the right.

But thou of force must one Religion own,
And only one, and that the right alone;

To find that right one ask thy rev'rend fire,
Let him of his, and him of his inquire:

95

Tho' Truth and Falsehood seem as twins ally'd,
There's eldership on Truth's delightful side;

Her seek with heed—who seeks the soundest first
Is not of no Religion, nor the worst.

100

T'adore or scorn an image, or protest,

May all be had. Doubt wisely for the best:

'Twere wrong to sleep, or headlong run astray:

It is not wand'ring to inquire the way.

On a large mountain, at the basis wide,

105

Steep to the top, and craggy at the side,

Sits sacred Truth enthron'd, and he who means

To reach the summit, mounts with weary pains,

Winds round and round, and every turn essays,

Where sudden breaks resist the shorter ways.

110

Yet labour so, that ere faint age arrive,

Thy searching soul possess her rest alive.

In divers habits, yet are still one kind;

So doth, so is Religion; and this blind-

ness too much light breeds. But unmoved thou

Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow,

And the right; ask thy father which is she,

Let him ask his. Though Truth and Falsehood be

Near twins, yet Truth a little elder is.

Be busie to seek her; believe me this,

He's not of none nor worst that seeks the best;

To adore or scorn an image, or protest,

May all be bad. Doubt wisely: in strange way

To stand inquiring right is not to stray:

To sleep or run wrong is. On a huge hill,

Cragged and steep, Truth stands, and he that will

Reach her, about must and about it go;

And what the hill's suddenness resists, win so;

To work by twilight were to work too late,
 And age is twilight to the night of Fate.
 To will alone is but to mean delay;
 To work at present is the use of day:
 For man's employ much thought and deed remain,
 High thoughts the soul, hard deeds the body strain,
 And myst'ries ask believing, which, to view,
 Like the fair sun, are plain, but dazzling too.

Be Truth, so found, with sacred heed possess,
 Not kings have power to tear it from thy breast.
 By no blank charters harm they were they hate,
 Nor are they vicars, but the hands of Fate.
 Ah! fool and wretch! who lett'st thy soul be ty'd
 To human laws! or must it so be try'd?
 Or will it boot thee, at the latest day,
 When Judgment sits, and Justice asks thy plea,
 That Philip that, or Greg'ry taught thee this,
 Or John or Martin? All may teach amiss;
 For ev'ry contrary in such extreme
 This holds alike, and each may plead the same.

Wouldst thou to pow'r a proper duty show?
 'Tis thy first task the bounds of Power to know;

Yet strive so, that before age, death's twilight,
 Thy soul rest; for none can work in that night.
 To will implies delay, therefore now do.
 Hard deeds the bodies pains; hard knowledge to
 The mind's indeavours reach; and mysteries
 Are like the sun, dazling, yet plain to all eyes.
 Keep the truth which thou hast found; men do not
 In so ill case that God hath with his hand [stan
 Sign'd kings blank charters to kill whom they hate,
 Nor are they vicars, but hangmen to Fate.
 Fool and wretch! wilt thou let thy soul be tyed
 To man's laws, by which she shall not be tryed
 At the last day? or will it then boot thee
 To say a Philip or a Gregory,
 A Harry or a Martin, taught me this?
 Is not this excuse for meer contraries
 Equally strong? cannot both sides say so; [know
 That thou mayest rightly obey Power, her bound

MISCELLANIES.

27

The bounds once past, it holds the same no more, 135

Its nature alters, which it own'd before ;

Nor were submission humbleness exprest,

But all a low idolatry at best.

Pow'r from above, subordinately spread,

Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head ; 140

There calm and pure the living waters flow,

But roars a torrent or a flood below :

Each flow'r ordain'd the margins to adorn,

Each native beauty from its roots is torn,

And left on deserts, rocks, and sands, are tost, 145

All the long travel, and in ocean lost.

So fares the soul which more that power reveres,

Man claims from God, than what in God inheres. 148

Those past, her nature and name are chang'd ; to be

Then humble to her is idolatry.

As streams are power is : those best flowers that dwell

At the rough stream's calm head thrive and do well ;

But having left their roots, and themselves given

To the stream's tyrannous rage, alas ! are driven

Through mills, rocks, and woods, and at last, almost

Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost :

So perish souls which more chuse men's unjust

Power, from God claim'd, then God himself to trust.



TO THE READER.

THE following Poems were given by the Author to the late Benjamin Everard, Esq. and since his death found by his son among several other valuable manuscripts, who gave them to the Editor. The receipt annexed in Dr. Swift's own hand-writing, and found at the same time, shews an acknowledgment that they are actually genuine.

Dec. 5, 1723.

Then received from Benjamin Everard, Esq. the above writings of the late Doctor Parnell, in four stitched volumes of manuscript, which I promise to deliver to him on demand.

JONATHAN SWIFT

The Editor finds himself obliged, in gratitude to the memory of the Author, thus to introduce these *Posthumous Works*,† lest they might be doubted really to be his. The former Poems, published in his life time, were justly admired by all judges of poetry and literature, and highly commended by the late Mr. Pope, in his Dedication to the Earl of Oxford, beginning thus:

Such were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,
Till Death, untimely, stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh! just beheld and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!
Bless'd in each science! bless'd in ev'ry strain!
Dear to the Muse, to Harley dear---in vain!---
Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear,)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy PARNELL in his living lays.

Such were the sentiments of Mr. Pope, but, alas! he is no more to sing praises of his Parnell! How weak the pencil of praise in any but the hands of such a master! therefore I leave to my readers how far these Productions come up to, if not excel, any of his former, being actuated, or rather divinely inspired, in the following subjects, so far as relates to the Holy Scriptures. Having the honour to usher this Orphan into the world, my heart exults in sure and permanent hope that the Father now tunes his lyre in the celestial spheres in harmonious numbers.

† The whole of the following Poems, to the end of the Volume, fall under the denomination of *The Posthumous Works of Dr. Thomas Parnell*, late Archdeacon of Clogher, containing Poems moral and divine, and on various other subjects, which were collected together, and published in one volume octavo.---The Hymns to Morning, Noon, and Evening, made also part of that Posthumous publication, but are printed in the preceding part of this volume, under the general title of *Hymns*, agreeable to the arrangement observed throughout the whole of these volumes of *The Poets of Great Britain*, by which each particular species of poetry will be found classed under its proper head.---The poems the Horse and the Olive, and the Versification of the Third Satire of Dr. Parnell by our Author, are to be found only in this edition of Dr. Parnell's Poems.

THE GIFT OF POETRY.

FROM realms of never-interrupted peace,
 From thy fair station near the throne of Grace,
 From choirs of angels, joys in endless round,
 And endless Harmony's enchanting sound,
 Charm'd with a zeal the Maker's praise to show, 5
 Bright Gift of Verse descend, and here below
 My raviſh'd heart with rais'd affection fill,
 And warbling o'er the ſoul incline my will.
 Among thy pomp let rich Expreſſion wait,
 Let ranging Numbers form thy train complete, 10
 While at thy motions over all the ſky
 Sweet ſounds, and echoes ſweet, reſounding fly;
 And where thy feet with gliding beauty tread,
 Let Fancy's flow'ry ſpring erect its head.
 It comes, it comes with unaccuſtom'd light! 15
 The traſts of airy thought grow wondrous bright;
 Its notions ancient Memory reviews,
 And young Invention new deſigns purſues;
 To ſome attempt my will and wiſhes preſs,
 And pleaſure, rais'd in hope, forbodes ſucceſs. 20
 My God! from whom proceed the gifts divine,
 My God! I think I feel the gift is thine.
 Be this no vain illuſion which I find,
 Nor Nature's impuſe on the paſſive mind;
 But Reaſon's act, produc'd by good deſire, 25
 By grace enliven'd with celeftial fire;
 While baſe conceits, like miſty ſons of Night,
 Before ſuch beams of glory take their flight,
 And frail affections, born of earth, decay,
 Like weeds that wither in the warmer ray. 30
 I thank thee, Father! with a grateful mind,
 Man's undeſerving, and thy mercy kind;
 Now perceive I long to ſing thy praiſe,
 Now perceive I long to find my lays,
 The ſweet incentives of another's love, 35
 And ſure ſuch longings have their riſe above;
 My reſolution ſtands confirm'd within,
 My lines aſpiring eagerly begin;

Begin, my Lines! to such a subject due,
That aids our labours and rewards them too;
Begin, while Canaan opens to mine eyes,
Where souls and songs divinely form'd arise.

As one whom o'er the sweetly-vary'd meads
Entire recess and lonely pleasure leads,
To verdur'd banks, to paths adorn'd with flowers, 45
To shady trees, to closely-waving bowers,
To bubbling fountains, and aside the stream
That softly gliding sooths a waking dream,
Or bears the thought inspir'd with heat along,
And with fair images improves a song;
Thro' sacred anthems so may Fancy range,
So still from beauty still to beauty change,
To feel delights in all the radiant way,
And with sweet numbers what it feels repay:
For this I call that ancient Time appear,
And bring his rolls to serve in method here;
His rolls, which acts, that endless honour claim,
Have rank'd in order for the voice of Fame.

My call is favour'd. Time, from first to last,
Unwinds his years; the present sees the past:
I view their circles as he turns them o'er,
And fix my footsteps where he went before.

The page unfolding would a top disclose,
Where sounds melodious in their birth arose;
Where first the morning stars together sung,
Where first their harps the sons of glory strung
With shouts of joy, while hallelujahs rise
To prove the chorus of eternal skies;
Rich sparkling strokes the letters doubly gild,
And all's with love and admiration fill'd.

THE SOUL IN SORROW.

WITH kind compassion hear my cry,
O Jesu! Lord of life, on high!
As when the summer's seasons beat
With scorching flame and parching heat,
The trees are burnt, the flowers fade,
Audthirsty gaps in earth are made,

MISCELLANIES.

FOR

43	My thoughts of comfort languish so, And so my soul is broke by woe.	
	Then on thy servant's drooping head Thy dews of blessing sweetly shed:	10
	Let those a quick refreshment give, And raise my mind, and bid me live:	
5, 45	My fears of danger while I breathe, My dread of endless hell beneath, My sense of sorrow for my sin,	15
	To springing comfort change within; Change all my sad complaints for ease,	
50	To cheerful notes of endless praise, Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,	20
	But such as owe their birth to joy; Joy transporting, sweet and strong, Fit to fill and raise my song;	
55	Joy that shall resounded be While days and nights succeed for me.	
	Be not as a Judge severe,	25
	For so thy presence who may bear? In all my words and actions look,	
60	I know they're written in thy book,) But then regard my mournful cry, And look with Mercy's gracious eye:	30
	What needs my blood, since thine will do, To pay the debt to justice due?	
65	Tender Mercy's art divine! Thy sorrow proves the cure of mine:	
	Thy dropping wounds, thy woful smart, May the bleedings of my heart:	35
	Thy death, in death's extreme of pain, Restores my soul to life again.	
70	Guide me, then, for here I burn To make my Saviour some return.	40
	All rise, (if that will please him still, And sure I've heard him own it will,) All trace his steps and bear my cross,	
	Despising ev'ry grief and loss, Since he, despising pain and shame, First took up his, and did the same.	46

THE HAPPY MAN.

HOW blest'd the man, how fully so,
As far as man is blest'd below,
Who, taking up his cross, essays
To follow Jesus all his days,
With resolution to obey,
And steps enlarging in his way!
The Father of the saints above
Adopts him with a father's love,
And makes his bosom thoroughly shine
With wondrous stores of grace divine;
Sweet grace divine, the pledge of joy,
That will his soul above employ;
Full joy, that, when his time is done,
Becomes his portion as a son.
Ah me! the sweet infus'd desires,
The fervid wishes, holy fires,
Which thus a melted heart refine,
Such are his, and such be mine!
From hence despising all besides
That earth reveals, or ocean hides,
All that men in either prize,
On God alone he sets his eyes:
From hence his hope is on the wings,
His health renews, his safety springs,
His glory blazes up below,
And all the streams of comfort flow.

He calls his Saviour King above,
Lord of Mercy, Lord of Love,
And finds a kingly care defend,
And Mercy smile, and Love descend,
To cheer, to guide him in the ways
Of this vain world's deceitful maze:
And tho' the wicked earth display
Its terrors in their fierce array,
Or gape so wide that horror shows
'Tis hell replete with endless woes;
Such succour keeps him clear of ill,
Still firm to good, and dauntless still.

MISCELLANIES.

103

So, fix'd by Providence's hands,	
A rock amidst an ocean stands;	40
It bears, without a trembling dread,	
The tempest beating round its head,	
And with its side repels the wave	
Whose hollow seems a coming grave:	
The skies, the deeps, are heard to roar,	45
The rock stands settled as before.	
I, all with whom he has to do,	
Admire the life which blesses you,	
That feeds a foe, that aids a friend,	
Without a bye-designing end;	50
Its knowing real int'rest lies	
On the bright side of yonder skies,	
Where, having made a title fair,	
It mounts, and leaves the world to Care;	
While he that seeks for pleasing days	55
In earthly joys and evil ways,	
Is but the fool of Toil or Fame,	
Tho' happy be the spacious name,)	
And made by wealth, which makes him great,	
A more conspicuous wretch of state.	60

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

How long, ye miserable blind!	
Shall idle dreams engage your mind?	
How long the passions make their flight	
At empty shadows of delight?	
No more in paths of error stray,	5
The Lord, thy Jesus, is the way,	
The spring of happiness; and where	
Should men seek happiness but there?	
Then run to meet him at your need,	
Run with boldness, run with speed,	10
For he forsook his own abode	
To meet thee more than half the road.	
He laid aside his radiant crown,	
And love for mankind brought him down	
To thirst and hunger, pain and woe,	15
To wounds, to death itself, below;	

And he that suffer'd these alone
For all the world, despises none.
To bid the soul that's sick be clean,
To bring the lost to life again,
To comfort those that grieve for ill,
Is his peculiar goodness still.
And as the thoughts of parents run
Upon a dear and only son,
So kind a love his mercies show,
So kind, and more extremely so.

Thrice happy Men! (or find a phrase
That speaks your bliss with greater praise,)
Who, most obedient to thy call,
Leaving pleasures, leaving all,
With heart, with soul, with strength, incline,
O sweetest Jesu! to be thine.
Who know thy will, observe thy ways,
And in thy service spend their days.
E'en death, that seems to set them free,
But brings them closer still to thee.

THE CONVERT'S LOVE.

BLESSED Light of saints on high,
Who fill the mansions of the sky;
Sure Defence, whose mercy still
Preserves thy subjects here from ill;
O my Jesus! make me know
How to pay the thanks I owe.

As the fond sheep that idly strays
With wanton play thro' winding ways,
Which never hits the road of home,
O'er wilds of danger learns to roam,
Till wearied out with idle fear,
And passing there and turning here,
He will for rest to covert run,
And meet the wolf he wish'd to shun:
Thus wretched I, thro' wanton will,
Run blind and headlong on in ill:
'Twas thus from sin to sin I flew,
And thus I might have perish'd too,

Mercy dropt the likeness here,
 and shew'd and sav'd me from my fear;
 while o'er the darkness of my mind

20

the sacred Spirit purely shin'd,
 and mark'd and bright'ned all the way
 which leads to everlasting day,
 and broke the thick'ning clouds of sin,
 and fix'd the light of love within.

25

From hence my ravish'd soul aspires,
 and dates the rise of its desires:
 from hence to thee, my God! I turn,
 and fervent wishes say I burn;
 burn thy glorious face to see,
 and live in endless joy with thee.

30

There's no such ardent kind of flame
 between the lover and the dame;
 nor such affection parents bear
 to their young and only heir;
 who join'd together, both conspire,
 and boast a doubl'd force of fire:

35

My tender heart within its seat
 melts before the scorching heat,
 as soft'ning wax is taught to run
 before the warmth of the sun.

40

O my flame, my pleasing pain,
 burn and purify my stain!

Burn me, burn me, day by day,
 till you purge my earth away,
 till at the last I thoroughly shine,
 and turn a torch of love divine!

45

48

A DESIRE TO PRAISE.

PROFITIOUS Son of God! to thee

With all my soul I bend my knee;

My wish I send, my want impart,

and dedicate my mind and heart;

As an absent parent's son,

5

Whose second year is only run,

When no protecting friend is near,

Void of wit, and void of fear,

With things that hurt him fondly plays,
Or here he falls, or there he strays;
So, should my soul's eternal guide,
The sacred Spirit, be deny'd,
Thy servant soon the loss would know,
And sink in sin, or run to woe.

O Spirit! bountifully kind,
Warm, possess, and fill my mind;
Disperse my sins with light divine,
And raise the flames of love with thine:
Before thy pleasures rightly priz'd,
Let wealth and honour be despis'd,
And let the Father's glory be
More dear itself than life to me.

Sing of Jesus, Virgins! sing
Him your everlasting King;
Sing of Jesus, cheerful Youth!
Him the God of love and truth:
Write and raise a song divine,
Or come and hear, and borrow mine.
Son eternal! Word supreme!
Who made the universal frame,
Heav'n, and all its shining show,
Earth, and all it holds below,
Bow with mercy, bow thine ear,
While we sing thy praises here.
Son eternal! ever blest,
Resting on the Father's breast,
Whose tender love for all provides,
Whose power over all presides,
Bow with pity, bow thine ear,
While we sing thy praises here.

Thou, by Pity's soft extreme
Mov'd, and won, and set on flame,
Assum'd the form of man, and fell
In pains to rescue man from hell.
How bright thine humble glories rise,
And match the lustre of the skies!
From death and hell's dejected state
Arising, thou resum'd thy seat,

and golden thrones of bliss prepar'd
above, to be thy saints' reward.

50

How bright thy glorious honours rise,
and with new lustre grace the skies!

For thee the sweet seraphic choir
raise the voice and tune the lyre,

and praises with harmonious sounds
thro' all the highest heav'n rebounds.

55

O make our notes with theirs agree,
and bless the souls that sing of thee!

To thee the churches here rejoice,
the solemn organs aid the voice:

60

To sacred roofs the sounds we raise,
the sacred roofs resound thy praise;

and, while our notes in one agree,
bless the church that sings to thee!

64

ON HAPPINESS IN THIS LIFE.

THE morning opens very freshly gay,

And life itself is in the month of May.

With green my fancy paints an harbour o'er,

and flow'rets with a thousand colours more,

then falls to weaving that, and spreading these,

5

and softly shakes them with an easy breeze;

With golden fruit adorns the bending shade,

or trails a silver water o'er its bed.

Slide, gentle Water! still more gently by,

while in this summer-bower of bliss I lie,

10

and sweetly sing of sense-delighting flames,

and nymphs' and shepherds' soft-invented names;

review the branches which around me twine,

and praise their fruit, diffusing sprightly wine;

and find new pleasures in the world to praise,

15

and still with this return adorn my lays;

Range round your gardens of eternal spring;

Go range, my Senses! while I sweetly sing."

In vain, in vain, alas! seduc'd by ill,

and acted wild'y by the force of will,

20

tell my soul it will be constant May,

and charm a season never made to stay;

My beauteous arbour will not stand a storm;
 The world but promises, and can't perform:
 Then fade, ye Leaves! and wither, all ye Flow'rs!
 I'll dote no longer in enchanted bow'rs,
 But sadly mourn, in melancholy song,
 The vain conceits that held my soul so long,
 The lusts that tempt us with delusive show,
 And sin, brought forth for everlasting woe.
 Thus shall the notes to sorrow's object rise,
 While frequent rests procure a place for sighs;
 And as I moan upon the naked plain,
 Be this the burthen closing ev'ry strain;
 "Return, my Senses! range no more abroad;
 "He'll only find his bliss who seeks for God."

ECSTASY.

THE fleeting joys which all affords below
 Work the fond heart with unperforming show,
 The wish that makes our happier life complete,
 Nor grasps the wealth nor honours of the great,
 Nor loosely sails on Pleasure's easy stream,
 Nor gathers wreaths from all the groves of Fame;
 Weak Man! who charms to these alone confine,
 Attend my pray'r, and learn to make it thine.

From thy rich throne, where circling trains of light
 Make day that's endless infinitely bright,
 Thence, heav'nly Father! thence with mercy dart
 One beam of brightness to my longing heart:
 Dawn thro' the mind, drive Error's clouds away,
 And still the rage in Passion's troubled sea,
 That the poor banish'd soul, serene, and free,
 May rise from earth to visit heav'n and thee.

Come, Peace divine! shed gently from above;
 Inspire my willing bosom, wondrous Love!
 Thy purpled pinions to my shoulders tie,
 And point the passage where I want to fly.

But whither, whither now! what pow'rful fire
 With this bleis'd influence equals my desire?
 I rise (or Love, the kind deluder, reigns
 And acts in fancy such enchanted scenes,)

MISCELLANIES.

109

Earth less'ning flies, the parting skies retreat, 25
 The fleecy clouds my waving feathers beat;
 And now the sun, and now the stars, are gone,
 Yet still, methinks, the spirit bears me on
 Where tracts of ether purer blue display,
 And edge the golden realm of native day. 30
 Oh! strange enjoyment of a bliss unseen!
 Oh! rapture! oh! sacred rage within!
 Tumultuous pleasure, rais'd on peace of mind,
 Sincere, excessive, from the world refin'd!
 I see the light that veils the throne on high, 35
 A light unpierc'd by man's impurer eye;
 I hear the words that issuing thence proclaim,
 "Let God's attendants praise his awful name!"
 Then heads unnumber'd bend before the shrine,
 Mysterious seat of Majesty divine! 40
 And hands unnumber'd strike the silver string,
 And tongues unnumber'd hallelujah sing.
 Where the shining seraphims appear,
 And sink their decent eyes with holy fear;
 The flights of angels all their feathers raise, 45
 And range the orbs, and as they range they praise:
 Behold the great Apostles! sweetly met,
 And high on pearls of azure ether set:
 Behold the Prophets, full of heav'nly fire,
 With wand'ring finger wake the trembling lyre; 50
 And hear the Martyrs tune, and all around
 The Church triumphant makes the region sound.
 With harps of gold, with boughs of ever-green,
 With robes of white, the pious throngs are seen;
 Exalted anthems all their hours employ, 55
 And all is music and excess of joy.
 Charm'd with the sight I long to bear a part,
 The pleasure flutters at my ravish'd heart.
 Sweet saints and angels of the heavenly choir!
 Love has warm'd you with celestial fire, 60
 Swift my words, and, as they move along,
 With hallelujahs crown the burthen'd song.
 Father of all above and all below,
 Great! and far beyond expression so, 64

No bounds thy knowledge, none thy power, confine;
 For pow'r and knowledge in their source are thine,
 Around thee Glory spreads her golden wing;
 Sing, glitt'ring Angels! hallelujah sing.

Son of the Father, first begotten Son!

Ere the short measuring line of time begun,
 The world has seen thy works, and joy'd to see
 The bright effulgence manifest in thee.

The world must own thee Love's unfathom'd spring;
 Sing, glitt'ring Angels! hallelujah sing.

Proceeding Spirit! equally divine,
 In whom the Godhead's full perfection shine,

With various graces, comforts unexpress'd,
 With holy transports you refine the breast,
 And earth is heavenly where your gifts you bring;
 Sing, glitt'ring Angels! hallelujah sing.

But where's my rapture, where my wondrous heat,
 What interruption makes my bliss retreat?
 This world's got in, the thoughts of t'other's cross,
 And the gay picture's in my fancy lost.

With what an eager zeal the conscious soul
 Would claim its seat, and soaring pass the pole!
 But our attempts these chains of earth restrain,
 Deride our toil, and drag us down again.

So from the ground aspiring meteors go,
 And, rank'd with planets, light the world below;
 But their own bodies sink them in the sky,
 When the warmth's gone that taught them how to fly.

ON DIVINE LOVE,

BY MEDITATING ON THE WOUNDS OF CHRIST

HOLY Jesus! God of Love!

Look with pity from above,
 Shed the precious purple tide
 From thine hands, thy feet, thy side;
 Let thy streams of comfort roll,
 Let them please and fill my soul:
 Let me thus for ever be
 Full of gladness, full of thee;

This for which my wishes pine
 Is the cup of love divine. 10
 Sweet affections flow from hence,
 Sweet above the joys of sense;
 Blessed philtre! how we find
 Its sacred worships! how the mind,
 Of all the world forgetful grown, 15
 Can despise an earthly throne,
 Raise its thoughts to realms above,
 Think of God, and sing of love!
 Love celestial! wondrous heat!
 O beyond expression great! 20
 What resistless charms were thine
 In thy good thy best design!
 When God was hated, Sin obey'd,
 And man undone without thy aid.
 From the seats of endless peace 25
 They brought the Son, the Lord of grace,
 They taught him to receive a birth,
 To clothe in flesh, to live on earth,
 And after lifted him on high,
 And taught him on the cross to die. 30
 Love celestial! ardent fire!
 O extreme of sweet desire!
 Spread thy brightly raging flame
 Thro' and over all my frame;
 Let it warm me, let it burn, 35
 Let my corpse to ashes turn;
 And might thy flame thus act with me,
 To set the soul from body free,
 I next would use thy wings, and fly
 To meet my Jesus in the sky. 40

THE VISION OF PIETY.

'T WAS when the night in silent sable fled,
 When cheerful morning sprung with rising red,
 When dreams and vapours leave to crowd the brain,
 And best the Vision draws its heav'nly scene;
 'Twas then, as slumb'ring on my couch I lay, 5
 A sudden splendour seem'd to kindle day;

A breeze came breathing in a sweet perfume,
 Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room,
 And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,
 Appear'd a daughter of th' realms of Rest :
 Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
 Her honour'd hand the sacred Volume bore ;
 Her raiment glist'ning seem'd a silver white,
 And all her sweet companions sons of Light.

Straight as I gaz'd my fear and wonder grew,
 Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view ;
 When, lo, the cherub of the shining crowd,
 That sail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,
 Fann'd the soft air, and downward seem'd to glide,
 And to my lips a living coal apply'd ;
 Then, while the warmth o'er all my pulses ran,
 Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began :

“ Where glorious mansions are prepar'd above,
 “ The seats of Music and the seats of Love,
 “ Thence I descend, and Piety my name,
 “ To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,
 “ To teach thee praises mix'd with humble pray'rs,
 “ And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs.
 “ Be thou my bard.” A vial here she caught,
 (An angel's hand the crystal vial brought,)
 And, as with awful sound the word was said,
 She pour'd a sacred unction on my head ;
 Then thus proceeded ; “ Be thy Muse thy zeal ;
 “ Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal ;
 “ While other pencils flatt'ring forms create,
 “ And paint the gawdy plumes that deck the great ;
 “ While other pens exalt the vain delight,
 “ Whose wasteful revel wakes the depth of night :
 “ Or others softly sing in idle lines,
 “ How Damon courts, or Amaryllis shines,
 “ More wisely thou select a theme divine,
 “ 'Tis Fame's their recompense, 'tis heav'n is thine.
 “ Despise the raptures of discorded fire,
 “ Where wine, or passion, or applause, inspire ;
 “ Low restless life, and ravings born of earth,
 “ Whose meaner subjects speak their humble birth ;

" Like working seas, that, when loud winters blow,
 " Not made for rising, only rage below :
 " Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,
 " More lasting still as more intensely great ; 50
 " Produc'd where pray'r & praise & pleasure breathe,
 " And ever mounting whence it shot beneath.
 " Unpaint the love that, hov'ring over beds,
 " From glittering pinions guilty pleasure sheds ;
 " Restore the colour to the golden mines, 55
 " With which behind the feather'd idol shines :
 " To flow'ring greens restore their native care,
 " The rose and lily, never his to wear ;
 " To sweet Arabia send the balmy breath,
 " Strip the fair flesh, and call the phantom Death : 60
 " His bow be fabled o'er, his shafts the same,
 " And fork and point them with eternal flame.
 " But urge thy pow'rs, thy utmost voice advance,
 " Make the loud strings against thy finger dance ;
 " 'Tis love that angels praise, and men adore, 65
 " 'Tis love divine that asks it all, and more .
 " Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,
 " Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way,
 " And all in glory wrapt, thro' paths untrod
 " Pursue the great unseen descent of God ; 70
 " Hail the meek Virgin, bid the Child appear,
 " The Child is God ! and call him Jesus here.
 " He comes ! but where to rest ? A manger's nigh ;
 " Make the great Being in a manger lie.
 " Fill the wide skies with angels on the wing, 75
 " Make thousands gaze, and make ten thousand sing.
 " Let men afflict him ; men he came to save,
 " And still afflict him till he reach the grave.
 " Make him resign'd his loads of sorrow meet,
 " And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet ; 80
 " I'll bathe my tresses there, my pray'rs rehearse,
 " And glide in flames of love along my verse.
 " Ah ! while I speak I feel my bosom swell,
 " My raptures smother what I long to tell !
 " 'Tis God ! a present God ! thro' cleaving air, 85
 " I see the throne, and see the Jesus there

"Plac'd on the right; he shews the wounds he bore,
 " (My fervours oft' have won him thus before,)
 "How pleas'd he looks! my words have reach'd his
 "He bids the gates unbar, and calls me near." [ear,
 She ceas'd; the cloud on which she seem'd to tread
 Its curls unfolded, and around her spread;
 Bright angels waft their wings to raise the cloud,
 And sweep their iv'ry lutes, and sing aloud.
 The scene moves off, while all its ambient sky
 Is turn'd to wondrous music as they fly,
 And soft the swelling sounds of music grow,
 And faint their softness, till they fail below.

My downy sleep the warmth of Phœbus broke,
 And while my thoughts were settling, thus I spoke;
 "Thou beauteous Vision! on the soul imprest,
 "When most my reason would appear to rest,
 "'Twas sure with pencils dipt in various lights,
 "Some curious angel limn'd thy sacred sights,
 "From blazing suns his radiant gold he drew,
 "While moons the silver gave, and air the blue.
 "I'll mount the roving wind's expanded wing,
 "And seek the sacred hill, and light to sing;
 "('Tis known in Jewry well:) I'll make my lays,
 "Obedient to thy summons, sound with praise.
 "But still I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,
 "I take for truth the flatt'ries of a dream;
 "And barely with the wondrous gift I boast,
 "And faintly practise what deserves it most.
 "Indulgent Lord! whose gracious love displays
 "Joys in the light, and fills the dark with ease,
 "Be this, to bless my days, no dream of bliss,
 "Or be, to bless the nights, my dreams like this!"



MOSES.

TO grace those lines which next appear to sight,
The pencil shone with more abated light ;
Yet still the pencil shone, the lines were fair,
And awful Moses stands recorded there :
Let his, replete with flames and praise divine, 5
Let his the first rememb' red song be mine ;
Then rise, my Thought ! and in thy prophet find
What joy should warm thee for the work design'd ;
To that great act, which rais'd his heart, repair,
And find a portion of his spirit there. 10
A nation helpless and unarm'd I view,
Whom strong revengeful troops of war pursue,
Seas stop their flight, their camp must prove their grave ;
Ah ! what can save them ? God alone can save.
God's wondrous voice proclaims his high command,
He bids their leader wave the sacred wand ; 16
And where the billows flow'd they flow no more,
A road lies naked, and they march it o'er.
Safe may the sons of Jacob travel through !
But why will hard'ned Egypt venture too ? 20
Vain in thy rage, to think those waters flee,
And rise like walls on either hand, for thee.
The night comes on, the season for surprise,
Yet fear not, Israel ! God directs thine eyes :
A fiery cloud I see thine angel ride, 25
His chariot is thy light, and he thy guide.
The day comes on, and half thy succours fail,
Yet fear not, Israel ! God will still prevail.
I see thine angel from before thee go,
To make the wheels of vent'rous Egypt flow, 30
His rolling cloud inwraps its beams of light,
And what supply'd thy day prolongs their night.
At length the dangers of the deep are run,
The further brink is past, the bank is won ;
The leader turns to view the foes behind, 35
Then waves his solemn wand within the wind.

Oh, Nation freed by wonders! cease thy fear,
And stand and see the Lord's salvation here.

Ye Tempests! now from ev'ry corner fly,
And wildly rage in all my fancy'd sky.
Roll on, ye Waters! as they roll'd before;
Ye billows of my fancy'd ocean! roar;
Dash high, ride foaming, mingle all the main;
'Tis done—and Pharaoh can't afflict again.
The work, the wondrous work, of freedom's done,
The winds abate, the clouds restore the sun,
The wreck appears, the threat'ning army, drown'd,
Floats o'er the waves to strew the sandy ground.
Then place thy Moses near the calming flood,
Majestically mild, serenely good;
Let meekness, lovely virtue, gently stream
Around his visage like a lambent flame;
Let grateful sentiments, let sense of love,
Let holy zeal within his bosom move;
And while his people gaze the wat'ry plain,
And fear's last touches like to doubts remain,
While bright Astonishment, that seems to raise
A questioning belief, is fond to praise,
Be thus the rapture in the prophet's breast,
Be thus the thanks for freedom gain'd express,

“ I'll sing to God, I'll sing the songs of praise

“ To God, triumphant in his wondrous ways;

“ To God, whose glories in the seas excel,

“ Where the proud horse and prouder rider fell.

“ The Lord, in mercy kind, in justice strong,

“ Is now my strength, this strength be now my song;

“ This sure salvation such he proves to me,

“ From danger rescu'd, and from bondage free.

“ The Lord's my God, and I'll prepare his seat,

“ My fathers' God, and I'll proclaim him great;

“ Him Lord of battles, him renown'd in name,

“ Him ever faithful, evermore the same;

“ His gracious aids avenge his peoples' thrall,

“ They make the pride of boasting Pharaoh fall;

“ Within the seas his stately chariots lie,

“ Within the seas his chosen captains die;

"The rolling deeps have cover'd o'er the foe,
 "They sunk like stones, they swiftly sunk below.
 "Thine hand, my God! thine hand confess'd thy care,
 "Thine hand was glorious in thy power there, 80
 "It broke their troops, unequal for the fight,
 "In all the greatness of excelling might:
 "Thy wrath sent forward o'er the raging stream,
 "Swift, sure, and sudden, their destruction came:
 "They fell as stubble burns, while driving skies 85
 "Provoke and whirl a flame, and ruin flies.
 "When blasts, dispatch'd with wonderful intent,
 "On sov'reign orders from thy nostrils went,
 "For our accounts the waters were afraid,
 "Perceiv'd thy presence, and together fled; 90
 "In heaps uprightly plac'd they learn to stand,
 "Like banks of crystal by the paths of sand; [pride,
 "Then fondly flush'd with hope, and swell'd with
 "And fill'd with rage, the foe profanely cry'd,
 "Secure of conquest, I'll pursue their way; 95
 "I'll overtake them; I'll divide the prey;
 "My lust I'll satisfy, mine anger cloy;
 "My sword I'll brandish, and their name destroy.
 "How wildly threatens their anger! Hark! above
 "New blasts of wind on new commission move, 100
 "To loose the fetters that confin'd the main,
 "And make its mighty waters rage again;
 "Then overwhelm'd with their resistless sway,
 "They sunk like lead, they sunk beneath the sea.
 "Oh, who like thee, thou dreaded Lord of Host!
 "Among the gods whom all the nations boast, 106
 "Such acts of wonder and of strength displays?
 "Oh great! oh glorious, in thine holy ways!
 "Deserving praise, and that thy praise appear
 "In signs of reverence and sense of fear. 110
 "With justice arm'd thou stretch'dst out thine hand,
 "And earth between its gaping jaws of land
 "Receiv'd its waters of the parted main,
 "And swallow'd up the dark Egyptian train.
 "With mercy rising on the weaker side, 115
 "Thyself became the rescu'd peoples' guide,

- " And in thy strength they pass th' amazing road,
 " To reach thine holy mount, thy blest'd abode.
 " What thou hast done the neighb'ring realms shall
 " And feel the strange report excite their fear; [hear
 " What thou hast done shall Edom's Duke amaze, 12
 " And make despair on Palestina seize;
 " Shall make the warlike sons of Moab shake,
 " And all the melting hearts of Canaan weak:
 " In heavy damps, diffus'd on ev'ry breast, 11
 " Shall cold distrust and hopeless terror rest.
 " The matchless greatness which thine hand has shown
 " Shall keep their kingdoms as unmov'd as stone,
 " While Jordan stops above, and fails below,
 " And all thy flock across the channel go. 19
 " Thus on thy mercy's silver-shining wing,
 " Thro' seas and streams thou wilt the nation bring,
 " And as the rooted trees securely stand,
 " So firmly plant it in the promis'd land,
 " Where for thyself thou wilt a place prepare, 13
 " And after-ages will thine altar rear;
 " There reign victorious in thy sacred seat,
 " Oh, Lord! for ever and for ever great.
 " Look, where the tyrant was but lately seen,
 " The seas gave backward, and he ventur'd in: 14
 " In yonder gulf with haughty pomp he show'd,
 " Here march'd his horsemen, there his chariots ro'd
 " And when our God restor'd the floods again,
 " Ah, vainly strong! they perish'd in the main;
 " But Israel went a dry surprising way,
 " Made safe by miracles amidst the sea."

Here ceas'd the song, tho' not the prophet's joy,
 Which others' hands and others' tongues employ;
 For still the lays, with warmth divine exprest,
 Inflam'd his hearers to their inmost breast.
 Then Miriam's notes the chorus sweetly raise,
 And Miriam's timbrel gives new life to praise:
 The moving sounds, like soft delicious wind
 That breath'd from Paradise, a passage find,
 Shed sympathies for odours as they rove,
 And fan the risings of enkindled love.

O'er all the crowd the thought inspiring flew,

The women follow'd with their timbrels too,

And thus from Moses, where his strains arose,

They catch'd a rapture to perform the close. 160

"We'll sing to God, we'll sing the songs of praise,

To God triumphant in his wondrous ways;

To God, whose glories in the seas excel,

Where the proud horse—and prouder rider fell."

Thus Israel, raptur'd with the pleasing thought 165

Of freedom wish'd and wonderfully got,

Made cheerful thanks from ev'ry bank resound,

Express'd by songs, improv'd in joy by sound.

Oh, sacred Moses! each infusing line

That mov'd their gratitude was part of thine; 170

And still the Christians in thy numbers view

The type of baptism and of heav'n too:

So souls from water rise to grace below,

So saints from toil to praise and glory go.

Oh, grateful Miriam! in thy temper wrought, 175

Too warm for silence or inventing thought;

Thy part of anthem was to warble o'er

A sweet response what Moses sung before:

Thou led the public voice to join his lays,

And words redoubling well redoubled praise: 180

Receive thy title, Prophetess was thine,

When here thy practice shew'd the form divine.

The spirit thus approv'd, resign'd in will,

The Church bows down, and hears responses still.

Nor slightly suffer tuneful Jubal's name 185

To miss his place among the sons of Fame,

Whose sweet infusions could of old inspire

The breathing organs and the trembling lyre:

Whether of these on earth, whose gentle soul

By such engagements could the mind controul, 190

Whose holy verses ought to music owe,

That thy large account of thanks below:

Whilst then the timbrels lively pleasure gave,

And now whilst organs sound sedately grave.

My first attempt the finish'd course commends; 195

Now, Fancy! flag not as that subject ends,

But, charm'd with beauties which attend thy way,
Ascend, harmonious, in the next essay.

So flies the lark, and learn from her to fly,
She mounts, she warbles, on the wind on high; 100
She falls from thence, and seems to drop her wing,
But, ere she lights to rest, remounts to sing.

It is not far the days have roll'd their years
Before the second bright'ned work appears;
It is not far, alas! the faulty cause 200
Which from the prophet sad reflection draws;
Alas! that blessings in possession cloy,
And peevish murmurs are prefer'd to joy;
That favour'd Israel could be faithless still,
Or question God's protecting pow'r or will; 210
Or dread devoted Canaan's warlike men,
And long for Egypt and their bonds again.
Scarce thrice the sun, since hard'ned Pharaoh dy'd,
As bridegrooms issue forth with glitt'ring pride,
Rejoicing rose, and let the nation see 215
Three shining days of easy liberty,
Ere the mean fears of want produc'd within
Vain thought, replenish'd with rebellious sin.

Oh, look not, Israel! to thy former way,
God cannot fail, and either wait or pray. 220
Within the borders of thy promis'd lands
Lot's hapless wife a strange example stands;
She turn'd her eyes, and felt her change begin,
And wrath as fierce may meet resembling sin:
Then forward move thy camp, and forward still, 225
And let sweet Mercy bend thy stubborn will.

At thy complaint a branch in Marah cast,
With sweet'ning virtue mends the water's taste;
At thy complaint the lab'ring tempest fails,
And drives afore a wondrous shower of quails; 230
In tender grass the falling manna lies,
And heav'n itself the want of bread supplies:
The rock divided flows upon the plain
At thy complaint, and still thou wilt complain.
As thus employ'd thou went the desert through, 235
Lo! Sinai Mount uprear'd its head to view;

Thine eyes perceiv'd the darkly-rolling cloud,
 Thine ears the trumpet shrill, the thunder loud;
 The forky lightning shot in livid gleam;
 The smoke arose; the mountain, all a-flame, 240
 Quak'd to the depths, and work'd with signs of awe,
 While God descended to dispense the law;

Yet neither mercy, manifest in might,
 Nor pow'r in terrors, could preserve thee right.
 Provok'd with crimes of such an heinous kind, 245
 Almighty Justice sware the doom design'd,
 That they should never reach the promis'd seat,
 And Moses greatly mourns their hasten'd fate.

I'll think him now retir'd to public care,
 While night in pitchy plumes slides soft in air; 250
 I'll think him giving what the guilty sleep,
 To thoughts where Sorrow glides and Numbers weep;
 And thoughts of woes, that reign where such prevail,
 And man's short life, tho' not so short as frail.

Within this circle for his inward eyes, 255
 He bids the fading low creation rise,
 And straight the train of mimic senses brings
 The dusky shapes of transitory things;

Thro' pensive shades the visions seem to range,
 They seem to flourish, and they seem to change; 260
 A moon decreasing runs the silent sky,
 And sickly birds on moulting feathers fly;
 Men walking count their days of blessing o'er,
 The blessings vanish, and the tale's no more;

All hours of nightly watches steal away, 265
 Big waters roll, green blades of grass decay;
 Then all the pensive shades, by just degrees,
 Grow faint in prospect, and go off with these:
 But while th' affecting notions pass along,

He chuses such as best adorn his song, 270
 And thus with God the rising lays began,
 God ever reigning, God compar'd with man;
 And thus they move to man beneath his rod,
 Man deeply sinning, man chastis'd by God.

"Oh, Lord! oh, Saviour! tho' thy chosen band 275
 Have stay'd like strangers in a foreign land,

" Thro' number'd ages which have run their race,
 " Still has thy mercy been our dwelling place;
 " Before the most exalted dust of earth,
 " The stately mountains had receiv'd a birth, 280
 " Before the pillars of the world were laid,
 " Before the habitable parts were made,
 " Thou wert their God, from thee their rise they drew,
 " Thou great for ages, great for ever too.
 " Man (mortal creature!) fram'd to feel decays, 285
 " Thine unresisted pow'r at pleasure sways;
 " Thou say'st, Return, and parting souls obey;
 " Thou say'st, Return, and bodies fall to clay:
 " For what's a thousand fleeting years with thee?
 " Or time, compar'd with long eternity? 290
 " Whose wings expanding, infinitely vast,
 " O'erstretch its utmost ends of first and last:
 " 'Tis like those hours that lately saw the sun,
 " He rose, and set, and all the day was done;
 " Or like the watches which dread night divide, 295
 " And, while we slumber, unregarded glide,
 " When all the present seems a thing of nought,
 " And past and future close to waking thought.
 " As raging floods, when rivers swell with rain,
 " Bear down the groves, and overflow the plain, 300
 " So swift and strong thy wondrous might appears,
 " So life is carried down the rolling years.
 " As heavy sleep pursues the day's retreat
 " With dark, with silent, and unactive state,
 " So life's attended on by certain doom, 305
 " And death's their rest, their resting-place a tomb;
 " It quickly rises, and it quickly goes,
 " And youth its morning, age its ev'ning shows.
 " Thus tender blades of grais, when beams diffuse,
 " Rise from the pressure of their early dews, 310
 " Point tow'rs the skies their elevated spires,
 " And proudly flourish in their green attires;
 " But soon (ah, fading state of things below:)
 " The scythe destructive mows the lovely thow;
 " The rising sun thus saw their glories high, 315
 " That sun descended sees their glories die.

"We still with more than common haste of Fate
 "Are doom'd to perish in thy kindled hate;
 "Our public sins for public justice call,
 "And stand like marks on which thy judgments fall;
 "Our secret sins, that folly thought conceal'd, 321
 "Are in thy light for punishment reveal'd;
 "Beneath the terrors of thy wrath divine
 "Our days unmix'd with happiness decline,
 "Like empty stories, tedious, short, and vain, 325
 "And never, never more recall'd again.
 "Yet what were life, if to the longest date
 "Which we have nam'd a life we back'ned Fate?
 "Alas! its most computed length appears
 "To reach the limits but of seventy years; 330
 "And if by strength to fourscore years we go,
 "That strength is labour, and that labour woe;
 "Then will thy term expire, and thou must fly,
 "Oh, Man! Oh, Creature! surely born to die.
 "But who regards a truth so thoroughly known? 335
 "Who dreads a wrath so manifestly shown?
 "Who seems to fear it, tho' the danger vies
 "With any pitch to which our fear can rise?
 "O! teach us so to number all our days,
 "That these reflections may correct our ways; 340
 "That these may lead us from delusive dreams,
 "To walk in heav'nly Wisdom's golden beams.
 "Return, O Lord! how long shall Israel sin?
 "How long thine anger be preserv'd within?
 "Before our time's irrevocably past, 345
 "Be kind, be gracious, and return at last;
 "Let favour soon dispens'd, our souls employ,
 "And still remember'd favour live in joy:
 "Send years of comforts for our years of woes,
 "Send these, at least, of equal length with those; 350
 "Shine on thy flock, and on their offspring shine;
 "With tender mercy (sweetest act divine)
 "Bright rays of majesty, serenely shed,
 "To rest in glories on the nation's head;
 "Our future deeds with approbation bless, 355
 "And, in the giving them, give us success."

Thus, with forgiveness earnestly desir'd,
 Thus, in the raptures of a bliss requir'd,
 The man of God concludes his sacred strain;
 Now sit and see the subject once again; 360
 See ghastly Death, where deserts all around
 Spread forth the barren undelightful ground,
 There stalks the silent melancholy shade,
 His naked bones reclining on a spade;
 And thrice the spade with solemn sadness heaves, 365
 And thrice earth opens in the form of graves;
 His gates of darkness gape to take him in,
 And where he soon would sink he's push'd by sin.

Poor Mortals! here your common picture know,
 And with yourselves in this acquainted grow; 370
 Thro' life with airy thoughtless pride you range,
 And vainly glitter in the sphere of change,
 A sphere where all things but for time remain,
 Where no fix'd stars with endless glory reign,
 But meteors only, short-liv'd meteors, rise, 375
 To shine, shoot down, and die, beneath the skies.

There is an hour, ah! who that hour attends?
 When man, the gilded vanity, descends;
 When foreign force, or waste of inward heat,
 Constrain the soul to leave its ancient seat; 380
 When banish'd Beauty from her empire flies,
 And, with a languish, leaves the sparkling eyes;
 When soft'ning music and persuasion fail,
 And all the charms that in the tongue prevail;
 When spirits stop their course, when nerves unbrace,
 And outward action and perception cease; 385
 'Tis then the poor deform'd remains shall be
 That naked skeleton we seem'd to see.

Make this thy mirror if thou would'st have bliss;
 No flatt'ring image shews itself in this; 390
 But such as lays the lofty looks of pride,
 And makes cool thought in humble channel glide;
 But such as clears the cheats of Error's den,
 Whence magic mists surround the souls of men;
 When self-delusion's trains adorn their flight, 395
 As snow's fair feathers fleet to darken sight;

Then rest, and in the work of fancy spread;
 To gay-wav'd plumes for ev'ry mortal's head.
 These empty forms, when Death appears, disperse,
 Or melt in tears upon its mournful herse: 400
 The sad reflection forces men to know
 Life surely fails and swiftly flies below.
 Oh! lest thy folly lose the profit sought,
 Oh! never touch it with a glancing thought,
 As men to glasses come, and straight withdraw, 405
 And straight forget what sort of face they saw;
 But fix, intently fix, thine inward eyes,
 And in the strength of this great truth be wise:
 If on the globe's dim side our senses stray,
 Not us'd to perfect light, we think it day, 410
 Death seems long sleep, and hopes of heav'nly beams,
 Deceitful wishes, big with distant dreams;
 But if our reason purge the carnal sight,
 And place its objects in their juster light,
 We change the side, from dreams on earth we move, 415
 And wake thro' death to rising life above.
 Here o'er my soul a solemn silence reigns,
 Preparing thought for new celestial strains;
 The former vanish off, the new begin,
 The solemn silence stands like night between; 420
 In whose dark bosom day departing lies,
 And day succeeding takes a lovely rise.
 But tho' the song be chang'd, be still the flame,
 And still the prophet, in my lines the same;
 With care renew'd, upon the children dwell, 425
 Whose sinful fathers in the desert fell;
 With care renew'd, if any care can do,
 Ah! lest they sin, and lest they perish too.
 Go seek for Moses at yon' sacred tent,
 On which the Presence makes a bright descent. 430
 Behold the cloud with radiant glory fair,
 Like a wreath'd pillar, curls itself in air!
 Behold it hov'ring just above the door,
 And Moses meekly kneeling on the floor;
 But if the gazing turn thy edge of sight, 435
 And darkness spring from unsupported light,

Then change the sense, be sight in hearing drown'd,
While these strange accents from the vision sound.

"The time, my Servant, is approaching nigh,
"When thou shalt gather'd with thy fathers lie; 440
"And soon thy nation, quite forgetful grown
"Of all the glories which mine arm has shown,
"Shall thro' my covenant perversely break,
"Despise my worship, and my name forsake,
"By customs conquer'd, where to rule they go, 445
"And serving gods that can't protect their foe.
"Displeas'd at this, I'll turn my face aside
"Till sharp Affliction's rod reduce their pride;
"Till brought to better mind they seek relief,
"By good confessions in the midst of grief. 450
"Then write thy song, to stand a witness still
"Of favours past, and of my future will;
"For I their vain conceits before discern;
"Then write thy song, which Israel's sons shall learn."

As thus the wondrous voice its charge repeats, 455
The prophet musing deep within repeats,
He seems to feel it on a streaming ray
Pierce thro' the soul, enlight'ning all its way;
And much obedient will, and free desire,
And much his love of Jacob's seed, inspire; 460
And much, oh! much above the warmth of those
The sacred Spirit in his bosom glows;
Majestic Notion seems decrees to nod,
And holy Transport speaks the words of God.

He now returns, the finish'd roll he brings, 465
Enrich'd with strains of past and future things;
The priests in order to the tent repair,
The gather'd Tribes attend the elders there:
Oh! sacred Mercy's inexhausted store!
Shall these have warning of their faults before! 470
Shall these be told the recompenses due!
Shall heav'n and earth be call'd to witness too!
Then still the tumult, if it will be so,
Let fear to lose a word its caution show;
Let close Attention in dead calm appear, 475
And softly, softly steal with silence near,

While Moses, rais'd above the list'ning throng,
Pronounces thus, in all their ears, the song.

"Hear, oh ye Heav'ns! creation's lofty show,
"Hear, oh thou heav'n-encompass'd Earth below!

"As silver show'rs of gently dropping rain, 481

"As honey dews distilling on the plain,

"As rain, as dews, for tender grass design'd,

"So shall my speeches sink within the mind,

"So sweetly turn the soul's enliv'ning food, 485

"So fill and cherish hopeful seeds of good,

"For now my numbers to the world abroad

"Will loudly celebrate the name of God.

"Ascribe, thou Nation! ev'ry favour'd tribe

"Excelling greatness to the Lord ascribe; 490

"The Lord! the Rock! on whom we safely trust,

"Whose work is perfect, and whose ways are just;

"The Lord! whose promise stands for ever true;

"The Lord! most righteous, and most holy too.

"Ah! worse election! ah! the bonds of sin! 495

"They chuse themselves to take corruption in;

"They stain their souls with vice's deepest blots,

"When only frailties are his childrens' spots:

"Their thoughts, words, actions, all are run astray,

"And none more crooked, more perverse, than they.

"Say, rebel Nation! and unwisely light, 501

"Say, will thy folly thus the Lord requite?

"Or is he not the God who made thee free,

"Whose mercy purchas'd and establish'd thee?

"Remember well the wondrous days of old, 505

"The years of ages long before thee told;

"Ask all thy fathers, who the truth will show,

"Or ask thine elders, for thine elders know.

"When the Most High, with sceptre pointed down,

"Describ'd the realms of each beginning crown; 510

"When Adam's offspring, providential care,

"To people countries, scatter'd here and there,

"He to the limits of their lands confin'd,

"That favour'd Israel has its part assign'd;

"For Israel is the Lord's, and gains the place 515

"Reserv'd for those whom he would chuse to grace.

" Him in the desert, him his mercy found,
 " Where Famined dwells, and howling deafs the ground;
 " Where dread is felt, by savage noise increast,
 " Where Solitude erects its seat on waste; 520
 " And there he led him, and he taught him there,
 " And safely kept him with a watchful care;
 " The tender apples of our heedful eye
 " Not more in guard, nor more securely lie.
 " And as an eagle, that attempts to bring 525
 " Her unexperienc'd young to trust the wing,
 " Stirs up her nest, and flutters o'er their heads,
 " And all the forces of her pinions spreads,
 " And takes and bears them on her plumes above,
 " To give peculiar proof of royal love; 530
 " 'Twas so the Lord, the gracious Lord alone,
 " With kindness most peculiar led his own;
 " As no strange god concurr'd to make him free,
 " So none had pow'r to lead him through but he.
 " To lands excelling lands, and planted high, 535
 " That boasts the kindest influencing sky,
 " He brought, he bore him, on the wings of grace,
 " To taste the plenties of the ground's increast;
 " Sweet dropping honey from the rocky soil,
 " From flinty rocks the smoothly flowing oil, 540
 " The gilded butter from the stately kine,
 " The milk with which the dugs of sheep decline,
 " The marrow-fatness of the tender lambs,
 " The bulky breed of Basan's goats and rams,
 " The finest flow'ry-wheat that crowns the plain, 545
 " Distends its husk, and loads the blade with grain;
 " And still he drank, from ripe delicious heaps
 " Of clusters press'd, the purest blood of grapes:
 " But thou art wanton fat, and kickest now;
 " Oh! well directed; oh! Jeshuran, thou; 550
 " Thou soon wert fat, thy sides were thickly grown,
 " Thy fatness deeply cover'd every bone;
 " Then wanton fulness vain oblivion brought,
 " And God, that made and sav'd thee, was forgot.
 " While gods of foreign lands, and rites abhorr'd, 555
 " To jealousies and anger mov'd the Lord;

"While gods thy fathers never knew were own'd,
 "And fiends themselves with sacrifice aton'd.
 "Oh! fools, unmindful whence your order'd frame,
 "And whence your life-infusing spirit, came: 560
 "Such strange corruptions could his hate provoke,
 "And thus their fate his indignation spoke:
 "It is decreed, I'll hide my face, and see
 "When I forsake them, what their end shall be;
 "For they're a froward, very froward strain! 565
 "They promise duty, but return disdain.
 "Within my soul they've rais'd a jealous flame,
 "By new-nam'd gods, and only gods in name;
 "They make the burnings of my anger glow
 "By guilty vanity's displeasing show. 570
 "I'll also teach their jealousy to fret
 "At such as are not form'd a people yet;
 "I'll make their anger vex their inward breast,
 "When such as have not known my laws are blest.
 "A fire, a fire, that nothing can allwage, 575
 "Is kindled in the fierceness of my rage,
 "To burn the depths, consume the land's increase,
 "And on the mountains' strong foundations seize.
 "Thick heaps of mischief on their heads I send,
 "And all mine arrows wing'd with fury spend. 580
 "Slow parching death, and pestilential heat,
 "Shall bring the bitter pangs of ling'ring fate.
 "The teeth of beasts shall swift destruction bring;
 "The serpents' wound them with envenom'd sting;
 "The sword without, and dread within, consume 585
 "The youth and virgin in their lovely bloom;
 "Weak tender Infancy by suckling fed,
 "And helpless Age with hoary frosted head.
 "I said I'd scatter all the sinful race,
 "I said I'd make its mere remembrance cease, 590
 "But that I fear'd the toes' unruly pride,
 "Their glory vaunted, and my pow'r deny'd.
 "While thus they boast, our arm has shewn us brave;
 "And God did nothing, for he could not save:
 "So fond their thoughts are, so remote of sense, 595
 "And blind in ev'ry course of Providence.

" O did they know to what my judgments tend !
 " O would they ponder on their latter-end !
 " They soon would find, that when upon the field
 " One makes a thousand, two ten thousand yield, 600
 " The Lord of Hosts has sold a rebel state,
 " And sure enclos'd it in the nets of Fate;
 " For what's another's rock compar'd with ours ?
 " Let them be judges that have prov'd their pow'rs,
 " That on their own have vainly call'd for aid, 605
 " While ours to freedom and to glory led.
 " Their vine, indeed, may seem to flourish fair,
 " But yet it grows in Sodom's tainted air;
 " It sucks corruption from Gomorrah's fields,
 " And galls for grapes in bitter clusters yields, 610
 " And poison sheds for wine, like that which comes
 " From asps' and dragons' death-infected gums.
 " And are not these their hateful sins reveal'd,
 " And in my treasures for my justice seal'd ?
 " To me the province of revenge belongs, 615
 " To me the certain recompense of wrongs ;
 " Their feet shall totter in appointed time,
 " And threat'ning danger overtake their crime,
 " For wing'd with feather'd haste the minutes fly,
 " To bring those things that must afflict them nigh. 620
 " The Lord will judge his own and bring them low,
 " And then repent, and turn upon the foe ;
 " And when the judgments from his own remove,
 " Will thus the foe convincingly reprove.
 " Where are the gods, the rock, to whom in vain 625
 " Your off'rings have been made, your victims slain ?
 " Let them arise, let them afford their aid,
 " And with Protection's shield surround your head.
 " Know then your Maker, I the Lord am he,
 " Nor ever was there any god with me ; 630
 " And death or life, or wounds or health, I give,
 " Nor can another from my pow'r reprieve.
 " With solemn state I lift my arm on high,
 " Above the glories of the lofty sky ;
 " And by myself majestically I wear 635
 " I live for ever, and for ever there.

"If in my rage the glitt'ring sword I whet,
 "And sternly sitting take the judgment-seat,
 "My just awarding sentence dooms my foe,
 "And vengeance wields the blade, and gives the blow;
 "And deep in flesh the blade of fury bites, 641
 "And deadly deep my bearded arrow lights,
 "And both grow drunk with blood defil'd in sin,
 "When executions of revenge begin.

"Then let his nation in a common voice, 145
 "And with his nation let the world, rejoice:
 "For whether he for crimes or trials spill
 "His servants' blood, he will avenge it still:
 "He'll break the troops, he'll scatter them afar,
 "Who vex our realm with desolating war, 650
 "And on the favour'd Tribes, and on the land,
 "Shed victories and peace from Mercy's hand."

Here ceas'd the song, and Israel look'd behind,
 And gaz'd before, with unconfining mind,
 And, fix'd in silence and amazement, saw 655
 The strokes of all their state beneath the law.

Their recollection does its light present,
 To shew the mountain blest'd with God's descent,
 To shew their wand'rings, their unfix'd abode,
 And all their guidance in the desert road: 660

Then where the beams of recollection go,
 To leave the fancy dispossest'd of show,
 The fairer light of prophecy's begun,
 Which op'ning future days supplies their sun:
 By such a sun (and fancy needs no more) 665

They see the coming times, and walk them o'er;
 And now they gain that rest their travail sought,
 Now milk and honey stream along the thought;
 Anon they feel their souls, the blessings cloy,
 And God's forgot in full excess of joy: 670

And oft' they sin, and oft' his anger burns,
 And ev'ry nation's made their scourge by turns;
 Till oft repenting, they convert to God,
 And he repenting too destroys the rod.

O Nation! timely warn'd in sacred strain, 675
 O never let thy Moses sing in vain;

Dare to be good, and happiness prolong;
 Or if thy folly will fulfil the song,
 At least be found the seldomer in ill,
 And still repent, and soon repent thee still. 630
 When such fair paths thou shalt avoid to tread,
 Thy blood will rest upon thy sinful head;
 Thy crime by lasting will secure thy foe,
 The gracious warning to the Gentiles go,
 And all the world, that's call'd to witness here, 635
 Convinc'd by thine example, learn to fear.
 The Gentile world, a mystic Israel grown,
 Will in thy first condition find their own;
 A God's descent, a pilgrimage below,
 And promis'd rest where living waters flow: 640
 They'll see the pen, describe in ev'ry trace
 The frowns of anger, or the smiles of grace;
 Why mercy turns aside and leaves to shine,
 What cause provokes the jealousy divine;
 Why justice kindles dire avenging flames, 645
 What endless pow'r the lifted arm proclaims;
 Why mercy shines again with cheerful ray,
 And glory double-gilds the lightsome day.
 Tho' nations change, and Israel's empire dies,
 Yet still the case on earth again may rise; 700
 Eternal Providence its rule retains,
 And still preserves, and still applies, the strains.

'Twas such a gift the prophet's sacred pen,
 On his departure, left the sons of men.
 Thus he, and thus the swan her breath resigns, 705
 (Within the beauty of poetic lines,)
 He white with innocence, his figure she,
 And both harmonious, but the sweeter he.
 Death learns to charin, and while it leads to bliss,
 Has found a lovely circumstance in this, 710
 To suit the meekest turn of easy mind,
 And actions cheerful in an air resign'd.

Thou Flock, whom Moses to thy freedom led,
 How wilt thou lay the venerable dead!
 Go (if thy fathers taught a work they knew) 715
 Go build a pyramid to glory due;

square the broad base, with sloping sides arise,
 And let the point diminish in the skies;
 There leave the corpse, impending o'er his head
 The wand whose motion winds and waves obey'd.
 On sable banners to the sight describe 721
 The painted arms of ev'ry mourning tribe.
 And thus may public grief adorn the tomb
 Deep streaming downwards thro' the vaulted room.
 On the black stone a fair inscription raise, 725
 That sums his government, to speak his praise;
 And may the style as brightly worth proclaim,
 As if Affection with a pointed beam
 Engrav'd or fir'd the words, or Honour due
 Had with itself inlaid the tablet through. 730
 But stop the pomp that is not man's to pay,
 For God will grace him in a nobler way;
 Mine eyes perceive an orb of heav'nly state,
 With splendid forms and light serene replete;
 I hear the sound of flutt'ring wings in air, 735
 I hear the tuneful tongues of angels there:
 They fly, they bear, they rest, on Nebo's head,
 And in thick glory wrap the rev'rend dead.
 This errand crowns his songs, and tends to prove
 His near communion with the quire above. 740
 Now swiftly down the steepy mount they go,
 Now swiftly glides their shining orb below,
 And now moves off where rising grounds deny
 To spread their valley to the distant eye.
 O blest'd Inhabitants of glitt'ring air! 745
 You've borne the prophet, but we know not where.
 Perhaps lest Israel, over-fondly led,
 Rating worth when envy leaves the dead,
 Might plant a grove, invent new rites divine,
 Make him their idol, and his grave the shrine. 750
 But what disorder? what repels the light?
 And ere its season forces on the night?
 Why sweep the spectres o'er the blasted ground?
 What shakes the Mount with hollow-roaring sound?
 Tell rolls beneath it, Terror stalks before 755
 With shrieks and groans, and Horror bursts a door,

And Satan rises in infernal state,
 Drawn up by Malice, Envy, Rage, and Hate;
 A dark'ning vapour with sulphureous steam,
 In pitchy curlings, edg'd by sullen flame,
 And fram'd a chariot for the dreadful form,
 Drives whirling up on mad Confusion's storm.

Then fiercely burning where the prophet dy'd,
 "Nor shall thy nation 'scape my wrath," he cry'd;
 "This corpse I'll enter, and thy flock mislead,
 "And all thy miracles my lies shall aid.
 "But where?—He's gone, and by the scented sky,
 "The fav'rite courtiers have been lately nigh.
 "O! slow to bus'ness, curs'd in mischief's hour;
 "Trace on their odours, and if hell has pow'r—"
 This said, with spite, and with a bent for ill,
 He shot with fury from the trembling hill.

In vain, proud Fiend, thy threats are half express'd
 And half lie choking in thy scornful breast;
 His shining bearers have perform'd their right,
 And laid him softly down in shades of night.
 A warrior leads the band, great Michael he,
 Renown'd for victories in wars with thee;
 A sword of flame to stop thy course he bears,
 Nor has thy rage avail'd, nor can thy snares.
 The Lord rebuke thy pride, he meekly cries;
 The Lord has heard him, and thy project dies.

Here Moses leaves my song, the Tribes retire,
 The desert flies, and forty years expire.
 And now, my Fancy! for a while be still,
 And think of coming down from Nebo's hill:
 Go, search among thy forms, and thence prepare
 A cloud in folds of soft surrounding air:
 Go, find a breeze to lift thy cloud on high,
 To waft thee gently-rock'd in open sky;
 Then stealing back to leave a silent calm,
 And thee reposing in a grove of palm;
 The place will suit my next succeeding strain,
 And I'll awake thee soon to sing again.

DEBORAH.

TIME! fire of years, unfold thy leaf anew,
 And still the past recall to present view;
 Spread forth their circles, swiftly gaze them o'er,
 But where an action's nobly sung before,
 There stop and stay for me, whose thoughts design 5
 To make another's song resound in mine.
 Pass where the priests' procession bore the law,
 When Jordan's parted waters fix'd with awe
 While Israel march'd upon the naked sand,
 Admir'd the wonder, and obtain'd the land; 10
 Slide thro' the num'rous fates of Canaan's kings,
 While Conquests rode on Expedition's wings;
 Glance over Israel at a single view,
 In bondage oft', and oft' unbound anew,
 Till Jabin rise, and Deb'rah stand enroll'd 15
 Upon the gilded leaf's revolving fold.
 Oh! king subdu'd! oh! woman born to fame!
 Oh! wake my fancy for the glorious theme;
 Oh! wake my fancy with the sense of praise,
 Oh! wake with warblings of triumphant lays; 20
 The land you rise in sultry suns invade,
 But when you rise to sing you'll find a shade.
 Those trees, in order and with verdure crown'd,
 The sacred prophetess's tent surround,
 And that fair palm a-front exactly plac'd, 25
 That overtops and overspreads the rest,
 Near the firm root a mossy bank supports,
 Where Justice opens unexpensive courts,
 There Deb'rah sits, the willing Tribes repair,
 Refer their causes, and she judges there; 30
 Nor needs a guard to bring her subjects in,
 Each grace, each virtue, proves a guard unseen,
 Nor wants the penalties enforcing law,
 While great Opinion gives effectual awe.
 Now twenty years that roll'd in heavy pain, 35
 Now Jabin gall them with Oppression's chain,

When she, submissive to divine command,
 Proclaims a war for freedom o'er the land,
 And bids young Barak with those men descend,
 Whom in the mountains he for battle train'd.
 "Go," says the prophetess, "thy foes assail;
 "Go, make ten thousand over all prevail;
 "Make Jabin's captains feel thine edged sword,
 "Make all his army—God has spoke the word."
 He, fit for war, and Israel's hope in fight,
 Yet doubts the number, and by that the fight;
 Then thus replies, with wish to stand secure,
 Or eager thought to know the conquest sure:
 "Belov'd of God, lend thou thy presence too,
 "And I with gladness lead th' appointed few;
 "But if thou wilt not, let thy Son deny,
 "For what's ten thousand men, or what am I?"
 "If so," she cries, "a share of toil be mine,
 "Another share, and some dishonour thine;
 "For God, to punish doubt, resolves to show
 "That less than numbers can suppress his foe:
 "You'll move to conquer, and the foes to yield,
 "But 'tis a woman's act secures the field."

Now seem the warriors in their ranks assign'd,
 Now furling banners flutter in the wind;
 Her words encourage, and his actions lead,
 Hope spurs them forward, Valour draws the blade,
 And Freedom, like a fair reward for all,
 Stands reaching forth her hands, and seems to call.

On t'other side, and almost o'er the plain,
 Proud Sis'ra, Jabin's captain, brings his men,
 As thick as locusts on the vintage fly,
 As thick as scatter'd leaves in autumn lie,
 Bold with success against a nation try'd,
 And proud of numbers, and secure in pride.

Now sound the trumpet, now my fancy warms,
 And now methinks I view their toils in arms;
 The lively phantoms tread my boundless mind,
 And no faint colours or weak strokes design'd.
 See where in distant conquest from afar
 The pointed arrows bring the wounds of war;

See where the lines with cloſer force engage,
And thruſt the ſpear, and whirl the ſword of rage:
Here break the files, and vainly ſtrive to cloſe,
There on their own repell'd aſſiſt their foes: 80
Here Deb'rah calls, and Jabin's ſoldiers fly;
There Barak fights, and Jabin's ſoldiers die.
But now nine hundred chariots roll along,
Expert their guiders, and their horſes ſtrong,
And Terror rattling in their fierce array, 85
Bears down on Iſrael to reſtore the day.
Oh! Lord of Battles! oh! the danger's near;
Aſſiſt thine Iſrael, or they periſh here.
How ſwift is Mercy's aid! behold it fly
On ruſhing tempeſts thro' the troubled ſky; 90
With daſhing rain, with pelting hail, they blow,
And ſharply drive them on the facing foe.
Thus bleſ'd with help, and only touch'd behind,
The fav'rite nation preſſes in the wind.
But heat of action now diſturbſ the fight, 95
And wild confuſion mingles all the fight;
Cold-whiſtling winds, and ſhrieks of dying men,
And groans and armour, ſound in all the plain.
The bands of Canaan Fate no longer dare,
Oppreſs'd by weather, and deſtroy'd by war, 100
And from his chariot, whence he rul'd the fight,
Their haughty leader leaps to join the flight;
See where he flies, and ſee the victor near;
See rapid Conqueſt in purſuit of Fear:
See, ſee! they both make off, the work is o'er, 105
And fancy clear'd of viſion as before.
Thus (if the mind of man may ſeem to move
With ſome reſemblance of the ſkies above,)
When wars are gath'ring in our hearts below,
We've ſeen their battles in ethereal ſhow; 110
The long-diſtended tracks of opening ſky,
The phantoms azure field of fight ſupply;
The whitish clouds an argent armour yield,
A radiant blazon gilds their argent ſhield;
Young glitt'ring comets point the levell'd ſpear, 115
Which for their pennons hang their flaming hair,

And o'er the helms, for gallant glory drest,
 Sit curls of air, and nod upon the crest.
 Thus arm'd they seem to march, and seem to fight,
 And seeming wounds of death delude the sight; 120
 The ruddy thunder-clouds look stain'd with gore,
 And for the din of war within they roar;
 Then flies aside, and then aside pursues,
 Till in their motion all their shapes they loose;
 Dispersing air concludes the mimic scene, 125
 The sky shuts up, and swiftly clears again.

But does their Sis'ra share the common fate,
 Or mourn his humbled pride in dark retreat?
 With such inquiry near the palm repair,
 Victorious Honour knows, and telis it there. 130

To that fair type of Israel's late success,
 Which nobly rises as its weights depress,
 To that fair type returns the joyful band,
 Whose courage rose to free their groaning land;
 There stands the leader in the pomp of arms, 135
 There stands the judge in Beauty's awful charms,
 And whilst reclin'd upon the resting spear,
 He pants with chace, and breathes in calmer air,
 Her thoughts are working with a backward view,
 And would in song the great exploit renew; 140
 She sees an arm'd Oppression's hundred hands
 Impose its fetters on the promis'd lands;
 She sees their nation struggling in the chains,
 And wars arising with unequal trains:
 She sees their fate in arms, the field imbru'd, 145
 The foe disorder'd, and the foe pursu'd,
 Till Conquest, dress'd in rays of glory, come
 With Peace and Freedom brought in triumph home;
 Then round her heart a beamy gladness plays,
 Which, darting forward, thus converts to praise: 150

"For Israel's late avengings on the foe,
 "When led by no compelling pow'r below,
 "When each spring forward of their own accord,
 "For this, for all the mercy, praise the Lord!
 "Hear, O ye Kings! ye neighb'ring Princes! hear;
 "My song triumphant shall instruct your fear; 155

" My song triumphant bids your glory bow

" To God confess'd, the God of Jacob now.

" O glorious Lord ! when with thy sov'reign hand

" Thou led the nation off from Edom's land, 160

" Then trembled earth, and shook the heav'ns on high,

" And clouds in drops forsook the melted sky;

" With tumbling waters hills were heard to roar,

" And felt such shocks as Sinai felt before ;

" But fear abating, which by time decays, 165

" The kings of Canaan rose in Shamgar's days,

" And still continued in Jael's times,

" Their empire fixing with successful crimes ;

" Oppression ravag'd all our lost abodes,

" Nor dare the people trust the common roads, 170

" But paths perplex'd and unfrequented chose,

" To shun the danger of perplexing foes.

" Thus direful was deform'd the country round,

" Unpeopled towns, and disimprov'd the ground,

" Till I, resolving in the gap to stand, 175

" I, Deb'rah, rose, a mother of the land,

" Where others, slaves by settled custom grown,

" Could serve, and chuse to serve the gods unknown ;

" Where others suffer'd with a tame regret

" Destruction spilling blood in ev'ry gate, 180

" And forty thousand had not for the field

" One spear offensive, or defensive shield.

" O tow'rds the leaders of my nation move,

" O beat my warming heart with sense of love ;

" Commend th' assertors on their own accord, 185

" And bless the sov'reign causer, bless the Lord !

" Speak ye, that ride with pow'r return'd in state,

" Speak ye the praise that rule the judgment-seat ;

" Speak ye the praise to God that walk the roads,

" While safety brings you to restor'd abodes ! 190

" The rescu'd villagers, no more afraid

" Of archers lurking in the faithless shade,

" And sudden death convey'd from sounding strings,

" Shall safe approach the waters' rising springs ;

" And, while their turns of drawing there they wait,

" Loit'ring in ease upon a mossy seat, 196

" Call all the blessings of the Lord to mind,
 " And sing the Lord, in all the blessings kind.
 " The townsmen, rescu'd from the tyrant's reign,
 " Shall flock with joy to fill their walls again, 200
 " See Justice in the gates the balance bear,
 " And none but her unsheath a weapon there.
 " Awake, O Deb'rah! O awake, to praise!
 " Awake, and utter forth triumphant lays.
 " Arise, O Barak! be thy pomp begun, 205
 " Lead on thy triumph, thou Abinoam's son,
 " Thy captives bound in chains, when God's decree
 " Made humbled princes stoop their necks to thee,
 " When he, the giver of success in fight,
 " Advanc'd a woman o'er the sons of Might. 210
 " Against this Amalec of banded foes,
 " I, Deb'rah, root of all the war, arose,
 " From Ephraim sprung, and leading Ephraim's line,
 " The next in rising, Benjamin, was thine.
 " The ruling heads of half Manassah's land, 215
 " To serve in danger left their safe command;
 " The tribe of Zebulun's unactive men
 " For glorious arms forsook the peaceful pen;
 " The Lords of Issachar with Deb'rah went,
 " The Tribe with Barak to the vale was sent, 220
 " Where he on foot perform'd the general's part,
 " And shar'd the soldiers' toil to raise their heart.
 " But Reuben's strange divisions justly wrought
 " Amongst his brethren deep concern of thought.
 " Ah! while the nation in affliction lay, 225
 " How couldst thou, Reuben! by the sheepfolds stay,
 " And let thy bleating flock divert thy days,
 " That idly pass'd thee with inglorious ease?
 " Divided Tribe! without thy dangers free,
 " Deep were the searchings of our heart for thee. 230
 " Our Gilead too, by such example sway'd,
 " With unconcern beyond the river stay'd;
 " And Dan in ships at sea for safety rode,
 " And frighten'd Asher in his rocks abode.
 " Now sing the field, the tears of war begun, 235
 " And praise thy Naphtali with Zebulun;

To deaths expos'd in posts advanc'd they stood,
 With souls resolv'd, and gallant rage of blood :
 Then came the kings and fought ; the gather'd kings,
 By waters streaming from Megiddo's springs, 240
 In Taanach vale sustain'd the daring toil,
 Yet neither fought for pay, nor won the spoil,
 The skies, indulgent in the cause of right,
 On Israel's side against their army fight ;
 In evil aspects stars and planets range, 245
 And by the weather in tempestuous change
 Promote the dire distress, and make it known
 That God has hosts above to save his own.
 The Kishon swell'd, grew rapid as they fled,
 And roll'd them, sinking, down its sandy bed. 250
 O river Kishon ! river of renown !
 And, O my Soul ! that trod their glory down ;
 The stony paths, by which disorder'd flight
 Convey'd their troops and chariots from the fight,
 With rugged points their horses' hoofs distress, 255
 And broke them, prancing in impetuous haste.
 " Curse, curse ye Meroz ! curse the town abhorr'd !
 (So spake the glorious angel of the Lord ;)
 For Meroz came not in the field prepar'd,
 To join that side on which the Lord declar'd : 260
 But bless ye Jael ; be the Kenites' name
 Above our women's bless'd in endless fame.
 The captain, faint with sore fatigue of flight,
 Implor'd for water to support his might,
 And milk she pour'd him, while he water sought,
 And in her lordly dish her butter brought. 266
 With courage well deserving to prevail,
 One hand the hammer held, and one the nail,
 And him reclin'd to sleep she boldly slew ;
 She smote, she pierc'd, she struck, the temples through :
 Before her feet, reluctant, on the clay 271
 He bow'd, he fell ; he bow'd, he fell, he lay ;
 He bow'd, he fell, he dy'd. By such degrees,
 As thrice she struck, each stroke's effect she sees.
 " His mother gaz'd with long-expecting eyes, 275
 And, grown impatient, thro' the lattice cries,

" Why moves the chariot of my son so slow?
 " Or what affairs retard his coming so?
 " Her ladies answer'd—but she would not stay,
 " (For pride had taught what flatt'ry meant to say,)
 " They've sped, (she says;) and now the prey they share,
 " For each a damsel, or a lovely pair; 282
 " For Sis'ra's part a robe of gallant grace,
 " Where divers colours rich embroid'ry trace,
 " Meet for the necks of those who win the spoil 283
 " When triumph offers its reward for toil.
 " Thus perish all whom God's decrees oppose;
 " Thus, like the vanquish'd, perish all thy foes;
 " But let the men that in thy name delight
 " Be like the sun in heav'nly glory bright, 290
 " When mounted on the dawn he posts away,
 " And with full strength increases on the day."
 'Twas here the prophet's respir'd from song,
 Then loudly shouted all the cheerful throng,
 By freedom gain'd, by victory complete, 295
 Prepar'd for mirth irregularly great.
 The frowns of sorrow gave their ancient place
 To pleasure, drawn in smiles on ev'ry face:
 The groans of slav'ry were no longer wrung,
 But thoughts of comfort from the blessing sprung; 300
 And as they shouted from the breezy west,
 Amongst the plumes that deck the fingers' crest,
 The spirit of Applause itself convey'd
 On wafted air, and lightly waving play'd.
 Such was the case, (or such ideas flow 305
 From thought replenish'd with triumphant show,)
 What rais'd their joy their love could also raise,
 And each contended in the words of praise;
 And ev'ry word proclaim'd the wonders past,
 And God was still the first, and still the last; 310
 Deep in their souls the fair impression lay,
 Deep-trac'd, and never to be worn away.

From hence the rescu'd generation still
 Abhorr'd the practice of rebellious ill,
 And fear'd the punishment for ill abhorr'd, 315
 And lov'd repentance, and ador'd the Lord.

From hence, in all their days the Lord was kind,
 His face serene with settled favour shin'd,
 Fair banish'd Order was recall'd in state,
 The laws reviv'd, the princes rul'd the gate ; 320
 Peace cheer'd the vales, Contentment laugh'd with Peace,
 Gay-blooming Plenty rose with large increase ;
 Sweet Mercy those who thought on mercy blest,
 And so for forty years the land had rest.
 Rest, happy Land ! awhile ; ah ! longer so, 325
 Didst thou thine happiness sincerely know ;
 But soon thy quiet with thy goodness past,
 And in the song alone obtain'd to last.
 Live, Song triumphant ! live in fair record,
 And teach succeeding times to fear the Lord ; 330
 For fancy moves by bright example woo'd,
 And wins the mind with images of good.
 Touch'd with a sacred rage and heav'nly flame,
 I strive to sing thine universal aim ;
 To quit the subject, and in lays sublime 335
 The moral fit for any point of time.
 Then go, my Verses ! with applying strain,
 Go, form a triumph not ascrib'd to men.
 Let all the clouds of grief impending lie,
 And storms of trouble drive along the sky ; 340
 Then, humble Piety, thine accents raise,
 For pray'r will prove the pow'rful charm of ease.
 Lo ! now my soul has spoke its best desires,
 How blessings answer what the pray'r requires !
 Before thy sighs the clouds of grief retreat, 345
 The storms of trouble by thy tears abate,
 And radiant Glory, from her upper sphere,
 Looks down and glitters in relented air.
 Rise, lovely Piety ! from earthy bed,
 The parted flame descends upon thine head ; 350
 This wondrous mitre, fram'd by sacred Love,
 And for thy triumph sent thee from above,
 In two bright points with upper rays aspires,
 And rounds thy temples with innocuous fires.
 Rise, lovely Piety ! with pomp appear, 355
 And thou, kind Mercy ! lend thy chariot here ;

On either side fair Fame and Honour place,
 Behind let Plenty walk in hand with Peace,
 While Irreligion, mutt'ring horrid sound,
 With fierce and proud Oppression backward bound,
 Drag by the wheels along the dusty plain, 36

And, gnashing, lick the ground, and curse with pain.

Now come, ye thousands, and more thousands yet,
 With order join to fill the train of state;

Souls tun'd for praising to the temple bring, 365

And thus amidst the sacred music sing;

"Hail, Piety! triumphant Goodness, hail!

"Hail, O prevailing, ever, O, prevail!

"At thine entreaty Justice leaves to frown,

"And Wrath appeasing lays the thunder down; 37

"The tender heart of yearning Mercy burns,

"Love asks a blessing, and the Lord returns.

"In his great name that heav'n and earth has made,

"In his great name alone we find our aid;

"Then bless the name, and let the world adore

"From this time forward, and for evermore." 376



HANNAH.

NOW crowds move off, retiring trumpets sound
On echoes dying in their last rebound,
The notes of fancy seem no longer strong,
But sweet'ning, closes fit a private song.
So when the storms forsake the sea's command, 5
To break their forces in the winding land,
No more their blasts tumult'ous rage proclaim,
But sweep in murmurs o'er a murm'ring stream.
Then seek the subject, and its song be mine, 10
Whose numbers mix'd in sacred story shine :
Go, brightly-working Thought, prepar'd to fly,
Above the page on hov'ring pinions lie,
And beat with stronger force to make thee rise
Where beauteous Hannah meets the searching eyes.
There frame a town, and fix a tent with cords, 15
The town be Shiloh call'd, the tent the Lord's :
Carv'd pillars, filletted with silver, rear,
To close the curtains in an outward square,
But those within it, which the porch uphold,
Be finely wrought, and overlaid with gold. 20
Here Eli comes to take the resting seat,
Now moving forward with a rev'rend gait,
Sacred in office, venerably sage,
And venerably great in silver'd age.
Here Hannah comes a melancholy wife, 25
Approach'd for barren in the marriage life ;
Like summer mornings she to sight appears,
Bedew'd and shining in the midst of tears ;
Her heart in bitterness of grief she bow'd,
And thus her wishes to the Lord she vow'd : 30
If thou thine handmaid with compassion see,
If I, my God ! am not forgot by thee,
If in my offspring thou prolong my line,
The child I wish for all his days be thine ;
His life devoted in thy courts be led, 35
And not a razor come upon his head."

So from recesses of her inmost soul,
 Thro' moving lips her still devotion stole;
 As silent waters glide thro' parted trees,
 Whose branches tremble with a rising breeze;
 The words were lost because her heart was low,
 But free desire had taught the mouth to go;
 This Eli mark'd—and with a voice severe,
 While yet she multiply'd her thoughts in pray'r,
 "How long shall wine," he cries, "distract thy breast
 "Be gone, and lay the drunken fit by rest."

"Ah!" says the mourner, "count not this for sin
 "It is not wine, but grief, that works within;
 "The spirit of thy wretched handmaid know,
 "Her prayer's complaint, and her condition woe."
 Then spake the sacred priest; "In peace depart,
 "And with thy comfort God fulfil thine heart."
 His blessing, thus pronounc'd with awful sound,
 The vot'ry bending leaves the solemn ground;
 She seems confirm'd the Lord has heard her cries,
 And cheerful hope the tears of trouble dries,
 And makes her alter'd eyes irradiate roll
 With joy, that dawns in thought upon the soul.

Now let the town, and tent, and court, remain,
 And leap the time till Hannah comes again;
 As painted prospects skip along the green,
 From hills to mountains eminently seen,
 And leave their intervals that sink below
 In deep retreat, and unexpress'd to show.

Behold! she comes, (but not as once she came,
 To grieve, to sigh, and teach her eyes to stream,)
 Content adorns her with a lively face,
 An open look, and smiling kind of grace;
 Her little Samuel in her arms she bears,
 The wish of long desire, and child of pray'rs,
 And as the sacrifice she brought begun,
 To rev'rend Eli she presents her son.

"Here," cries the mother, "here my Lord may see
 "The woman come who pray'd in grief by thee;
 "The child I su'd for, God in bounty gave,
 "And what he granted let him now receive."

But still the vot'ry feels her temper move
 With all the tender violence of love,
 That still enjoys the gift, and inly burns,
 To search for larger or for more returns ; 30
 Then fill'd with blessings which allure to praise,
 And rais'd by joy to soul-enchanting lays,
 Thus thanks the Lord, beneficently kind,
 In sweet effusions of the grateful mind.
 My lifting heart with more than common heat 35
 Sends up its thanks to God on ev'ry beat ;
 My glory, rais'd above the reach of scorn,
 To God exalts its highly-planted horn ;
 My mouth enlarg'd mine enemies defies,
 And finds in God's salvation full replies. 90
 Oh, bright in holy beauty's pow'r divine !
 There's none whose glory can compare with thine ;
 None share thine honours ; nay, there's none beside,
 No rock on which thy creatures can confide.
 " Ye proud in spirit ! who your gifts adore, 95
 Unlearn the faults, and speak with pride no more ;
 No more your words in arrogance be shown,
 Nor call the works of Providence your own,
 Since he that rules us infinitely knows,
 And as he wills his acts of pow'r dispose. 100
 " The strong, whose sinewy forces arch'd the bow,
 Have seen it shatter'd by the conqu'ring foe ;
 The weak have felt their nerves more firmly brace,
 And new-sprung vigour in the limbs increase ;
 The full, whom vary'd tastes of plenty fed, 105
 Have let their labour out to gain their bread ;
 The poor, that languish'd in a starving state,
 Content and full, have ceas'd to beg their meat ;
 The barren womb, no longer barren now,
 (Oh, be my thanks accepted with my vow !) 110
 In pleasure wonders at a mother's pain,
 And sees her offspring, and conceives again,
 While she that glory'd in her num'rous heirs,
 Now broke by feebleness, no longer bears.
 " Such turns their rising from their Lord derive, 115
 The Lord that kills, the Lord that makes alive ;

" He brings by sickness down to gaping graves,
 " And by restoring health from sickness saves;
 " He makes the poor by keeping back his store,
 " And makes the rich by blessing men with more; 120
 " He sinking hearts with bitter grief annoys,
 " Or lifts them bounding with enliven'd joys.
 " He takes the beggar from his humble clay,
 " From off the dunghill where despis'd he lay,
 " To mix with princes in a rank supreme, 125
 " Fill thrones of honour, and inherit fame:
 " For all the pillars of exalted state,
 " So nobly firm, so beautifully great,
 " Whose various orders bear the rounded ball,
 " Which would without them to confusion fall, 130
 " All are the Lord's, at his disposal stand,
 " And prop the govern'd world at his command.
 " His mercy, still more wonderfully sweet,
 " Shall guard the righteous, and uphold their feet;
 " While thro' the darkness of the wicked soul 135
 " Amazement, dread, and desperation, roll;
 " While envy stops their tongues, and hopeless grief
 " That sees their fears, but not their fears' relief;
 " And they their strength as unavailing view,
 " Since none shall trust in that and safety too. 140
 " The foes of Israel, for his Israel's sake,
 " God will to pieces in his anger break;
 " His bolts of thunder, from an open'd sky,
 " Shall on their heads with force unerring fly;
 " His voice shall call, and all the world shall hear, 145
 " And all for sentence at his seat appear."

But mount to gentler praises, mount again;
 My thoughts, prophetic of Messiah's reign,
 Perceive the glories which around him shine,
 And thus thine hymn be crown'd with grace divine.

'Tis here the numbers find a bright repose, 15
 The vow's accepted, and the vot'ry goes:
 But thou, my Soul! upon her accents hung,
 And sweetly pleas'd with what she sweetly sung,
 Prolong the pleasure with thine inward eyes, 15
 Turn back thy thoughts, and see the subject rise.

In her peculiar case the song begun,
 And for a while thro' private blessings run,
 As thro' their banks the curling waters play,
 And, soft in murmers, kiss the flow'ry way : 160
 With force increasing then she leaps the bounds,
 And largely flows on more extended grounds ;
 Spreads wide and wider, till vast seas appear,
 And boundless views of Providence are here.
 How swift these views along her anthem glide, 165
 As waves on waves push forward in the tide !
 How swift thy wonders o'er my fancy sweep,
 O Providence ! thou great, unfathom'd deep !
 Where resignation gently dips the wing,
 And learns to love and thank, admire and sing ; 170
 But bold presumptuous reas'nings, diving down
 To reach the bottom, in their diving drown.
 Neglecting man, forgetful of thy ways,
 Nor owns thy care, nor thinks of giving praise,
 But from himself his happiness derives, 175
 And thanks his wisdom when by thine he thrives ;
 His limbs at ease in soft repose he spreads,
 Bewitch'd with vain delights on flow'ry beds.
 And, while his sense the fragrant breezes kiss,
 He meditates a waking dream of bliss ; 180
 He thinks of kingdoms, and their crowns are near ;
 He thinks of glories, and their rays appear ;
 He thinks of beauties, and a lovely face
 Serenely smiles in ev'ry taking grace ;
 He thinks of riches, and their heaps arise, 185
 Display their glitt'ring forms, and fix his eyes :
 Thus drawn with pleasures in a charming view,
 Rising he reaches, and would fain pursue ;
 But still the fleeting shadows mock his care,
 And still his fingers grasp at yielding air. 190
 Whate'er our tempers as their comforts want,
 It is not man's to take, but God's to grant ;
 If, then, persisting in the vain design,
 We look for bliss without an help divine,
 We still may search, and search without relief, 195
 Nor only want a bliss, but find a grief.

That such conviction may to sight appear,
 Sit down, ye sons of Men! spectators here,
 Behold a scene upon your folly wrought,
 And let this lively scene instruct the thought.

Boy, blow the pipe until the bubble rise,
 Then cast it off to float upon the skies;
 Still swell its sides with breath—O beauteous frame!
 It grows, it shines! be now the World thy name.
 Methinks creation forms itself within,
 The men, the towns, the birds, the trees, are seen,
 The skies above present an azure show,
 And lovely verdure paints an earth below.
 I'll wind myself in this delightful sphere,
 And live a thousand years of pleasure there,
 Roll'd up in blisses which around me close,
 And now regal'd with these, and now with those.
 False hope, but falser words of joy, farewell!
 You've rent the lodging where I meant to dwell;
 My bubbles burst, my prospects disappear,
 And leave behind a moral and a tear.

If at the type our dreaming souls awake,
 And Hannah's strains their just impression make,
 The boundless pow'r of Providence we know,
 And fix our trust on nothing here below.
 Then he, grown pleas'd that men his greatness own,
 Looks down serenely from his starry throne,
 And bids the blessed days our prayers have won
 Put on their glories, and prepare to run;
 For which our thanks be justly sent above,
 Enlarg'd by gladness, and inspir'd with love;
 For which his praises be for ever sung,
 O sweet employment of the grateful tongue!

Burst forth, my Temper! in a godly flame,
 For all his blessings laud his holy name;
 That e'er mine eyes saluted cheerful day,
 A gift devoted in the womb I lay,
 Like Samuel vow'd, before my breath I drew,
 O! could I prove in life like Samuel too!
 That all my frame is exquisitely wrought,
 The world enjoy'd my sense, and God my thought;

HANNAH.

151

That living streams thro' living channels glide,
 To make this frame by Nature's course abide;
 That for its good, by Providence's care,
 Fire joins with water, earth concurs with air;
 That Mercy's ever inexhausted store
 Is pleas'd to proffer, and to promise more,
 And all the proffers stream with grace divine,
 And all the promises with glory shine.
 O praise the Lord, my Soul! in one accord
 Let all that is within me praise the Lord.
 O praise the Lord, my Soul! and ever strive
 To keep the sweet remembrances alive;
 Still raise the kind affections of thine heart,
 Raise ev'ry grateful word to bear a part;
 With ev'ry word the strains of love devise,
 Awake thine harp, and thou thyself arise;
 Then if his mercy be not half exprest,
 Let wond'ring silence magnify the rest.

240

245

250

254



DAVID.

MY thought, on views of admiration hung,
Intently ravish'd, and depriv'd of tongue,
Now darts a while on earth, a while in air,
Here mov'd with praise, and mov'd with glory there;
The joys entrancing, and the mute surprise, 5
Half fix the blood, and dim the moistening eyes;
Pleasure and Praise on one another break,
And Exclamation longs at heart to speak,
When thus my Genius, on the work design'd,
Awaiting closely, guides the wand'ring mind. 10

If while thy thanks would in thy lays be wrought,
A bright astonishment involve the thought,
If yet thy temper would attempt to sing,
Another's quill shall imp thy feebler wing;
Behold the name of royal David near, 15
Behold his music and his measures here,
Whose harp Devotion in a rapture strung,
And left no state of pious souls unsung.

Him to the wond'ring world but newly shown,
Celestial poetry pronounc'd her own; 20
A thousand hopes, on clouds adorn'd with rays,
Bent down their little beauteous forms to gaze;
Fair-blooming Innocence with tender years,
And native sweetness for the ravish'd ears,
Prepar'd to smile within his early song, 25
And brought their rivers, groves, and plains, along;
Majestic Honour, at the palace bred,
Enrob'd in white, embroider'd o'er with red,
Reach'd forth the sceptre of her royal fate,
His forehead touch'd, and bid his lays be great; 30
Undaunted Courage, deck'd with manly charms,
With waving azure plumes, and gilded arms,
Display'd the glories and the toils of fight,
Demanded fame, and call'd him forth to write.
To perfect these the sacred Spirit came, 35
By mild infusion of celestial flame,

And mov'd with dove-like candour in his breast,
And breath'd his graces over all the rest.

Ah! where the daring flights of men aspire
To match his numbers with an equal fire, 40
In vain they strive to make proud Babel rise,
And with an earth-born labour touch the skies :
While I the glittering page resolve to view,
That will the subject of my lines renew,
The laurel wreath, my fame's imagin'd shade, 45
Around my beating temples fears to fade,
My fainting fancy trembles on the brink,
And David's God must help, or else I sink.

As rolling rivers in their channels flow
Swift from aloft, but on the levels slow, 50
Or rage in rocks, or glide along the plains,
So just, so copious, move the Psalmist's strains ;
So sweetly vary'd with proportion'd heat,
So gently clear, or so sublimely great,
While Nature's seen in all her forms to shine, 55
And mix with beauties drawn from truth divine ;
Sweet beauties (sweet affection's endless rill)
That in the soul like honey-drops distil.

Hail, holy Spirit! hail, supremely kind!
Whose inspiration thus enlarg'd the mind, 60
Who taught him what the gentle shepherd sings,
What rich expressions suit the port of kings ;
What daring words describe the soldier's heat,
And what the prophet's ecstasies relate ;
Nor let his worst condition be forgot, 65
In all this splendour of exalted thought.
On one thy diff'rent sorts of graces fall,
Still made for each, of equal force in all,
And while from heav'nly courts he feels a flame,
He sings the place from whence the blessing came, 70
And makes his inspirations sweetly prove
The tuneful subject of the mind they move.

Immortal Spirit! light of life instill'd,
Who thus the bosom of a mortal fill'd,
Tho' weak my voice, and tho' my light be dim, 75
Yet fain I'd praise thy wondrous gifts in him ;

Then since thine aid's attracted by desire,
 And they that speak thee right must feel thy fire,
 Vouchsafe a portion of thy grace divine,
 And raise my voice, and in my numbers shine; 80
 I sing of David, David sings of thee;
 Assist the Psalmist and his work in me.

But now, my Verse! arising on the wing,
 What part of all thy subject wilt thou sing?
 How fire thy first attempt? in what resort 85
 Of Palestina's plains or Salem's court?
 Where, as his hands the solemn measure play'd,
 Curs'd fiends with torment and confusion fled;
 Where, at the rosy spring of cheerful light,
 (If pious Fame record tradition right,) 90
 A soft efflation of celestial fire
 Came like a rushing breeze and shook the lyre,
 Still sweetly giving ev'ry trembling string,
 So much of sound as made him wake to sing.

Within my view the country first appears, 95
 The country first enjoy'd his youthful years;
 Then frame thy shady landscapes in my strain,
 Some conscious mountain or accustom'd plain,
 Where by the waters, on the grass reclin'd,
 With notes he rais'd, with notes he calm'd, his mind;
 For thro' the paths of rural life I'll stray, 101
 And in his pleasures paint a shepherd's day.

With grateful sentiments, with active will,
 With voice exerted, and enliv'ning skill, 105
 His free return of thanks he duly paid,
 And each new day new beams of bounty shed.
 Awake, my tuneful Harp! awake, he cries;
 Awake, my Lute! the sun begins to rise.
 My God! I'm ready now; then takes a flight
 To purest Piety's exalted height; 110
 From thence his soul, with heav'n itself in view,
 On humble prayers and humble praises flew;
 The praise as pleasing, and as sweet the pray'r,
 As incense curling up thro' morning air.

When tow'rs the field with early steps he trod, 115
 And gaz'd around, and own'd the works of God,

Perhaps in sweet melodious words of praise
 He drew the prospect which adorn'd his ways;
 The soil, but newly visited with rain,
 The river of the Lord, with springing grain 120
 Enlarge, increase, the soft'ned furrow blest,
 The year with goodness crown'd, with beauty drest,
 And still to pow'r divine ascribe it all,
 From whose high paths the drops of fatness fall,
 Then in the song the smiling sights rejoice, 125
 And all the mute creation finds a voice;
 With thick returns delightful echoes fill
 The pastur'd green or soft ascending hill,
 Rais'd by the bleatings of unnumber'd sheep,
 To boast their glories in the crowds they keep; 130
 And corn, that's waving in the western gale,
 With joyful sound proclaims the cover'd vale.

Whene'er his flocks the lovely shepherd drove
 To neighb'ring waters, to the neighb'ring grove,
 To Jordan's flood, refresh'd by cooling wind, 135
 Or Cedron's brook, to mossy banks confin'd,
 In easy notes and guise of lowly swain

'Twas thus he charm'd and taught the list'ning train.

"The Lord's my shepherd, bountiful and good,
 I cannot want since he provides me food; 140

Me for his sheep along the verdant meads,
 Me all too mean his tender mercy leads,
 To taste the springs of life, and taste repose
 Wherever living pasture sweetly grows;

And as I cannot want, I need not fear, 145

For still the presence of my Shepherd's near;
 Thro' darksome vales, where beasts of prey resort,
 Where Death appears with all his dreadful court,
 His rod and hook direct me when I stray,

He calls to fold, and they direct my way." 150

Perhaps, when, seated on the river's brink,
 He saw the tender sheep at noon-day drink,
 He sung the land where milk and honey glide,
 And fatt'ning plenty rolls upon the tide:

Fix'd within the freshness of a shade, 155
 While boughs diffuse their leaves around his head,

He borrow'd notions from the kind retreat,
 Then sung the righteous in their happy state;
 And how, by providential care, success
 Shall all their actions in due season bless;
 So firm they stand, so beautiful they look,
 As planted trees aside the purling brook,
 Not faded by the rays that parch the plain,
 Nor careful for the want of dropping rain,
 The leaves sprout forth, the rising branches shoot, 165
 And summer crowns them with the ripen'd fruit.

But if the flow'ry field with vary'd hue
 And native sweetness entertain'd his view,
 The flow'ry field, with all the glorious throng
 Of lively colours, rose to paint his song;
 Its pride and fall within the numbers ran,
 And spake the life of transitory man.

As grass arises by degrees, unseen,
 To deck the breast of earth with lovely green,
 Till Nature's order brings the with'ring days,
 And all the summer's beauteous pomp decays;
 So by degrees, unseen, doth man arise,
 So blooms by course, and so by course he dies.

Or as her head the gaudy flowret heaves,
 Spreads to the sun, and boasts her filken leaves,
 Till accidental winds their glory shed,
 And then they fall before the time to fade;
 So man appears, so falls in all his prime,
 Ere age approaches on the steps of time.

But thee, my God! thee still the same we find,
 Thy glory lasting, and thy mercy kind,
 That still the just, and all his race, may know
 No cause to mourn their swift account below.

When from beneath he saw the wand'ring sheep
 That graz'd the level range along the steep,
 Then rose, the wanton stragglers home to call
 Before the pearly dews at ev'ning fall;
 Perhaps new thoughts the rising ground supply,
 And that employs his mind which fills his eye.
 "From pointed hills," he cries, "my wishes tend
 "To that great hill from whence supports descend:

- "The Lord's that hill, that place of sure defence,
 "My wants obtain their certain help from thence;
 "And as large hills projected shadows throw,
 "To ward the sun from off the vales below, 200
 "Or for their safety stop the blast above
 "That with raw vapours loaded nightly rove;
 "So shall protection o'er his servants spread,
 "And I repose beneath the sacred shade,
 "Unhurt by rage, that, like a summer's day, 205
 "Destroys and scorches with impetuous ray;
 "By wasting sorrows undepriv'd of rest,
 "That fall like damps by moon-shine on the breast."
 Here from the mind the prospects seem to wear,
 And leave the couch'd design appearing bare; 210
 "And now no more the shepherd sings his hill,
 But sings the sov'reign Lord's protection still:
 For as he sees the night prepar'd to come
 On wings of ev'ning, he prepares for home,
 And in the song thus adds a blessing more, 215
 "To what the thought within the figure bore:
 "Eternal Goodness manifestly still
 "Preserves my soul from each approach of ill,
 "Ends all my days as all my days begin,
 "And keeps my goings-out and comings-in." 220
 Here think the sinking sun descends apace,
 And from thy first attempt, my Fancy! cease;
 Here bid the ruddy shepherd quit the plain,
 And to the fold return his flocks again.
 Go, lest the lion or the shagged bear 225
 Thy tender lambs with savage hunger tear,
 Tho' neither bear nor lion match thy might,
 When in their rage they stood reveal'd to fight;
 Go, lest thy wanton sheep, returning home,
 Should, as they pass, thro' doubtful darkness roam;
 Go, ruddy Youth! to Beth'lem turn thy way, 231
 On Beth'lem's road conclude the parting day.
 Methinks he goes as twilight leads the night,
 And sees the crescent rise with silver light;
 His words consider all the sparkling show 235
 With which the stars in golden order glow.

"And what is man," he cries, "that thus thy kind,
 "Thy wondrous love, has lodg'd him in thy mind?
 "For him they glitter; him the beasts of prey,
 "That scare my sheep, and these my sheep, obey. 240
 "O Lord! our Lord! with how deserv'd a fame
 "Does earth record the glories of thy name!"

Then, as he thus devoutly walks along,
 And finds the road has finish'd with the song,
 He sings with lifted hands and lifted eyes, 245

"Be this, my God! an ev'ning sacrifice."

But now the lowly dales, the trembling groves,
 O'er which the whisper'd breeze serenely roves,
 Leave all the course of working fancy clear, 250
 Or only grace another subject here;

For in my purpose new designs arise,
 Whose bright'ning images engage mine eyes:
 Then here, my Verse! thy louder accents raise,
 Thy theme thro' lofty paths of glory trace;
 Call forth his honours in imperial throngs, 255
 And strive to touch his more exalted songs.

While yet in humble vales his harp he strung,
 While yet he follow'd after ewes with young,
 Eternal Wisdom chose him for his own, 260
 And from the flock advanc'd him to the throne,
 That there his upright heart and prudent hand,
 With more distinguish'd skill and high command,
 Might act the shepherd in a noble sphere,
 And take his nation into regal care.

He could of mercy then and justice sing, 265
 Those radiant virtues that adorn a king,
 That make his reign blaze forth with bright renown,
 Beyond those gems whose splendour decks a crown;
 That, fixing peace by temper'd love and fear,
 Make plains abound, and barren mountains bear: 270

"To thee to whom these attributes belong,

"To thee, my God!" he cry'd, "I send my song;

"To thee, from whom my regal glory came,

"I sing the forms in which my court I frame;

"Assist the models of imperfect skill, 275

"O come with sacred aid, and fix my will!

- " A wise behaviour in my private ways,
 " And all my soul dispos'd to public peace,
 " Shall daily strive to let my subjects see
 " A perfect pattern how to live in me. 286
 " Still will I think, as still my glories rise,
 " To set no wicked thing before mine eyes;
 " Nor will I chuse the favourites of state
 " Among those men that have incurr'd thy hate, }
 " Whose vice but makes them scandalously great. }
 " 'Tis time that all whose froward rage of heart 286
 " Would vex my realm, shall from my realm depart;
 " 'Tis time that all whose private stand'ring lie
 " Leads judgment falsely, shall by judgment die;
 " And time the great, who loose the reins to pride,
 " Shall with neglect and scorn be laid aside: 291
 " But o'er the tracts that my commands obey,
 " I'll send my light with sharp-disarming ray;
 " Thro' dark retreats, where humble minds abide,
 " Thro' shades of peace, where modest tempers hide,
 " To find the good that may support my state, 296
 " And having found them, then to make them great:
 " My voice shall raise them from the lonely cell,
 " With me to govern, and with me to dwell;
 " My voice shall flatt'ry and Deceit disgrace, 300
 " And in their room exalted Virtue place;
 " That with an early care and stedfast hand
 " The wicked perish from the faithful land."
 " When on the throne he sat in calm repose,
 " And with a royal hope his offspring rose, 305
 " His prayers, anticipating time, reveal
 " Their deep concernment for the public weal;
 " Upon a good forecasted thought they run,
 " For common blessings in the king begun;
 " For righteousness and judgment strictly fair, 310
 " Which from the king descends upon his heir:
 " So when his life and all his labour cease,
 " Then reign succeeding brings succeeding peace;
 " So still the poor shall find impartial laws,
 " And orphans still a guardian of their cause; 315

And stern Oppression have its galling yoke
 And rabid teeth of prey to pieces broke:
 Then wond'ring at the glories of his way,
 His friends shall love, his daunted foes obey;
 For peaceful commerce neighb'ring kings apply, 320
 And with great presents court the grand ally.
 For him rich gums shall sweet Arabia bear,
 For him rich Sheba mines of gold prepare;
 Him Tharfis, him the foreign isles, shall greet,
 And ev'ry nation bend beneath his feet. 325
 And thus his honours far extended grow
 The type of great Messiah's reign below.

But worldly realms, that in his accents shine,
 Are left beneath the full-advanc'd design,
 When thoughts of empire in the mind increase 330
 O'er all the limits that determine place,
 If thus the monarch's rising fancy move
 To search for more unbounded realms above,
 In which celestial courts the King maintains,
 And o'er the vast extent of Nature reigns; 335
 He then describes, in elevated words,
 His Israel's shepherd as the Lord of lords.
 How bright between the cherubims he sits!
 What dazzling lustre all his throne emits!
 How righteousness, with judgment join'd, support 340
 The regal seat, and dignify the court;
 How fairest Honour and majestic State
 The Presence grace, and Strength and Beauty wait!
 What glitt'ring ministers around him stand,
 To fly like winds or flames at his command! 345
 How sure the beams, on which his palace rise,
 Are set in waters rais'd above the skies!
 How wide the skies like outspread curtains fly,
 To veil majestic light from human eye!
 Or form'd the wide-expanded vaults above, 350
 Where storms are bounded tho' they seem to rove;
 Where fire, and hail, and vapour, so fulfil
 The wise intentions of their Maker's will!
 How well 'tis seen the great Eternal mind
 Rides on the clouds, and walks upon the wind! 355

O wondrous Lord! how bright thy glories shine
 The heav'ns declare! for what they boast is thine;
 And yon blue tract, enrich'd with orbs of light,
 In all its handywork displays thy might!

Again the monarch touch'd another strain, 360

Another province claim'd his verse again,
 Where goodness infinite has fix'd a sway,
 Whose outstretch'd limits are the bounds of day.

Beneath this empire of extended air,
 Yet still in reach of Providence's care, 365

God plac'd the rounded earth with steadfast hand,
 And bid the basis ever firmly stand;

He bid the mountains from confusion's heaps
 Exalt their summits and assume their shapes;
 He bid the waters like a garment spread, 370

To form large seas, and as he spake they fled:

His voice, his thunder, made the waves obey,

And forward hasten till they form'd the sea;

Then, left with lawless rage the surges roar, 374

He mark'd their bounds, and girt them in with shore:

He fill'd the land with brooks, that trembling steal,

Thro' winding hills, along the flow'ry vale,

To which the beasts that graze the vale retreat

For cool refreshings in the summer's heat;

While perch'd in leaves upon the tender sprays 380

The birds around their singing voices raise.

He makes the vapours, which he taught to fly,

Forake the chambers of the clouds on high;

And golden harvest, rich with ears of grain,

And spiry blades of grass, adorn the plain, 385

And grapes luxuriant cheer the soul with wine,

And ointment shed to make the village shine;

Thro' trunks of trees fermenting sap proceeds,

To feed and tinge the living boughs it feeds:

So shoots the fir, where airy storks abide, 390

So cedar, Lebanon's aspiring pride,

Whose birds, by God's appointment in their nest,

With green surrounded, lie secure of rest.

Where small increase the barren mountains give,

There kins adapted to the feeding live; 395

There flocks of goats in healthy pastures browse,
And in their rocky entrails rabbits house.
Where forests thick with shrubs entangled stand,
Untrod the roads, and desolate the land,
There close in coverts hide the beasts of prey, 400
Till heavy darkness creeps upon the day,
Then roar with Hunger's voice, and range abroad,
And in their method seek their meat from God;
And when the dawning edge of eastern air
Begins to purple, to their dens repair. 405
Man next succeeding, from the sweet repose
Of downy beds to work appointed goes:
When first the morning sees the rising sun,
He sees their labours both at once begun;
And night returning with its starry train, 410
Perceives their labours done at once again.
O manifold in works, supremely wise,
How well thy gracious store the world supplies!
How all thy creatures on thy goodness call,
And that bestows a due support for all! 415
When from an open hand thy favours flow,
Rich Bounty stoops to visit us below;
When from thy hand no more thy favours stream,
Back to the dust we turn from whence we came;
And when thy Spirit gives the vital heat, 420
A sure succession keeps the kinds complete;
The propagated seeds their forms retain,
And all the face of earth's renew'd again.
Thus, as you've seen th' effect reveal the cause,
Is Nature's Ruler known in Nature's laws; 425
Thus still his pow'r is o'er the world display'd,
And still rejoices in the world he made:
The Lord he reigns, the King of kings is King;
Let nations praise, and praises learn to sing.
My verses here may change their style again, 430
And trace the Psalmist in another strain;
Where all his soul the soldier's spirit warms,
And to the music fits the sound of arms,
Where brave disorder does in numbers dwell,
And artful number speaks disorder well. 435

Arise, my Genius! and attempt the praise
 Of dreaded pow'r and perilous essays,
 And where his accents are too nobly great,
 Like distant echoes give the faint repeat;
 For who like him, with enterprising pen, 440
 Can paint the Lord of Hosts in wrath with men,
 Or with just images of tuneful lay
 Set all his terrors in their fierce array?
 He comes! the tumult of discording spheres,
 The quiv'ring shocks of earth, confess their fears; 445
 Thick smoke precede, and blasts of angry breath,
 That kindle dread-devouring flames of death.
 He comes! the firmament with dismal night
 Bows down, and seems to fall upon the light;
 The darkling mists inwrap his head around, 450
 The waters deluge, and the tempests sound,
 While on the cherub's purple wings he flies,
 And plants his black pavilion in the skies.
 He comes! the clouds remove, the rattling hail
 Descending, bounds and scatters o'er the vale; 455
 His voice is heard, his thunder speaks his ire,
 His lightning blasts with blue sulphureous fire;
 His brandish'd bolts with swift commission go
 To punish man's rebellious acts below;
 His stern rebukes lay deepest ocean bare, 460
 And solid earth by wide eruption tear;
 Then glares the naked gulph with dismal ray,
 And then the dark foundations see the day.
 O God! let mercy this thy war assuage;
 Alas! no mortal can sustain thy rage; 465
 While I but strive the dire effects to tell,
 And on another's words attentive dwell,
 Confusing passions in my bosom roll,
 And all in tumult work the troubled soul;
 Remorse with pity, fear with sorrow, blend, 470
 And I but strive in vain. My Verse! descend,
 To less aspiring paths direct thy flight,
 Tho' still the less may more than match thy might,
 While I to second agents tune the strings,
 And Israel's warrior Israel's battles sings; 475

Great warrior he! and great to sing of war,
 Whose lines (if ever lines prevail'd so far)
 Might pitch the tents, compose the ranks anew,
 To combat sound, and bring the toil to view.
 O Nation! most securely rais'd in name, 480
 Whose fair records he wrote for endless fame;
 O Nation! oft' victorious o'er thy foes,
 At once thy conquests and thy thanks he shows:
 For thus he sung the realms that must be thine,
 And made thee thus confess an aid divine. 485
 "When Mercy look'd, the waves perceiv'd its sway,
 "And Israel pass'd the deep-divided sea:
 "When Mercy spake it, haughty Pharaoh's host,
 "And haughty Pharaoh, by the waves were tost:
 "When Mercy led us thro' the desert sand, 490
 "We reach'd the borders of the Promis'd Land;
 "Then all the kings their gather'd armies brought,
 "And all those kings by Mercy's help we fought:
 "There with their monarch Amor's people bleed,
 "For God was gracious, and the Tribes succeed: 495
 "There monstrous Ogg was fell'd on Basan's plain,
 "For God was gracious to the Tribes again.
 "At length their yoke the realms of Canaan feel,
 "And Israel sings that God is gracious still."
 Nor has the warlike prince alone enroll'd 500
 The wondrous feats their fathers did of old;
 His own emblazon'd acts adorn his lays,
 These too may challenge just returns of praise.
 "My God!" he cries, "my surest rock of might,
 "My trust in dangers, and my shield in fight, 505
 "Thy matchless bounties I with gladness own,
 "Nor find assistance but from thee alone:
 "Thy strength is armour, and my path success;
 "No pow'r like thee can thus securely bless:
 "When troops united would arrest my course, 510
 "I break their files, and thro' their order force.
 "When in their towns they keep, my siege I form,
 "And leap the battlements, and lead the storm;
 "And when in camps abroad intrench'd they lie,
 "As swift as hinds in chase I bound on high. 515

"My strenuous arms thou teachest how to kill,
 "And snap in sunder temper'd bows of steel;
 "My moving footsteps are enlarg'd by thee,
 "And kept from snares of planned ambush free;
 "And when my foes forsake the field of fight, 520
 "Then flush'd with conquest I pursue their flight:
 "In vain their fears, that almost reach despair,
 "The trembling wretches from mine anger bear;
 "As swift as fear brisk warmth of conquest goes,
 "And at my feet dejects the wounded foes: 525
 "For help they call, but find their helpers gone,
 "For God's against them, and I drive them on,
 "As whirling dust in airy tumult fly
 "Before the tempest that involves the sky,
 "And in my rage's unavowed sway 530
 "I tread their necks like abject heaps of clay."
 The warrior thus in song his deeds express'd,
 Nor vainly boasted what he but confess'd,
 While warlike actions were proclaim'd abroad,
 That all their praises should refer to God. 535
 And here, to make this bright design arise
 In fairer splendour to the nation's eyes,
 From private valour he converts his lays,
 For yet the public claim'd attempts of praise,
 And public conquests, where they jointly fought, 540
 Thus stand recorded by reflecting thought.
 "God sent his Samuel from his holy seat
 "To bear the promise of my future state,
 "And I rejoicing see the Tribes fulfil
 "The promis'd purpose of Almighty will. 545
 "Subjected Sichein, sweet Samaria's plain,
 "And Succoth's valleys, have confess'd my reign;
 "Remoter Gilead's hilly tracts obey,
 "Manasseh's parted sands accept my sway;
 "Strong Ephraim's sons, and Ephraim's ports, are 550
 mine, 550
 "And mine the throne of princely Judah's line:
 "Then since my people with my standard go,
 "To bring the strength of adverse empire low,

" Let Moab's soil, to vile subjection brought,
 " With groans declare how well our ranks have fought;
 " Let vanquish'd Edom bow its humbled head, 556
 " And tell how pompous on its pride I tread.
 " And now, Philistia! with thy conqu'ring host,
 " Dismay'd and broke, of conquer'd Israel boast;
 " But if a seer of Rabbah yet remain 560
 " On Johemaa'n's hill or Amon's plain,
 " Lead forth our armies, Lord! regard our pray'r;
 " Lead, Lord of Battles! and we'll conquer there."
 As this the warrior spake his heart arose,
 And thus with grateful turn perform'd the close: 565
 " Tho' men to men their best assistance lend,
 " Yet men alone will but in vain befriend:
 " Thro' God we work exploits of high renown;
 " 'Tis God that treads our great opposers down."

Hear now the praise of well-disputed fields, 570
 The best return victorious honour yields;
 'Tis common good restor'd, when lovely Peace
 Is join'd with Righteousness in strict embrace.
 Hear, all ye Victors! what your sword secures;
 Hear, all you Nations! for the cause is yours; 575
 And when the joyful trumpets loudly sound,
 When groaning captives in their ranks are bound,
 When pillars lift the bloody plumes in air,
 And broken shafts and batter'd armour bear;
 When painted arches acts of war relate, 580
 When slow procession's pomps augment the state;
 When Fame relates their worth among the throng,
 Thus take from David their triumphant song.
 " Oh! clap your hands together; oh! rejoice
 " In God with Melody's exalted voice; 585
 " Your sacred psalm within his dwelling raise,
 " And for a pure oblation offer praise,
 " For the rich goodness plentifully shows
 " He prospers our design upon our foes.
 " Then hither, all ye Nations! hither run, 590
 " Behold the wonders which the Lord has done;
 " Behold with what a mind, the heap of slain,
 " He spreads the sanguine surface of the plain,

"He makes the wars that mad Confusion hurl'd
 "Be spent in victories and leave the world ; 595
 "He breaks the bended bows, the spears of ire,
 "And burns the shatter'd chariots in the fire,
 "And bids the realms be still, the tumult cease,
 "And know the Lord of war for Lord of peace.
 "Now may the tender youth in goodness rise, 600
 "Beneath the guidance of their parents' eyes,
 "As tall young poplars when the ranger's nigh,
 "To watch their risings lest they shoot awry.
 "Now may the beauteous daughters, bred with care,
 "In modest rules and pious acts of fear, 605
 "Like polish'd corners of the Temple be,
 "So bright, so spotless, and so fit for thee:
 "Now may the various seasons bless the soil,
 "And plenteous gard'ners pay the ploughman's toil:
 "Now sheep and kine upon the flow'ry meads 610
 "Increase in thousands and ten thousand heads ;
 "And now no more the sound of grief complains
 "For those that fall in fight or live in chains:
 "Here, when the blessings are proclaim'd aloud,
 "Join all the voices of the thankful crowd ; 615
 "Let all that feel them thus confess their part,
 "Thus own their worth with one united heart.
 "Happy the realm which God vouchsafes to bless
 "With all the glories of a bright success !
 "And happy thrice the realm, if thus he please 620
 "To crown those glories with the sweets of ease ;
 "From warfare finish'd, on a chain of thought
 "To bright attempts of future rapture wrought ;
 "Yet stronger, yet thy pinions stronger raise,
 "Oh Fancy ! reigning in the pow'r of lays ; 625
 "For Sion's Hill thine airy courtes hold,
 "'Twas there thy David prophesy'd of old,
 "And there devout in contemplation sit,
 "In holy vision and ecstatic fit."
 "Methinks I seem to feel the charm begin, 630
 "Now sweet contentment tunes my soul within ;
 "Now wondrous soft arising music plays,
 "And now full sounds upon the sense increase ;

Fit David's lyre, his artful fingers move
 To court the Spirit from the realms above,
 And pleas'd to come where Holiness attends,
 The courted Spirit from above descends:
 Hence on the lyre and voice new graces rest,
 And bright prophetic forms enlarge the breast;
 Hence firm degrees his mystic hymns relate,
 Affix'd in heav'n's adamantine gate,
 The glories of the most important age,
 And Christ's bless'd empire seen by sure presage.

When, in a distant view, with inward eyes,
 He sees the Son descending from the skies,
 To take the form of man for mankind's sake,
 'Tis thus he makes the great Messiah speak;
 "It is not, Father! blood of bullocks slain
 "Can cleanse the world from universal stain;
 "Such off'rings are not here requir'd by thee,
 "But point at mine, and leave the work for me:
 "To perfect which, as servants' ears they drill,
 "In sign of op'ning to their masters' will,
 "Thy will would open mine, and have me bear
 "My sign of ministry, the body there.
 "Prophetic volumes of our state assign
 "The world's redemption as an act of mine.
 "And, lo! with cheerful and obedient heart
 "I come, my Father! to perform my part."
 So spake the Son, and left his throne above,
 When wings to bear him were prepar'd by Love,
 When with their Monarch on the great descent
 Sweet Humbleness and gentle Patience went;
 Fair sisters both! both bless'd in his esteem,
 And both appointed here to wait on him.

But now before the prophet's ravish'd eyes
 Succeeding prospects of his life arise,
 And here he teaches all the world to sing
 Those strains in which the nation own'd him king;
 When boughs, as at an holy feast, they bear,
 To shew the Godhead manifested there,
 And garments, as a mark of glory, strow'd,
 Declar'd a Prince proclaim'd upon the road.

"This day the Lord hath made we will employ

"In songs," he cries, "and consecrate to joy. 675

"Hosannah, Lord! hosannah, shed thy peace,

"Hosannah long-expecting nations' grace;

"Oh! bless'd in Honour's height triumphant, thou

"That wast to come, oh! bless thy people now."

'Twere easy dwelling here with fix'd delight, 680

And much the sweet engagement of the sight;

But fleeting visions each on other throng,

And change the music, and demand the song.

Ah! music chang'd by sadly-moving show!

Ah! song demanded in excess of woe! 685

For what was all the gracious Saviour's stay,

Whilst here he trod in life's encumber'd way,

But troubled patience, persecuted breath,

Neglected sorrows, and afflicting death?

Approach, ye Sinners! think the garden shows 690

His bloody sweat of full arising throes;

Approach his grief, and hear him thus complain,

Thro' David's person, and in David's strain:

"Oh, save me, God! thy floods about me roll,

"Thy wrath divine hath overflow'd my soul; 695

"I come at length where rising waters drown,

"And sink in deep affliction deeply down.

"Deceitful snares, to bring me to the dead,

"Lie ready plac'd in every path I tread;

"And hell itself, with all that hell contains, 700

"Of fiends accurs'd, and dreadful change of pains,

"To daunt firm will, and cross the good design'd,

"With strong temptations fasten on the mind."

Such grief, such sorrows, in amazing view,

Distracted fears and heaviness pursue. 705

O Sages! deeply read in human frame,

The passions' causes, and their wild extreme,

Where mov'd an object more oppos'd to bliss?

What other agony could equal his?

The music still proceeds with mournful airs, 710

And speaks the dangers as it speaks the fears.

Oh! sacred Presence! from the Son withdrawn;

Oh! God, my Father, whither art thou gone?

" Oh! must my soul bewail tormenting pain,
 " And all my words of anguish fall in vain? 71
 " The trouble's near in which my life will end,
 " But none is near that will assistance lend;
 " Like Basan bulls my foes against me throng,
 " So proud, inhuman, numberless, and strong;
 " Like desert lions on their prey they go, 72
 " So much their fierce desire of blood they show;
 " As ploughers wound the ground they tore my back,
 " And long deep furrows manifest the track:
 " They pierc'd my tender hands, my tender feet, 73
 " And caus'd sharp pangs where nerves in numbers
 meet;
 " Rich streams of life forsake my rended veins,
 " And fall like water spilt upon the plains;
 " My bones, that us'd in hollow seats to close,
 " Disjoint with anguish of convulsive throes;
 " My mourning heart is melted in my frame, 74
 " As wax dissolving runs before a flame;
 " My strength dries up, my flesh the moisture leaves,
 " And on my tongue my clammy palate cleaves.
 " Alas! I thirst; alas! for drink I call;
 " For drink they give me vinegar and gall. 75
 " To sportful game the savage soldiers go,
 " And for my vesture on my vesture throw;
 " While all deride who see me thus forlorn,
 " And shoot their lips, and shake their heads, in scorn
 " And with despightful jest, Behold, they cry, 76
 " The great peculiar darling of the sky;
 " He trusted God would save his soul from woe,
 " Now God may have him if he loves him so.
 " But to the dust of death by quick decay
 " I come; O Father! be not long away." 77
 And was it thus the Prince of life was slain?
 And was it thus he dy'd for worthless men?
 Yes, blessed Jesus! thus in ev'ry line
 These suff'rings which the prophet spake were thine
 Come, Christian! to the corpse in spirit come, 78
 And with true signs of grief surround the tomb:

Upon the threshold-stone let Sin be slain,
 Such sacrifice will best avenge his pain.
 Bring thither then repentance, sighs, and tears,
 Bring mortify'd desires, bring holy fears, 755
 And earnest pray'r, express'd from thoughts that roll
 Thro' broken mind and groanings of the soul;
 These scatter on his herse, and so prepare
 Those obsequies the Jews deny'd him there,
 While in your hearts the flames of love may burn, 760
 To dress the vault, like lamps in sacred urn:
 There oft', my Soul! in such a grateful way
 Thine humblest homage with the godly pay.

But David strikes the sounding chords anew,
 And to thy first design recalls thy view; 765
 From life to death, from death to life, he flies,
 And still pursues his object in his eyes,
 And here recounts, in more enliven'd song,
 The sacred Presence, not absented long.
 The flesh not suffer'd in the grave to dwell, 770
 The soul not suffer'd to remain in hell;
 But as the conqueror, fatigu'd in war
 With hot pursuit of enemies afar,
 Reclines to drink the torrent gliding by,
 Then lifts his looks to repossess the sky; 775
 So bow'd the Son in life's uneasy road,
 With anxious toil, and thorny danger strow'd;
 So bow'd the Son, but not to find relief,
 But taste the deep imbitter'd floods of grief;
 So when he tasted these he rais'd his head, 780
 And left the sable mansions of the dead,
 Ere mould'ring time consum'd the bones away,
 Or slow corruption's worms had work'd decay;
 Here Faith's foundations all the soul employ,
 With springing graces, springing beams of joy, 785
 Then paus'd the voice where Nature's seen to pause,
 And for a time suspend her ancient laws.

From hence arising as the glories rise
 That must advance above the lofty skies,
 He runs with sprightly fingers o'er the lyre, 790
 And fills new songs with new celestial fire,

In which he shews, by fair description's ray,
 The Christ's ascension to the realms of day;
 When Justice, pleas'd with life already paid,
 Unbends her brows, and sheaths her angry blade, 795
 And meditates rewards, and will restore
 What Mercy woo'd him to forsake before;
 When on a cloud with gilded edge of light
 He rose above the reach of human sight,
 And met the pomp that hung aloft in air, 800
 To make his honours more exceeding fair:
 "See," cries the prophet, "how the chariots wait
 "To bear him upwards in triumphant state;
 "By twenty thousands in unnumber'd throng,
 "And angels draw the glitt'ring ranks along: 805
 "The Lord amongst them sits in glory dress'd,
 "Nor more the presence Sinai Mount confess'd.
 "And now the chariots have begun to fly,
 "The triumph moves, the Lord ascends on high,
 "And Sin and Satan, us'd to captive men, 810
 "Are dragg'd for captives in his ample train;
 "While, as he goes, seraphic circles sing
 "The wondrous conquest of their wondrous king;
 "With shouts of joy their heav'nly voices raise,
 "And with shrill trumpets manifest his praise." 815
 From such a point of such exceeding height,
 A while my Verses stoop their airy flight,
 And seem for rest on Olivet to breathe,
 And charge the two that stand in white beneath,
 That as they move and join the moving rear, 820
 Within their honour'd hands aloft they bear
 The crown of thorns, the cross on which he dy'd,
 The nails that pierc'd his limbs, the spear his side;
 Then where kind Mercy lays the thunder by,
 Where Peace has hung great Michael's arms on high,
 Let these adorn his magazine above, 825
 And hang the trophies of victorious Love,
 Lest man, by superstitious mind entic'd,
 Should idolize whatever touch'd the Christ.
 But still the prophet in the spirit soars 830
 To new Jerusalem's imperial doors;

There sees and hears the blest'd angelic throng,
 There feels their music, and records their song;
 Or, with the vision warm'd, attempts to write
 For those inhabitants of native light, 835
 And teaches harmony's distinguish'd parts
 In sweet response of united hearts;
 For thus without might warbling angels sing,
 Their course containing on the flutter'd wing:
 "Eternal Gates! your stately portals rear, 840
 "Eternal Gates! your ways of joy prepare,
 "The King of glory for admittance stays;
 "He comes, he'll enter; O prepare your ways!"
 Then bright archangels, that attend the wall,
 Might thus upon the beauteous order call; 845
 "Ye Fellow-ministers! that now proclaim
 "Your King of glory, tell his awful name."
 At which the beauteous order will accord,
 And sound of solemn notes pronounce the Lord!
 "The Lord! endow'd with strength, renown'd for 850
 might,
 "With spoils returning from the finish'd fight."
 Again with lays they charm the sacred gates,
 And graces double while the song repeats;
 Again within the sacred guardians sing, 855
 And ask the name of their victorious King;
 And then again the Lord's, the name rebounds
 From tongue to tongue, catch'd up in frequent rounds.
 New thrones and pow'rs appear to lift the gate,
 And David still pursues their enter'd state.
 "Oh Prophet! Father! whither would'st thou fly? 860
 "Oh, mystic Israel's chariot for the sky."
 Thou sacred Spirit! what a wondrous height,
 By thee supported, soars his airy flight!
 For glimpse of majesty divine is brought
 Among the shifted prospects of the thought; 865
 Dread sacred sight! I dare not gaze for fear,
 But sit beneath the fingers' feet, and hear,
 And hold each sound that interrupts the mind,
 Thus in a calm by pow'r of verse confin'd.

Ye dreadful ministers of God! displeas'd, 870
 Let blasting tempests be no longer rais'd:
 Ye deep-mouth'd thunders! leave your direful groan,
 Nor roll in hollow clouds around the throne,
 The still small voice more justly will express
 How great Jehovah did the Lord address. 875
 And you, bright feather'd choirs of endless peace!
 A while from tuneful hallelujahs cease;
 A while stand fix'd with deep attentive care,
 You'll have the time to sing for ever there;
 The royal Prophet will the silence break, 880
 And in his words Almighty goodness speak.
 He spake (and smil'd to see the bus'ness done,)
 "Thou art my first, my great begotten Son;
 "Here on the right of Majesty sit down,
 "Enjoy thy conquest, and receive thy crown, 885
 "While I thy worship and renown complete,
 "And make thy foes the footstool of thy feet;
 "For I'll pronounce the long resolv'd decree,
 "My sacred Sion be reserv'd for thee;
 "From thence thy peaceful rod of pow'r extend, 890
 "From thence thy messenger of mercy send,
 "And teach thy vanquish'd enemies to bow,
 "And rule where Hell has fix'd an empire now:
 "Then ready nations to their rightful King
 "The free-will off'rings of their hearts shall bring,
 "In holy beauties for acceptance dress'd, 896
 "And ready nations be with pardon blest'd:
 "Meanwhile thy dawn of truth begins the day,
 "Enlighten'd subjects shall increase thy sway
 "With such a splendid and unnumber'd train, 900
 "As dews in morning fill the grassy plain.
 "This by myself I swore; the great intent
 "Has past my sanction, and I can't repent;
 "Thou art a King and Priest of peace below,
 "Like Salem's monarch, and for ever so. 905
 "Ask what thou wilt, 'tis thine; the Gentiles claim,
 "For thy possession take the world's extreme:
 "The kings shall rage, the parties strive, in vain,
 "By persecuting rage, to break thy reign.

"Tho
 "Reb
 "Brin
 "Thy
 "The
 "Rejo
 "In h
 "And
 "Ye f
 "And
 Thus o
 With f
 Then o
 And sp
 As wh
 The fa
 And m
 They s
 There
 And le
 Relate
 His fa
 Where
 Or cha
 Where
 Encom
 "Hail
 "Hail
 "Hail
 "Tho
 "Still
 "And
 But
 Thou
 Behold
 Embra
 In Mo
 But no
 Forget
 Thy F

"Thou art my Christ, and they that still can be 910
 "Rebellious subjects be destroy'd by thee.

"Bring, like the potter, to severe decay

"Thy worthless creatures, found in humble clay.

"Then hear, ye Monarchs! and, ye Judges! hear,

"Rejoice with trembling, serve the Lord with fear:

"In his commands with signs of homage move, 916

"And kiss the gracious offers of his love:

"Ye surely perish if his anger flame,

"And only they be bless'd that bless his name."

Thus does the Christ in David's anthems shine, 920

With full magnificence of art divine,

Then on his subjects gifts of grace bestow,

And spread his image on their hearts below;

As when our earthly kings receive the globe,

The sacred unction, and the purple robe, 925

And mount the throne with golden glory crown'd,

They scatter medals of themselves around;

There heav'nly fingers clap their vary'd wings,

And lead the choir of all created things,

Relate his glory's everlasting prime, 930

His fame continued with the length of time,

Where'er the sun shall dart a gilded beam,

Or changing moons diffuse the silver'd gleam,

Where'er the waves of rolling ocean sent,

Encompass land with arms of wide extent: 935

"Hail, full of mercy!" ready nations cry:

"Hail, oh, for ever, ever bless'd, on high!

"Hail, oh, for ever, on thy beauteous throne!

"Thou, Lord, that workest wondrous things alone,

"Still let thy glory to the world appear, 940

"And all the riches of thy goodness hear."

But thou, fair Church! in whom he fixes love,

Thou Queen accepted of the Prince above,

Behold him fairer than the sons of men,

Embrace his offer'd heart, and share his reign; 945

In Moses' laws they bred thy tender years,

But now to new commands incline thine ears;

Forget thy people, bear no more in mind

Thy Father's household, for thy Spouse is kind;

Within thy soul let vain affections die, 950
 Him only worship, and with him comply;
 So shall thy Spouse's heart with thine agree,
 So shall his fervour still increase for thee.
 Come, while he calls, supremely favour'd Queen!
 In heav'nly glories dress thy soul within; 955
 With pious actions to the throne be brought,
 In close connection of the virtues wrought,
 Let these around thee for a garment shine,
 And be the work to make them pleasing thine.
 Come, lovely Queen! advance with stately port, 960
 Thy good companions shall complete thy court,
 With joyful souls their joyful entrance sing,
 And fill the palace of your gracious King.
 What tho' thy Moses and the prophets cease;
 What tho' the priesthood leaves the settled race; 965
 The Father's place their offspring well supplies,
 When at thy Spouse's ministry they rise;
 When thy bless'd household on his orders go,
 And rule for him where'er he reigns below.
 Come, Queen exalted! come, my lasting song 970
 To future ages shall thy fame prolong;
 The joyful nations shall thy praise proclaim,
 And for their safety crowd beneath thy name.
 Oh, bounteous Saviour! still thy mercy kind,
 Still what thy David sung thy servants find; 975
 Still what thy David sung thy servants see,
 From thee sent down, and sent again to thee;
 They see the words of thanks and love divine
 In strains mysterious intermingled shine, 980
 As sweet and rich unite in costly waves,
 When purling gold the purpled web receives,
 And still the Church he shadow'd hears the lays
 In daily service as an aid to praise:
 At these her temper good Devotion warms,
 And mounts aloft with more engaging charms, 985
 Then as she strives to reach the lofty sky,
 Bids Gratitude assist her will to fly;
 In these our gratitude becomes on fire,
 Then feels its flames improv'd by strong desire,

Then f
 And w
 Such
 Approa
 'Tis fi
 In wist
 And fo
 Devout
 There
 For G
 And th
 Within
 Soft pl
 To tou
 Assist t
 That g
 Gay tr
 Assist t
 When
 And m
 Full te
 In whi
 And se
 A risin
 Sonoro
 And u
 In big
 While
 As wh
 The st
 Swift c
 When
 Of De
 And r
 And a
 With
 Trium
 And n
 Then
 In mu

Then feels desire in eager wishes move,
And wish determine in the point of love.

990

Such hymns to regulate, and such to raise,
Approach, ye sounding instruments of praise!

'Tis fit you tune for him, whose holy love,

In wish aspiring to the choir above,

995

And fond to practise ere his time to go,
Devoutly call'd you to the choir below;

There where he plac'd you, with your solemn sound,

For God's high glory fill the sacred ground,

And there, and ev'ry where, his wondrous name

Within his firmament of pow'r proclaim.

Soft pleasing lutes with easy sweetness move,

To touch the sentiments of heav'nly love;

Assist the lyre and voice to tell the charms

That gently stole him from the Father's arms; 1005

Gay trembling timbrels, us'd with airs of mirth,

Assist the loud hosannah rais'd on earth,

When on an ass he meekly rides along,

And multitudes are heard within the song:

Full tenor'd psaltry, join the doleful part

1010

In which his agony possess'd his heart,

And seem to feel thyself, and seem to show

A rising heaviness and signs of woe:

Sonorous organ at his passion moan,

And utter forth thy sympathizing groan,

1015

In big slow murmurs anxious sorrow speak,

While melancholy winds thine entrails shake,

As when he suffer'd, with complaining sound

The storms in vaulted caverns shook the ground:

Swift cheerful cymbals give an airy strain,

1020

When, having bravely broke the doubled chain

Of Death and Hell, he left the conquer'd grave,

And rose to visit those he dy'd to save;

And as he mounts in song, and angels sing,

With grand procession their returning King,

1025

Triumphant trumpets raise their notes on high,

And make them seem to mount, and seem to fly:

Then all at once conspire to praise the Lord

In music's full consent and just accord.

Ye sons of Art! in such melodious way
 Conclude the service which you join to pay,
 While nations sing Amen, and yet again
 Hold forth the note, and sing aloud, Amen.

Here has my fancy gone where David leads,
 Now softly pacing o'er the grassy meads,
 Now nobly mounting where the monarchs rear
 The gilded spires of palaces in air,
 Now shooting thence upon the level flight,
 To dreadful dangers and the toils of fight,
 Anon with utmost stretch ascending far
 Beyond the region of the farthest star;
 As sharpest-sighted eagles tow'ring fly,
 To weather their broad sails in open sky,
 At length on wings half clos'd slide gently down,
 And one attempt shall all my labours crown:
 In others' verse the rest be better shown,
 But this is more, or should be more, thine own.

If then the spirit that supports my lines
 Have prov'd unequal to my large designs,
 Let others rise from earthly passion's dream,
 By me provok'd to vindicate the theme:
 Let others round the world in rapture rove,
 Or with strong feathers fan the breeze above,
 Or walk the dusky shades of death, and dive
 Down hell's abyfs, and mount again alive.
 But oh, my God! may these unartful rhymes,
 In sober words of woe bemoan my crimes:
 'Tis fit the sorrows I for ever vent
 For what I never can enough repent;
 'Tis fit, and David shews the moving way,
 And with his pray'r instructs my soul to pray.
 Then since thy guilt is more than match'd by me,
 And since my troubles should with thine agree,
 O Muse! to glories in affliction born,
 May thine humility my soul adorn;
 For humblest prayers are most affecting strains,
 As mines lie rich in lowly planted veins,
 Such aid I want to render Mercy kind,
 And such an aid as here I want I find;

1030

1035

1040

1045

1050

1055

1060

1065

Thy w
 Ah, th
 My
 Bow g
 With r
 But M
 Those
 And in
 There
 O thro
 For I n
 And al
 The lar
 Drawn
 And fil
 When,
 Then,
 Accept
 Which
 Shou'd
 When i
 And fr
 Curs'd
 And th
 And th
 The ris
 When t
 Eternal
 Bright
 But her
 This w
 Continu
 And as
 Or they
 With h
 Their f
 o purg
 And pu
 For suc
 & grac

Thy weeping accents in my numbers run,
Ah, thought! ah, voice of inward dole begun!

1070

My God! whose anger is appeas'd by tears,
Bow gently down thy mercy's gracious ears;
With many tongues my sins for justice call,
But Mercy's ears are manifold for all.

1075

Those sweet celestial windows open wide,
And in full streams let soft compassion glide;
There wash my soul, and cleanse it yet again,
O thoroughly cleanse it from the guilty stain!

For I my life with inward anguish see,
And all its wretchedness confess to thee.

1080

The large inditement stands before my view,
Drawn forth by conscience, most amazing true,
And fill'd with secrets hid from human eye,
When, foolish Man! thy God stood witness by.

1085

Then, oh, thou Majesty divinely great!

Accept the sad confessions I repeat,
Which clear thy justice to the world below,
Shou'd dismal sentence doom my soul to woe.

When in the silent womb my shape was made,

1090

And from the womb to lightsome life convey'd,
Curs'd Sin began to take unhappy root,
And thro' my veins its early fibres shoot;
And then what goodness did'st thou shew, to kill

The rising weeds and principles of ill!

1095

When to my breast, in fair celestial flame,
Eternal Truth and lovely Wisdom came,
Bright gift, by simple Nature never got,
But here reveal'd to change the ancient blot:

This wondrous help, which Mercy pleas'd to grant,
Continue still, for still thine aid I want:

1100

And as the men whom leprogies invade,
Or they that touch the carcass of the dead,
With hyssop sprinkled, and by water clean'd,
Their former purity in the law regain'd;

1105

So purge my soul, diseas'd, alas! within,
And much polluted with dead works of sin.
For such bleis'd favours at thine hand I sue,
Be grace thine hyssop, and thy water too;

Then shall my whiteness for perfection vie
 With blanching snows that newly leave the sky.
 Thus thro' my mind thy voice of gladness send,
 Thus speak the joyful word, "I will, be clean'd;"
 That all my strength, consum'd with mournful pain,
 May by thy saving health rejoice again,
 And now no more my soul offences see;
 Oh! turn from these, but turn thee not from me:
 Or, lest they make me too deform'd a sight,
 Oh! blot them with oblivion's endless night.
 Then further pureness to thy servant grant;
 Another heart, or change in this, I want.
 Create another, or the change create,
 For now my vile corruption is so great,
 It seems a new creation to restore
 Its fall'n estate to what it was before.
 Renew my spirit, raging in my breast,
 And all its passions in their course arrest;
 Or turn their motions, widely gone astray,
 And fix their footsteps in thy righteous way.
 When this is granted, when again I'm whole,
 Oh! ne'er withdraw thy presence from my soul:
 There let it shine, so let me be restor'd
 To present joy which conscious hopes afford.
 There let it sweetly shine, and o'er my breast
 Diffuse the dawning of eternal rest;
 Then shall the wicked this compassion see,
 And learn thy worship and thy works from me;
 For I to such occasions of thy praise
 Will tune my lyre and consecrate my lays.
 Unseal my lips, where guilt and shame have hung,
 To stop the passage of my grateful tongue,
 And let my prayer and song ascend—my prayer
 Here join'd with saints, my song with angels there;
 Yet neither prayer I'd give, nor songs, alone,
 If either off'rings were as much thy own;
 But thine's the contrite spirit, thine's an heart
 Oppress'd with sorrow, broke with inward smart,
 That at thy footstool in confession shows
 How well its faults, how well the Judge, it knows:

DAVID.

That sin with sober resolution flies;
 This gift thy mercy never will despise.
 Then in my soul a mystic altar rear,
 And such a sacrifice I'll offer there;
 There shall it stand, in vows of virtue bound,
 There falling tears shall wash it all around,
 And sharp remorse, yet sharper edg'd by woe,
 Deserv'd and fear'd, inflict the bleeding blow;
 There shall my thoughts to holy breathings fly,
 Instead of incense, to perfume the sky;
 And thence my willing heart aspires above,
 A victim panting in the flames of love.

181

1150

1155

1161



SOLOMON.

AS thro' the Psalms from theme to theme I chang'd
Methinks like Eve in Paradise I rang'd,
And ev'ry grace of song I seem'd to see,
As the gay pride of ev'ry season she;
She gently treading all the walks around,
Admir'd the springing beauties of the ground,
The lily glist'ring with the morning dew,
The rose in red, the violet in blue,
The pink in pale, the bells in purple rows,
And tulips colour'd in a thousand shows;
Then here and there perhaps she pull'd a flow'r
To strew with moss, and paint her leafy bow'r;
And here and there, like her, I went along,
Chose a bright strain, and bid it deck my song.

But now the sacred Singer leaves mine eye;
Crown'd as he was, I think he mounts on high:
Ere this, Devotion bore his heav'nly psalms,
And now himself bears up his harp and palms.
Go, Saint triumphant! leave the changing sight,
So fitted out you suit the realms of light;
But let thy glorious robe at parting go,
Those realms have robes of more effulgent show:
It flies, it falls; the flutt'ring silk I see,
Thy son has caught it, and he sings like thee,
With such election of a theme divine,
And such sweet grace as conquers all but thine.

Hence ev'ry writer o'er the fabled streams,
Where frolic fancies sport with idle dreams,
Or round the sight enchanted clouds dispose,
Whence wanton Cupids shoot with gilded bows;
A nobler writer, strains more brightly wrought,
Themes more exalted fill my wond'ring thought;
The parted skies are track'd with flames above,
As Love descends to meet ascending love;
The seasons flourish where the Spouses meet,
And earth in gardens spreads beneath their feet:

This fr
When S
Bids th
And lay
Where
The sce
His sac
Beyond
Grea
Round
Who m
Who m
Assist m
The sha
And wi
The wo
Look
Or now
Where
And wi
There c
To scre
There f
The Sp
Her fac
Her har
A light
And at
And oft
And oft
Sweet,
At leng
"Le
"In clo
"For t
"Beyon
"As ri
"So ri
"Diffu
"Affec

This fresh-bloom prospect in the bosom throngs,
 When Solomon begins his Song of Songs,
 Bids the rap'd soul to Lebanon repair,
 And lays the scene of all his actions there, 40
 Where as he wrote, and from the bow'r survey'd
 The scenting groves, or answ'ring knots he made,
 His sacred art the sights of Nature brings
 Beyond their use to figure heav'nly things.

Great Son of God! whose gospel pleas'd to throw
 Round thy rich glory veils of earthly show, 46
 Who made the vineyard oft' thy Church design,
 Who made the marriage-feast a type of thine,
 Assist my verses, which attempt to trace
 The shadow'd beauties of celestial grace, 50
 And with illapses of seraphic fire
 The work which pleas'd thee once, once more inspire.

Look, or Illusion's airy visions draw,
 Or now I walk the gardens which I saw,
 Where silver waters feed a flow'ring spring, 55
 And winds salute it with a balmy wing;
 There on a bank, whose shades directly rise
 To screen the sun, and not exclude the skies,
 There sits the sacred Church: methinks I view
 The Spouse's aspect, and her ensigns too: 60
 Her face has features where the Virtues reign,
 Her hands the book of sacred love contain;
 A light (Truth's emblem) on her bosom shines,
 And at her side the meekest Lamb reclines;
 And oft' on heav'nly lectures in the book, 65
 And oft' on heav'n itself she casts a look;
 Sweet, humble, fervent zeal, that works within,
 At length bursts forth, and raptures thus begin:

" Let Him, that Him my soul adores above,
 " In close communion breathe his holy love, 70
 " For these bless'd words his pleasing lips impart,
 " Beyond all cordials cheer the fainting heart.
 " As rich and sweet the precious ointments stream,
 " So rich thy graces flow, so sweet thy name
 " Diffuses sacred joy; 'tis hence we find 75
 " Affection rais'd in ev'ry virgin mind;

" For this we come, the daughters here and I,
 " Still draw we forward, and behold I fly;
 " I fly through mercy, when my King invites,
 " To tread his chambers of sincere delights;
 " There, join'd by mystic union, I rejoice,
 " Exalt my temper, and enlarge my voice,
 " And celebrate thy joys, supremely more
 " Than earthly bliss; thus upright hearts adore.
 " Nor you, ye Maids! who breathe of Salem's air, 85
 " Nor you refuse that I conduct you there;
 " Tho' clouding darkness hath eclips'd my face,
 " Dark as I am I shine with beams of grace.
 " As the black tents where Ismael's line abides
 " With glitt'ring trophies dress their inward sides; 90
 " Or as thy curtains, Solomon! are seen,
 " Whose plaits conceal a golden throne within,
 " 'Twere wrong to judge me by the carnal sight,
 " And yet my visage was by nature white;
 " But fiery suns, which persecute the meek, 95
 " Found me abroad, and scorch'd my rosy cheek:
 " The world, my brethren, they were angry grown,
 " They made me dress a vineyard not my own;
 " Among their rites (their vines) I learn'd to dwell,
 " And in the mean employ my beauty fell; 100
 " By frailty lost, I gave my labour o'er,
 " And my own vineyard grew deform'd the more.
 " Behold I turn; O say, my soul's desire!
 " Where dost thou feed thy flock, and where retire
 " To rest that flock when noon-tide heats arise? 105
 " Shepherd of Israel! teach my dubious eyes
 " To guide me right, for why should thine abide
 " Where wand'ring shepherds turn their flocks aside?"
 So spake the Church, and sigh'd; a purple light
 Sprung forth, the Godhead stood reveal'd to sight, 110
 And Heav'n and Nature smil'd; as white as snow
 His seamless vesture loosely fell below;
 Sedate and pleas'd he nodded; round his head
 The pointed glory shook, and thus he said:
 " If thou, the loveliest of the beauteous kind, 115
 " If thou canst want thy Shepherd's walk to find,

"Go by the footsteps where my flocks have trod,
 "My saints, obedient to the laws of God;
 "Go where their tents my teaching servants rear,
 "And feed the kids, thy young believers, there: 120
 "Should thus my flocks increase, my fair delight,
 "I view their numbers, and compare the sight
 "To Pharaoh's horses when they take the field,
 "Beat plains to dust, and make the nations yield.
 "With rows of gems thy comely cheeks I deck, 125
 "And chains of pendant gold o'erflow thy neck,
 "For so like gems the riches of my grace,
 "And so descending glory cheers thy face;
 "Gay bridal robes a flow'ring silver strows,
 "Bright gold engrailing on the border glows." 130
 He spake, the Spouse admiring heard the sound,
 Then meekly bending on the sacred ground,
 She cries, "Oh, present to my ravish'd breast;
 "This sweet communion is an inward feast;
 "There sits the King, while all around our heads 135
 "His grace, my spikenard, pleasing odours sheds;
 "About my soul his holy comfort flies,
 "So closely treasur'd in the bosom lies
 "The bundled myrrh so sweet, the scented gale
 "Breathes all En-gedi's aromatic vale." 140
 "Now, (says the King,) my Love! I see thee fair,
 "Thine eyes for mildness with the dove's compare."
 "No, thou, Belov'd! art fair," the Church replies,
 "(Since all my beauties but from thee arise,)
 "All fair, all pleasant; these communion show 145
 "Thy counsels pleasant, and thy comforts so:
 "And as at marriage-feasts they strow the flow'rs,
 "With nuptial chaplets hang the summer bow'rs,
 "And make the rooms of smelling cedars fine,
 "Where the fond bridegroom and the bride recline;
 "I dress my soul with such exceeding care, 151
 "With such, with more, to court thy presence there."
 "Well hast thou prais'd," he says. "The Sharon
 rose
 "Thro' flow'ry fields a pleasing odour throws,

" The valley-lilies ravish'd sense regale, 155
 " And with pure whiteness paint their humble vale;
 " Such names of sweetness are thy lover's due;
 " And thou, my Love! be thou a lily too,
 " A lily set in thorns, for all I see,
 " All other daughters are as thorns to thee." 160

Then she. " The trees that pleasing apples yield
 " Surpass the barren trees that clothe the field;
 " So you surpass the sons with worth divine,
 " So shade, and fruit as well as shade, is thine.
 " I sat me down, and saw thy branches spread, 165
 " And green protection flourish o'er my head;
 " I saw thy fruit, the soul's celestial food,
 " I pull'd, I tasted, and I found it good:
 " Hence in the spirit to the blissful seats
 " Where Love to feast mysteriously retreats, 170
 " He led me forth; I saw the banner rear,
 " And Love was pencil'd for the motto there.
 " Prophets and teachers in your care combine;
 " Stay me with apples, comfort me with wine;
 " The cordial promises of joys above, 175
 " For hope deferr'd has made me sick with love.
 " Ah, while my tongue reveals my fond desire,
 " His hands support me, lest my life expire;
 " As round a child the parent's arms are plac'd, 179
 " This holds the head, and that enfolds the waist."

Here ceas'd the Church, and lean'd her languid head,
 Bent down with joy, when thus the Lover said:
 " Behold, ye Daughters of the realm of Peace!
 " She sleeps, at least her thoughts of sorrow cease.
 " Now by the bounding roes, the skipping fawns, 185
 " Near the cool brooks, or o'er the grassy lawns,
 " By all the tender innocents that rove,
 " Your hourly charges in my sacred grove,
 " Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,
 " I would not have her wake but when she will." 190

So rest the Church and Spouse: my verses so
 Appear to languish with the flames you show,
 And pausing rest; but not the pause be long,
 For still thy Solomon pursues the song.

Then
 Then
 Let
 Which
 But l
 And c
 She w
 More
 Or fa
 Befor
 While
 A fut
 " I
 " Bel
 " No
 " (Fo
 " Lea
 " He
 " An
 " Bu
 " An
 " To
 " Fro
 " WI
 " At
 " An
 " Ha
 " Ari
 " For
 " Th
 " Swe
 " An
 " In
 " Th
 " Th
 " An
 " Wi
 " Ari
 " O c
 " For

Then keep the place in view; let sweets more rare 195

Then earth produces fill the purpled air;

Let something solemn overspread the green,

Which seems to tell us here the Lord has been!

But let the virgin still in prospect shine,

And other strains of her's enliven mine. 200

She wakes! she rises! bid the whisp'ring breeze

More softly whisper in the waving trees,

Or fall with silent awe; bid all around

Before the Church's voice abate their sound,

While thus her shadowy strains attempt to show 205

A future advent of the Spouse below:

"Hark! my Beloved's voice! behold him too!

"Behold him coming in the distant view!

"No clamb'ring mountains make my lover stay,

"(For what are mountains in a lover's way?) 210

"Leaping he comes! how like the nimble roe

"He runs the paths his prophets us'd to show!

"And now he looks from yon' partition wall,

"Built till he comes—'tis only then to fall;

"And now he's nearer in the promise seen, 215

"Too faint the sight—'tis with a glass between;

"From hence I hear him as a lover speak,

"Who near a window calls a fair to wake.

"Attend, ye Virgins! while the words that trace

"An op'ning spring design the day of grace. 220

"Hark! or I dream, or else I hear him say,

"Arise, my Love! my Fair One! come away;

"For now the tempests of thy winter end,

"Thick rains no more in heavy drops descend,

"Sweet painted flow'rs their silken leaves unclose, 225

"And dress the face of earth with vary'd shows;

"In the green wood the singing birds renew

"Their chirping notes, the silver turtles coo;

"The trees that yield the fig already shoot,

"And knit their blossoms for their early fruit; 230

"With fragrant scents the vines refresh the day;

"Arise, my Love! my Fair One! come away.

"O come, my Dove! forsake thy close retreat,

"For close in safety hast thou fix'd thy seat,

" As fearful pigeons in dark clefts abide, 235
 " And safe the clefts their tender charges hide.
 " Now let thy looks with modest guise appear,
 " Now let thy voice salute my longing ear,
 " For in thy looks an humble mind I see,
 " Prayer forms thy voice, and both are sweets to me :
 " To save the bloomings of my vineyard haste, 241
 " Which foxes (false deluding teachers) waste ;
 " Watch well their haunts, and catch the foxes there ;
 " Our grapes are tender, and demand thy care.—
 " Thus speaks my Love, surprising love divine ! 245
 " I thus am his, he thus for ever mine ;
 " And till he comes I find a presence still,
 " Where souls attentive serve his holy will,
 " Where down in vales unspotted lilies grow,
 " White types of innocence in humble show. 250
 " O ! till the spicy breath of heav'nly day,
 " Till all thy shadows fleet before thy ray,
 " Turn, my Beloved ! with thy comforts here,
 " Turn in thy promise, in thy grace appear,
 " Nor let such swiftness in the roes be shown 255
 " To save themselves, as thou to cheer thine own ;
 " Turn like the nimble harts that lightly bound
 " Before the stretches of the fleetest hound ;
 " Skim the plain chase of lofty Bether's head,
 " And make the mountain wonder if they tread." 260
 But long expectance of a bliss delay'd
 Breeds anxious doubt, and tempts the sacred maid ;
 Then mists arising straight repel the light,
 The colour'd garden lies disguis'd with night,
 A pale horn'd crescent leads a glimm'ring throng, 265
 And groans of absence jar within the song.
 " By night," she cries, " a night which blots the
 mind,
 " I seek the lover whom I fail to find ;
 " When on my couch compos'd to thought I lie,
 " I search, and vainly search, with Reason's eye ; 270
 " Rise, fondly rise, thy present search give o'er,
 " And ask if others knew thy lover more.

" Dar
 " Sho
 " I ra
 " And
 " Till
 " My
 " Wh
 " Ye
 " Tw
 " Ere
 " And
 " How
 " My
 " Lon
 The lo
 The m
 " Y
 " And
 " By a
 " Near
 " By a
 " You
 " Gua
 " I'll h
 Here
 When v
 Dreams
 And th
 " W
 " High
 " For S
 " As g
 " It see
 " Curl
 " For h
 " Roun
 " All n
 " The
 " The
 " His f

"Dark as it is, I rise; the moon that shines
 "Shows by the gleam the city's outward lines;
 "I range the wand'ring road, the winding street, 275
 "And ask, but ask in vain, of all I meet,
 "Till, toil'd with ev'ry disappointing place,
 "My steps the guardians of the Temple trace,
 "Whom thus my wish accosts; 'Ye sacred Guides!
 "Ye Prophets! tell me where my Love resides?' 280
 "'Twas well I question'd; scarce I pass'd them by
 "Ere my rais'd soul perceives my lover nigh;
 "And have I found thee, found my joy divine?
 "How fast I'll hold thee till I make thee mine!
 "My mother waits thee, thither thou repair, 285
 "Long waiting Israel wants thy presence there."

The lover smiles to see the virgin's pain,
 The mists roll off, and quit the flow'ry plain.

"Yes, there I come," he says; "thy sorrow cease,
 "And guard her, Daughters of the realms of Peace!
 "By all the bounding roes and skipping fawns, 291
 "Near the cool brooks, or o'er the grassy lawns;
 "By all the tender innocents that rove,
 "Your hourly charges in my sacred grove, 294
 "Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,
 "I'll have her feel my comforts while she will."

Here hand in hand with cheerful heart they go,
 When wand'ring Salem sees the solemn show,
 Dreams the rich pomp of Solomon again, 299
 And thus her daughters sing th' approaching scene:

"Who from the desert, where the waving clouds
 "High Sinai pierces, come involv'd with crests?
 "For Sion's hill her sober pace she bends,
 "As grateful incense from the dome ascends.
 "It seems the sweets from all Arabia shed 305
 "Curl at her side, and hover o'er her head.
 "For her the King prepares a bed of state,
 "Round the rich bed her guards in order wait,
 "All mystic Israel's sons; 'tis there they quell
 "The foes within, the foes without repel; 310
 "The guard his ministry, their swords of fight
 "His sacred laws, her present state of night.

" He forms a chariot, too, to bring her there,
 " Not the carv'd frame of Solomon's so fair ;
 " Sweet smells the chariot as the Temple stood, 315
 " The fragrant cedar lent them both the wood ;
 " High wreaths of silver'd columns prop the door,
 " Fine gold engrail'd adorns the figur'd floor ;
 " Deep fringing purple hangs the roof above, 319
 " And silk embroid'ry paints the midst with love.
 " Go forth, ye Daughters ! Sion's daughters go ;
 " A greater Solomon exalts the show ;
 " If crown'd with gold, and by the Queen bestow'd,
 " To grace his nuptials Jacob's monarch rode,
 " A crown of glory from the King divine, 325
 " To grace these nuptials makes the Saviour shine ;
 " While the blest'd pair, express'd in emblem, ride,
 " Messiah Solomon, his Church the bride."

Ye kind attendants, who with wond'ring eyes
 Saw the grand entry, what you said suffice ; 330
 You sung the lover with a loud acclaim,
 The lover's fondness longs to sing the dame.
 He speaks, admiring Nature stands around,
 And learns new music while it hears the sound.

" Behold, my Love ! how fair thy beauties show,
 " Behold how more, how most extremely so ! 335
 " How still to me thy constant eyes incline ;
 " I see the turtle's when I gaze on thine ;
 " Sweet thro' the lids they shine with modest care,
 " And sweet and modest is a virgin's air. 340
 " How bright thy locks ! how well their number paint
 " The great assemblies of my lovely saints !
 " So bright the kids, so numerously fed,
 " Graze the green top of lofty Gilead's head ;
 " All Gilead's head a fleecy whiteness clouds, 345
 " And the rich master glories in the crowds.
 " How pure thy teeth ! for equal order made,
 " Each ans'ring each, whilst all the public aid ;
 " These lovely graces in my Church I find,
 " This candour, order, and accorded mind. 350
 " Thus when the season bids the shepherd lave
 " His sheep new shorn within the crystal wave,

" Wash'd they return in such unsully'd white,
 " Thus march by pairs, and in the flock unite.
 " How please thy lips, adorn'd with native red ! 355
 " Art vainly mocks them in the scarlet thread ;
 " But if they part, what music wafts the air !
 " So sweet thy praises, and so soft thy prayer.
 " If thro' thy loosen'd curls with honest shame
 " Thy lovely temple's fine complexion flame, 360
 " Whatever crimson granate blossoms show,
 " 'Twas never theirs so much to please and glow.
 " But what's thy neck, the polish'd form I see,
 " Whose iv'ry strength supports thine eyes, to me ?
 " Fair type of firmness when my saints aspire 365
 " The sacred confidence that lifts desire,
 " As David's turret on the stately frame
 " Upheld its thousand conqu'ring shields of fame :
 " And what thy breasts ? they still demand my lays ;
 " What image wakes to charm me whilst I gaze ? 370
 " Two lovely mountains, each exactly round,
 " Two lovely mountains with the lily crown'd,
 " While two twin roes, and each on either bred,
 " Feed in the lilies of the mountain's head.
 " Let this resemblance spotless virtues show, 375
 " And in such lilies feed my young below.
 " But now farewell till night's dark shades decay ;
 " Farewell, my Virgin ! till the break of day ;
 " Swift for the hills of spice and gums I fly,
 " To breathe such sweets as scent a purer sky ; 380
 " Yet as I leave thee, still above compare,
 " My Love ! my Spotless ! still I find thee fair."
 Here rest, celestial Maid ! for if he go,
 Nor will he part, nor is the promise slow ;
 " Nor slow my fancy move ; dispel the shade, 385
 Charm forth the morning, and relieve the maid.
 Arise, fair Sun ! the Church attends to see
 The Sun of righteousness arise in thee.
 Arise, fair Sun ! and bid the Church adore,
 'Tis then he'll court her whom he prais'd before. 390
 As thus I sing it shines ; there seems a sound
 Of plumes in air, and feet upon the ground ;

I see their meeting, see the flow'ry scene,
And hear the mystic love pursu'd again :

" Now to the mount, whose spice perfumes the day,

" 'Tis I invite thee ; come, my Spouse ! away ; 396

" Come, leave thy Lebanon ; is aught we see

" In all thy Lebanon compar'd to me ?

" Nor tow'rd thy Canaan turn with wishful sight, 399

" From Hermon's, Sheniar's, and Amana's height ;

" There dwells the leopard, there assaults the bear ;

" This world has ills, and such may find thee there.

" My Spouse ! my Sister ! O thy wondrous art,

" Which thro' my bosom drew my ravish'd heart !

" Won by one eye my ravish'd heart is gone, 405

" For all thy seeing guides consent as one ;

" Drawn by one chain which round thy body plies,

" For all thy members one blest union ties.

" My Spouse ! my Sister ! O the charm to please,

" When love repaid returns my bosom ease ! 410

" Strongly thy love, and strongly wines restore,

" But wines must yield, thy love inflames me more.

" Sweetly thine ointments (all thy virtues) smell,

" Not altar spices please thy King so well.

" How soft thy doctrine on thy lips resides ! 415

" From those two combs the dropping honey glides ;

" All pure without, as all within sincere,

" Beneath thy tongue—I find it honey there.

" Ah ! while thy graces thus around thee shine,

" The charms of Lebanon must yield to thine ; 420

" His spring, his garden, ev'ry scented tree,

" My Spouse ! my Sister ! all I find in thee.

" Thee for myself I fence, I shut, I seal ;

" Mysterious spring, mysterious garden, hail !

" A spring, a font, where heav'nly waters flow ; 425

" A grove, a garden, where the graces grow :

" There rise my fruits, my cypress, and my fir,

" My saffron, spikenard, cinnamon, and myrrh ;

" Perpetual fountains for their use abound,

" And streams of favour feed the living ground." 430

Scarce spake the Christ when thus the Church replies,

And spread her arms where'er the spirit flies :

"Ye cooling Northern Gales! who freshly shake
 "My balmy reeds, ye Northern Gales! awake:
 "And thou, the regent of the Southern sky, 435
 "O! soft inspiring, o'er my garden fly!
 "Unlock and waft my sweets, that ev'ry grace
 "In all its heav'nly life regale the place.
 "If thus a paradise thy garden prove,
 "'Twere best prepar'd to entertain my Love; 440
 "And that the pleasing fruits may please the more,
 "O think my proffer was thy gift before!"
 At this the Saviour cries, "Behold me near,
 "My Spouse! my Sister! O behold me here!
 "To gather fruits I come at thy request, 445
 "And, pleas'd, my soul accepts the solemn feast:
 "I gather myrrh with spice to scent the treat;
 "My virgin-honey with the combs I eat;
 "I drink my sweet'ning milk, my lively wine,
 "(These words of pleasure mean thy gifts divine;)
 "To share my bliss my good elect I call, 450
 "The Church (my garden) must include them all:
 "Now sit and banquet; now, Belov'd! you see
 "What gifts I love, and prove these fruits with me:
 "O might this sweet communion ever last! 455
 "But with the sun the sweet communion past;
 "The Saviour parts, and on Oblivion's breast,
 "Benumb'd and slumb'ring lies the Church to rest.
 "Pass the sweet alleys while the dusk abides,
 "Seek the fair lodge in which the maid resides." 460
 Then, Fancy, seek the maid, at night again,
 The Christ will come, but comes, alas! in vain.
 "I sleep," she says, "and yet my heart awakes;"
 (There's still some feeling while the lover speaks;)
 With what fond servour from without he cries, 465
 "Arise, my Love! my Undeild! arise;
 "My Dove! my Sister! cold the dews alight,
 "And fill my tresses with the drops of night.
 "Alas! I'm all unrob'd, I wash'd my feet,
 "I tasted slumber, and I find it sweet." 470
 "As thus my words refuse, he slips his hands
 "Where the clos'd latch my cruel door commands.

- "What! tho' deny'd, so persevering kind!
 "Who long denies a persevering mind?
 "From my wak'd soul my slothful temper flies, 475
 "My bowels yearn, I rise, my Love! I rise;
 "I find the latch thy fingers touch'd before,
 "Thy smelling myrrh comes dropping off the door.
 "Now, where's my Love?—What! hast thou left the
 place?
 "O! to my soul repeat thy words of grace; 480
 "Speak in the dark, my Love! I seek thee round,
 "And vainly seek thee till thou wilt be found.
 "What! no return? I own my folly past,
 "I lay too listless; speak, my Love! at last. 484
 "The guards have found me—Are ye guards indeed,
 "Who smite the sad, who make the feeble bleed?
 "Dividing teachers these who wrong my name,
 "Rend my long veil, and cast me bare to shame.
 "But you, ye Daughters of the realm of Rest!
 "If ever pity mov'd a virgin-breast, 490
 "Tell my Belov'd how languishing I lie,
 "How love has brought me near the point to die."
 " And what Belov'd is this you would have found?"
 Says Salem's daughters, as they flock'd around.
 "What wondrous thing, what charm beyond com-
 pare? 495
 "Say what's thy lover, Fairest o'er the fair!"
 "His face is white and ruddy," she replies,
 "So mercy join'd to justice tempers dies;
 "His lofty stature, where a myriad shine,
 "O'ertops, and speaks a majesty divine; 500
 "Fair honour crowns his head; the raven-black
 "In bushy curlings flows adown his back;
 "Sparkling his eyes, with full proportion plac'd,
 "White like the milk, and with a mildness grac'd,
 "As the sweet doves, whene'er they fondly play 505
 "By running waters in a glitt'ring day.
 "Within his breath what pleasing sweetness grows!
 "'Tis spice exhal'd, and mingled on the rose:
 "Within his words what grace with goodness meets
 "So beds of lilies drop with balmy sweets. 510

"What ring of Eastern price his fingers hold!
 "Gold decks the fingers, beryl decks the gold!
 "His iv'ry shap adorns a costly vest,
 "Work paints the skirts, and gems enrich the breast;
 "His limbs beneath his shining sandals case 515
 "Like marble columns on a golden base.

"Nor boasts that mountain where the cedar-tree
 "Perfumes our realm such num'rous sweets as he.
 "O lovely All! what could my King require
 "To make his presence more the world's desire? 520
 "And now, ye Maids! if such a friend you know,
 "'Tis such my longings look to find below."

While thus her friend the Spouse's anthems sing,
 Deck'd with the Thummim, crown'd a sacred king,
 The daughters' hearts the fine description drew, 525
 And that which rais'd their wonder ask'd their view.

"Then where," they cry, "thou Fairest o'er the fair!
 "Where goes thy lover? tell the virgins where;
 "What flow'ring walks invite his steps aside?

"We'll help to seek him; let those walks be try'd."
 The Spouse revolving here the grand descent, 531
 "'Twas that he promis'd; there," she cries, "he went;

"He keeps a garden where the spices breathe,
 "Its bow'ring borders kifs the vale beneath;
 "'Tis here he gathers lilies, there he dwells, 535

"And binds his flow'rets to unite their smells.
 "O 'tis my height of love that I am his!

"O he is mine, and that's my height of blifs!
 "Descend, my Virgins! well I know the place,
 "He feeds in lilies, that's a spotless race." 540

At dawning day the Bridegroom leaves a bow'r,
 And here he waters, there he props a flow'r,
 When the kind damsel, spring of heav'nly flame,
 With Salem's daughters to the garden came;
 Then thus his love the Bridegroom's words repeat, 545
 (The smelling borders lent them both a seat,)

"O great as Tirzah! 'twas a regal place;
 "O fair as Salem! 'tis the realm of Peace;
 "Whose aspect, awful to the wond'ring eye,
 "Appears like armies when the banners fly: 550

- " O turn, my Sister! O my beauteous Bride!
 " Thy face o'ercomes me, turn that face aside.
 " How bright thy locks! how well their number paints
 " The great assemblies of my lovely saints!
 " So bright the kids, so numerously fed, 55
 " Graze the green wealth of lofty Gilead's head.
 " How pure thy teeth! for equal order made,
 " Each answ'ring each, while all the public aid;
 " As when the season bids the shepherd lave
 " His sheep, new shorn, within the silver wave, 56
 " Wash'd they return in such unsully'd white,
 " So march by pairs, and in the flock unite.
 " How sweet thy temples! not pomegranates know
 " With equal modest look to please and glow.
 " If Solomon his life of pleasure leads 56
 " With wives in number and unnumber'd maids,
 " In other paths my life of pleasure shown,
 " Admits my love, my undefil'd alone;
 " Thy mother Israel, she, the dame who bore
 " Her choice, my dove, my spotless, owns no more;
 " The Gentile queens at thy appearance cry, 57
 " Hail! Queen of Nations! Hail! the maids reply;
 " And thus they sing thy praise: What heav'nly
 dame
 " Springs like the morning with a purple flame?
 " What rises like the moon with silver light? 57
 " What like the sun assists the world with sight:
 " Yet awful still, tho' thus serenely kind,
 " Like hosts with ensigns rattling in the wind.
 " I grant I left thy sight, I seem'd to go;
 " But was I absent when you fancy'd so? 58
 " Down to my garden, all my planted vale,
 " Where nuts their ground in underwood conceal,
 " Where blown pomegranates there I went to see,
 " What knitting blossoms white the bearing tree! 58
 " View the green buds, recall the wand'ring shoots,
 " Smell my gay flow'rets, taste my flavour'd fruits,
 " Raise the curl'd vine, refresh the spicy beds,
 " And joy for ev'ry grace my garden sheds."

The Saviour here, and here the Church, arise;

"And am I thus respected?" thus she cries. 590

"I mount for heav'n transported on the winds,

"My flying chariot's drawn by willing minds."

As rapt with comfort thus the maid withdrew,

The waiting daughters wonder'd where she flew;

"And O! return," they cry; "for thee we burn, 595

"O maid of Salem! Salem's self, return.

"And what's in Salem's maid we covet so?

"Hear, all ye Nations!—'tis your bliss below;

"That glorious vision by the patriarch seen,

"When sky-born beauties march'd the scented green,

"There the met saints and meeting angels came, 601

"Two lamps of God, Mahanaim was the name."

Again the maid reviews her sacred ground,

Solemn she sits, the damsels sing around.

"O prince's Daughter! how with shining show

"Thy golden shoes prepare thy feet below! 606

"How firm thy joints! what temple-work can be,

"With all its gems and art, prefer'd to thee?

"In thee, to feed thy lover's faithful race,

"Still flow the riches of abounding grace, 610

"Pure, large, refreshing, as the waters fall

"From the carv'd navels of the cistern-wall;

"In thee the lover finds his race divine;

"You teem with numbers, they with virtues shine;

"So wheat with lilies, if their heaps unite, 615

"The wheat's unnumber'd and the lilies white.

"Like tender roes thy breasts appear above,

"Two types of innocence and twins of Love:

"Like iv'ry turrets seems thy neck to rear,

"O sacred emblem! upright, firm, and fair! 620

"As Heshbon pools, which with a silver state

"Diffuse their waters at their city gate,

"For ever so thy virgin eyes remain;

"So clear within, and so without serene.

"As thro' sweet fir the royal turret shows 625

"Whence Lebanon surveys a realm of foes,

"So thro' thy lovely curls appear thy face

"To watch thy foes and guard thy faithful race.

" The richest colours flow'ry Carmel wears,
 " Red fillets cross'd with purple braid thy hairs; 630
 " Yet not more strictly these thy locks restrain,
 " Than thou thy King with strong affections chain,
 " When from his palace he enjoys thy sight,
 " O Love! O Beauty! form'd for all delight.
 " Straight is thy goodly stature, firm and high, 635
 " As palms aspiring in the brighter sky:
 " Thy breasts the cluster (if those breasts we view
 " As late for beauty, now for profit too)
 " Woo'd to thine arms, those arms that oft' extend
 " In the kind posture of a waiting friend; 640
 " Each maid of Salem cries, I'll mount the tree,
 " Hold the broad branches, and depend on thee.
 " O more than grapes thy fruit delights the maids!
 " Thy pleasing breath excels the citron shades;
 " Thy mouth exceeds rich wine, the words that go 645
 " From those sweet lips with more refreshment flow;
 " Their pow'rful graces slumb'ring souls awake,
 " And cause the dead that hear thy voice to speak."

This anthem sung, the glorious Spouse arose,
 Yet thus instructs the daughters ere she goes. 650
 " If aught, my Damsels! in the Spouse ye find
 " Deserving praises, think the lover kind;
 " To my Belov'd these marriage-robes I owe;
 " I'm his desire, and he would have it so."

Scarce spake the Spouse but see the lover near, 655
 Her humble temper brought the Presence here,
 Then rais'd by grace, and strongly warm'd by love,
 No second languor lets her Lord remove;
 She flies to meet him, zeal supplies the wings,
 And thus her haste to work his will she sings; 660
 " Come, my Beloved! to the fields repair,
 " Come where another spot demands our care;
 " There in the village we'll to rest recline,
 " Mean as it is I try to make it thine.
 " When the first rays their cheering crimson shed, 665
 " We'll rise betime to see the vineyard spread,
 " See vines luxuriant verdur'd leaves display,
 " Supporting tendrils curling all the way,

" See young unpurpled grapes in clusters grow,
 " And smell pomegranate blossoms as they blow; 670
 " There will I give my loves, employ my care,
 " And as my labours thrive approve me there:
 " Scarce have we pass'd my gate the scent we meet,
 " My covering jessamines diffuse their sweet,
 " My spicy flow'rets, mingled as they fly, 675
 " With doubling odours crowd a balmy sky.
 " Now all the fruits which crown the season view,
 " These nearer fruits are old, and those are new,
 " And these, and all of ev'ry loaded tree,
 " My Love! I gather, and reserve for thee. 680
 " If then thy Spouse's labour please thee well,
 " Oh! like my brethren with thy sister dwell;
 " No blameless maid, whose fond caresses meet
 " An infant-brother in the public street,
 " Clings to its lips with less reserve, than I 685
 " Would hang on thine where'er I found thee nigh:
 " No shame would make me from thy side remove,
 " No danger make me not confess thy love.
 " Straight to my mother's house, thine Israel she,
 " (And thou my monarch wouldst arrive with me;) 690
 " 'Tis there I'd lead thee, where I mean to stay
 " Till thou, by her, instruct my soul to pray;
 " There shalt thou prove my virtues, drink my wine,
 " And feel my joy to find me wholly thine.
 " Oh! while my soul were sick thro' fond desire, 695
 " Thine hands should hold me lest my life expire;
 " As round a child the parent's arms are plac'd,
 " This holds the head, and that enfolds the waist."
 " So cast thy cares on me," the Lover cry'd;
 " Lean to my bosom, lean, my lovely Bride! 700
 " And now, ye Daughters of the realm of Bliss!
 " Let nothing discompose a love like this,
 " But guard her rest from each approach of ill;
 " I caus'd her languor, guard her while she will."
 Here pause the lines, but soon the lines renew; 705
 Once more the pair celestial come to view.
 Ah! seek them once, my ravish'd Fancy! more,
 And then thy Songs of Solomon are o'er;

By yon' green bank pursue their orb of light,
The sun shines out, but shines not half so bright; 710
See Salem's maids in white attend the King,
They greet the Spouses—hark to what they sing.

"Who from the desert, where the wand'ring clouds
"High Sinai pierces, comes involv'd in crowds?
" 'Tis she, the Spouse! Oh! favour'd o'er the rest, 715
"Who walks reclin'd by such a lover's breast."

The Spouse, rejoicing, heard the kind salute,
And thus address'd him—all the rest were mute:
"Beneath the law, our goodly parent tree,
"I went, my much Belov'd! in search of thee; 720
"For thee like one in pangs of travail strove,
"Hence none may wonder if I gain thy love.
"As seals their pictures to the wax impart,
"So let my picture stamp thy gentle heart;
"As fix'd the signets on our hands remain, 725
"So fix me thine, and ne'er to part again:
"For Love is strong as Death, whene'er they strike,
"Alike imperious, vainly check'd alike:
"Both dread to lose. Love, mix'd with jealous dread,
"As soon the marble tomb resigns the dead; 730
"Its fatal arrows fiery-pointed fall,
"The fire intense, and thine the most of all;
"To slack the points no chilling floods are found;
"Nay, should afflictions roll like floods around,
"Were wealth of nations offer'd, all wou'd prove 735
"Too small a danger, or a price for love.
"If then with love this world of worth agree,
"With soft regard our little sister see,
"How far unapt as yet, like maids that own
"No breasts at all, or breasts but hardly grown. 740
"Her part of proselyte is scarce a part,
"Too much a Gentile at her erring heart;
"Her day draws nearer; what have we to do
"Left she be ask'd, and prove unworthy too?"
"Despair not, Spouse!" he cries, "we'll find the
means;
745
"Her good beginnings ask the greater pains:

"Let
"Is n
"Wh
"Till
"The
"If
"The
"We
"Rap
"Anc
"Wh
"Wh
"Yes
"Nov
"Lar
"A t
"The
"Anc
The lo
Thus
"A
"The
"His
"A t
"Anc
"A l
"Let
"He
"Min
"Anc
"My
"Wh
"I sa
"Anc
"A d
"Nov
"Say
"Say
He sp
(But

" Let her but stand she thrives: a wall too low
 " Is not rejected for the standing so:
 " What falls is only lost: we'll build her high,
 " Till the rich palace glitters in the sky. 750
 " The door that's weak, (what need we spare the cost?)
 " If 'tis a door, we need not think it lost;
 " The leaves she brings us, if those leaves be good,
 " We'll close in cedar's uncorrupting wood."

Rapt with the news, the Spouse converts her eyes, 755
 " And, oh! Companions!" to the maids she cries,
 " What joys are ours, to hail the nuptial day
 " Which calls our sister!—Hark, I hear her say,
 " Yes, I'm a wall: lo! she that boasted none,
 " Now boasts of breasts unmeasurably grown; 760
 " Large tow'ry buildings, where securely rests
 " A thousand thousand of my lover's guests;
 " The vast increase affords his heart delight,
 " And I find savour in his heav'nly sight."
 The lover here, to make her rapture last, 765
 Thus adds assurance to the promise past.

" A spacious vineyard in Baal-Hamon vale,
 " The vintage set by Solomon to sale,
 " His keepers took, and ev'ry keeper paid
 " A thousand purses for the gains he made. 770
 " And I've a vintage too; his vintage bleeds
 " A large increase, but my return exceeds.
 " Let Solomon receive his keepers' pay,
 " He gains his thousand, their two hundred they;
 " Mine is mine own, 'tis in my presence still, 775
 " And shall increase the more the more she will.
 " My Love! my Vineyard! Oh the future shoots
 " Which fill my garden-rows with sacred fruits!
 " I saw the list'ning maids attend thy voice,
 " And in their list'ning saw their eyes rejoice; 780
 " A due success thy words of comfort met,
 " Now turn to me—'tis I would hear thee yet.
 " Say, Dove! and Spotless! for I must away;
 " Say, Spouse! and Sister! all you wish to say."
 He spake, the place was bright with lambent fire, 785
 (But what is brightness if the Christ retire?)

Gold-bord'ring purple mark'd his road in air,
And kneeling all, the Spouse address'd the pray'r:

- "Desire of Nations! if thou must be gone,
"Accept our wishes all! compris'd in one; 790
"We wait thine advent; oh! we long to see,
"I and my sister, both as one in thee.
"Then leave thy heav'n, and come and dwell below.
"Why said I leave?—'tis heav'n where'er you go.
"Haste, my Belov'd! thy promise haste to crown; 795
"The form thou'lt honour waits thy coming down;
"Nor let such swiftness in the roes be shown
"To save themselves, as thine to save thine own.
"Haste like the nimblest harts, that lightly bound
"Before the stretches of the swiftest hound, 800
"With reaching feet devour a level way,
"Across their backs their branching antlers lay,
"In the cool dews their bending body ply,
"And brush the spicy mountains as they fly." 804



THUS
Fro
And now
Broad b
O Leban
Since I
Swift
A wilde
Wide se
And sto
Then go
The pro
He sees
He pays
Ah!
What is
What F
And the
Here G
The clo
Strong
And the
The vel
Works
The fai
Furl th
Each se
In vain
Yet Jon
In all t
To who
"Our
But
"To
"Let's
And w

JONAH.

THUS sung the king—Some angel reach a bough
From Eden's tree to crown the wisest brow.

And now, thou fairest garden ever made,
Broad banks of spices, blossom'd walks of shade,
O Lebanon! where much I love to dwell,
Since I must leave thee, Lebanon! farewell.

5

Swift from my soul the fair idea flies,
A wilder sight the changing scene supplies:
Wide seas come rolling to my future page,
And storms stand ready when I call to rage.
Then go where Joppa crowns the winding shore,
The prophet Jonah just arrives before;
He sees a ship unmooring, soft the gales,
He pays, and enters, and the vessel sails.

10

Ah! wouldst thou fly thy God? Rash man, forbear;
What land so distant but thy God is there?

16

What Reason! cease thy voice.—They run the deep,
And the tir'd prophet lays his limbs to sleep.

Here God speaks louder, sends a storm to sea,
The clouds remove to give the vengeance way;

20

Strong blasts come whistling, by degrees they roar,
And shove big surges tumbling on to shore:

The vessel bounds, then rolls, and ev'ry blast
Works hard to tear her by the groaning mast;

The sailors, doubling all their shouts and cares,
Furl the white canvas, and cast forth the wares;

25

Each seeks the god their native regions own;
In vain they seek them, for those gods were none:

Yet Jonah slept the while, who solely knew,
In all that number, where to find the true:

30

To whom the pilot; "Sleeper! rise and pray;
Our gods are deaf; may thine do more than they."

But thus the rest; "Perhaps we waft a foe
To Heav'n itself, and that's our cause of woe;

"Let's seek by lots, if Heav'n be pleas'd to tell,"
And what they sought by lots on Jonah fell.

36

"Then whence he came, and who, and what, and why?"

Thus rag'd the tempest, all confus'dly cry;
Each preis'd in haste to get his question heard,
When Jonah stops them with a grave regard.

"An Hebrew man you see, who God revere;
"He made this world, and makes this world his care:
"His the whirl'd sky, these waves that lift their head,
"And his yon' land on which you long to tread:
"He charg'd me late to Nineveh repair,
"And to their face denounce his sentence there.
"Go, said the vision, Prophet, preach to all,
"Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall fall.
"But well I knew him gracious to forgive,
"And much my zeal abhorr'd the bad should live, 50
"And if they turn they live; then what were I
"But some false prophet when they fail to die?
"Or what, I fancy'd, had the Gentiles, too,
"With Hebrew prophets, and their God, to do?
"Drawn by the wilful thoughts my soil I run,
"I fled his presence, and the work's undone." 55

The storm increases as the prophet speaks,
O'er the toss'd ship a foaming billow breaks,
She rises pendent on the lifted waves,
And thence descends a thousand wat'ry graves,
Then downward rushing, wat'ry mountains hide
Her bulk beneath in deaths on ev'ry side.

"O!" cry the sailors all, "thy fast was ill;
"Yet, if a prophet, speak thy Master's will;
"What part is ours with thee? can aught remain 65
"To bring the blessings of a calm again?"

Then Jonah—"Mine's the death will best atone,
"(And God is pleas'd that I pronounce my own.)
"Arise, and cast me forth; the wind will cease,
"The sea subsiding wear the looks of peace, 70
"And you securely steer; for well I see
"Myself the criminal, the storm for me."

Yet pity moves for one that owns a blame,
And awe resulting from a prophet's name;

Love ple
Fears pl
If then
They th
Perhaps
And G
For this
But God
The
Low bla
Thick l
Loud th
A dread
And his
Then
"Who
"From
"To u
"In all
"And
This
A surge
Then st
The rai
The clo
Thro' e
The sea
A while
By grac
And fal
The lion
And nu
If on t
Then f
Murm'
And th
Bleis
That w
Then m
Remoar

JONAH.

205

Love pleads, he kindly meant for them to die,
 Fears plead against him, lest they pow'r defy:
 If then to aid the flight abets the sin,
 They think to land him where they took him in:
 Perhaps to quit the cause might end the woe,
 And God appeasing, let the vessel go. 80
 For this they fix their oars, and strike the main,
 But God withstands them, and they strike in vain.

The storm increases more with want of light;
 Low black'ning clouds involve the ship in night;
 Thick batt'ring rains fly thro' the driving skies; 85
 Loud thunder bellows, darted lightning flies;
 A dreadful picture night-born Horror drew,
 And his or theirs, or both their fates, they view.

Then thus to God they cry; "Almighty Pow'r,
 "Whom we ne'er knew till this despairing hour, 90
 "From this devoted blood thy servants free;
 "To us he's innocent, if so to thee;
 "In all the past we see thy wondrous hand,
 "And that he perish think it thy command."

This pray'r perform'd, they cast the prophet o'er,
 A surge receives him, and he mounts no more; 96
 Then stills the thunder, cease the flames of blue,
 The rains abated, and the winds withdrew,
 The clouds ride off, and, as they march away,
 Thro' ev'ry breaking shoots a cheerful day; 100
 The sea, which rag'd so loud, accepts the prize;
 A while it rolls, then all the tempest dies;
 By gradual sinking flat the surface grows,
 And safe the vessel with the sailors goes.

The lion thus, that bounds the fences o'er, 105
 And makes the mountain-echoes learn to roar,
 If on the lawn a branching deer he rend,
 Then falls his hunger, all his roarings end;
 Murm'ring awhile, to rest his limbs he lays,
 And the freed lawn enjoys its herd at ease. 110

Bleis'd with the sudden calm, the sailors own
 That wretched Jonah worshipp'd right alone,
 Then make their vows, the victim-sheep prepare,
 Bemoan the prophet, and the God reverse.

Now, tho' you fear to lose the pow'r to breathe;
 Now tho' you tremble, Fancy! dive beneath; 115
 What worlds of wonders in the deep are seen,
 But this the greatest—Jonah lives within!
 The man who fondly fled the Maker's view,
 Strange as the crime has found a dungeon too. 120
 God sent a monster of the frothing sea,
 Fit by the bulk, to gorge the living prey;
 And lodge him still alive; this hulk receives
 The falling prophet as he dash'd the waves:
 There newly wak'd, from fancy'd death he lies, 125
 And oft' again in apprehension dies,
 While three long days and nights depriv'd of sleep,
 He turn'd and tols'd him up and down the deep;
 He thinks the judgment of the strangest kind,
 And much he wonders what the Lord design'd; 130
 Yet since he lives, the gift of life he weighs,
 That's time for pray'r, and thus a ground for praise
 "From the dark entrails of the whale to thee,
 " (This new contrivance of a hell to me,)
 "To thee, my God! I cry'd; my full distress 135
 "Pierc'd thy kind ear, and brought my soul redress
 "Cast to the deep, I fell by thy command,
 "Cast in the midst beyond the reach of land;
 "Then to the midst brought down, the seas abide
 "Beneath my feet, the seas on ev'ry side; 140
 "In storms the billow, and in calms the wave,
 "Are moving cov'rings to my wand'ring grave.
 "Forc'd by despair I cry'd, how to my cost
 "I fled thy presence, oh! for ever lost!
 "But hope revives my soul, and makes me say, 145
 "Yet tow'rd's thy temple shall I turn and pray;
 "Or if I know not here where Salem lies,
 "Thy Temple's heav'n, and faith has inward eyes.
 "Alas! the waters which my whale surround
 "Have thro' my sorrowing soul a passage found; 150
 "And now the dungeon moves, new depths I try,
 "New thoughts of danger all his paths supply.
 "The last of deeps affords the last of dread,
 "And wraps his funeral weeds around my head:

30

fe

133

els

c

14

14

yes.

; 15

ry,

i:



Thus says the prophet, first from Isaiah, God
 To let the Gentiles know they must repent
 God hears and speaks the whale at Goshen
 Emerges to the light and casts him forth to land

This Daniel page 474 1791

Printed for C. Cooke, Stationer Row Sep 17 1796

Painted by T. Kirk

Engraved by N. Pons

" Now
 " Wh
 " An
 " Ear
 " Yet
 " Ha
 " Stil
 " My
 " 'T
 " An
 " Th
 " For
 " Bu
 " Th
 " W
 " Sal
 Th
 To l
 God
 Heav
 W
 Opp
 His
 Stare
 Ther
 And
 T
 He r
 Strai
 (Th
 Prea
 Yet
 Fear
 All
 N
 Hel
 But
 The
 " A
 " T

" Now o'er the sand his rollings seem to go, 155
 " Where the big mountains root their base below ;
 " And now to rocks and clefts their course they take,
 " Earth's endless bars, too strong for me to break :
 " Yet from th' abyfs, my God! thy grace divine
 " Hath call'd him upward, and my life is mine. 160
 " Still as I tofs'd, I scarce retain'd my breath;
 " My soul was sick within, and faint to death.
 " 'Twas then I thought of thee, for pity pray'd,
 " And to thy temple flew the pray'rs I made.
 " The men whom lying vanity ensnares 165
 " Forfakc thy mercy, that which might be theirs ;
 " But I will pay—My God! my King! receive
 " The solemn vows my full affection gave,
 " When in the temple for a psalm I sing
 " Salvation only from my God, my King." 170

Thus ends the prophet, first from Canaan sent
 To let the Gentiles know they must repent :
 God hears and speaks ; the whale at God's command
 Heaves to the light, and casts him forth to land.

With long fatigue, with unexpected ease, 175
 Oppress'd a while, he lies aside the seas ;
 His eyes, tho' glad, in strange astonish'd way
 Stare at the golden front of cheerful Day ;
 Then, slowly rais'd, he sees the wonder plain,
 And what he pray'd he wrote to sing again. 180

The song recorded brings his vow to mind,
 He must be thankful, for the Lord was kind ;
 Straight to the work he shunn'd he flies in haste,
 (That seems his vow, or seems a part at least,)
 Preaching he comes, and thus denounc'd to all, 185
 Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall fall ;
 Fear seiz'd the Gentiles, Nineveh believes,
 All fast with penitence, and God forgives.

Nor yet of use the prophet's suff'ring fails ;
 Hell's deep black bosom more than shews the whales :
 But some resemblance brings a type to view ; 191
 The place was dark, the time proportion'd too.
 " A race," the Saviour cries, " a sinful race,
 " Tempts for a sign the pow'rs of heav'nly grace ;

“ And let them take the sign; As Jonah lay
 “ Three days and nights within the fish of prey,
 “ So shall the Son of man descend below,
 “ Earth's op'ning entrails shall retain him so.”

My Soul! now seek the song, and find me there
 What Heav'n has shewn thee to repel despair. 200
 See where from hell she breaks the crumbling ground,
 Her hairs stand upright, and they stare around;
 Her horrid front deep-trenching wrinkles trace,
 Lean sharp'ning looks deform her livid face;
 Bent lie the brows, and at the bend below 205
 With fire and blood two wand'ring eye-balls glow:
 Fill'd are her arms with num'rous aids to kill,
 And God she fancies but the Judge of ill.
 Oh, fair-ey'd Hope! thou see'st the passion nigh,
 Daughter of Promise, oh! forbear to fly; 210
 Assurance holds thee, Fear would have thee go,
 Close thy blue wings, and stand thy deadly foe;
 The Judge of ill is still the Lord of grace,
 As such behold him in the prophet's case,
 Cast to be drown'd, devour'd within the sea, 215
 Sunk to the deep, and yet restor'd to day.

Oh, love the Lord, my Soul! whose parent care
 So rules the world he punishes to spare.
 If heavy grief my downcast heart oppresses,
 My body danger, or my state distress, 220
 With low submission in thy temper bow,
 Like Jonah pray, like Jonah make thy vow;
 With hopes of comfort kiss the chast'ning rod,
 And, shunning mad despair, repose in God;
 Then whatso'er the prophet's vow design,
 Repentance, thanks, and charity, be mine. 226



HEZEKIAH.

FROM the bleak beach, and broad expanse of sea,
To lofty Salem, Thought! direct thy way,
Mount thy light chariot, move along the plains,
And end thy flight when Hezekiah reigns.

How swiftly Thought has pass'd from land to land,
And quite outrun Time's meas'ring glass of sand! 6
Great Salem's walls appear, and I resort
To view the state of Hezekiah's court.

Well may that king a pious verse inspire,
Who cleans'd the Temple, who reviv'd the choir, 10
Pleas'd with the service David fix'd before,
That heav'nly music might on earth adore.

Deep-rob'd in white he made the Levites stand,
With cymbals, harps, and psalt'ries in their hand;
He gave the priests their trumpets, prompt to raise 15
The tuneful soul by force of sound to praise:

A skilful master for the song he chose,
The songs were David's these, and Asaph's those:
Then burns their off'ring, all around rejoice,
Each tunes his instrument to join the voice; 20
The trumpets sounded, and the fingers sung,
The people worshipp'd, and the Temple rung:
Each, while the victim burns, presents his heart,
Then the priest blesses, and the people part.

Hail, sacred Music! since you know to draw 25
The soul to heav'n, the spirit to the law,
I come to prove thy force; thy warbling string
May tune my soul to write what others sing.

But is this Salem? this the promis'd bliss,
These sighs and groans? what means the realm by
this? 30

What solemn sorrow dwells in ev'ry street!
What fear confounds the downcast looks I meet!
Alas, the King! Whole nations sink with woe
When righteous kings are summon'd hence to go.

The King lies sick, and thus to speak his doom 35
 The prophet, grave Isaiah, stalks the room :
 " Oh, Prince! thy servant, sent from God, believe;
 " Set all in order, for thou can'st not live."
 Solemn he said, and sighing left the place;
 Deep prints of horror furrow'd ev'ry face, 40
 Within their minds appear eternal glooms,
 Black gaping marbles of their monarchs' tombs ;
 A king belov'd deceas'd, his offspring none,
 And wars destructive ere they fix the throne.
 Straight to the wall he turn'd with dark despair, 45
 ('Twas tow'rs the Temple, or for private pray'r,)
 And thus to God the pious monarch spoke,
 Who burn'd the groves, the brazen serpent broke ;
 " Remember, Lord ! with what a heart for right,
 " What care for truth, I walk'd within thy sight." 50
 'Twas thus with terror, pray'rs, and tears, he
 tofs'd,
 When the mid-court the grave Isaiah cross'd,
 Whom, in the cedar columns of the square,
 Meets a sweet angel hung in glitt'ring air :
 Seiz'd with a trance he stopp'd ; before his eye 55
 Clears a rais'd arch of visionary sky,
 Where, as a minute pass'd, the greater light
 Purpling appear'd, and south'd and set in night ;
 A moon succeeding leads the starry train,
 She glides, and sinks her silver horns again : 60
 A second fancy'd morning drives the shades ;
 Clos'd by the dark the second ev'ning fades ;
 The third bright dawn awakes, and straight he sees
 The Temple rise, the monarch on his knees.
 Pleas'd with the scene, his inward thoughts rejoice, 65
 When thus the guardian angel form'd a voice :
 " Now tow'rs the captain of my people go,
 " And, Seer! relate him what thy visions show ;
 " The Lord has heard his words, and seen his tears,
 " And thro' fifteen extends his future years." 70
 Here to the room, prepar'd with dismal black,
 The prophet turning, brought the comfort back.

"Oh, Monarch, hail!" he cry'd; "thy words are heard,

"Thy virtuous actions meet a kind regard;

"God gives thee fifteen years; when thrice a-day 75

"Shews the round sun, within the Temple pray."

"When thrice the day!" surpris'd, the monarch cries,

"When thrice the sun! what pow'r have I to rise!

"But if thy comfort's human or divine,

"'Tis short to prove it—give thy prince a sign." 80

"Behold," the prophet cry'd (and stretch'd his hands)

"Against yon' lattice where the dial stands,

"Now shall the sun a backward journey go

"Thro' ten drawn lines, or leap to ten below."

"'Tis easier posting Nature's airy track," 85

Replies the monarch; "Let the sun go back."

Attentive here he gaz'd, the prophet pray'd,

Back went the sun, and back pursu'd the shade.

Cheer'd by the sign, and by the prophet heal'd,

What sacred thanks his gratitude reveal'd! 90

As sickly swallows, when a summer ends,

Who miss'd the passage with their flying friends,

Take to a wall, there lean the languid head,

While all who find them think the sleepers dead,

If yet their warmth new days of summer bring, 95

They wake, and joyful flutter up to sing;

So far'd the monarch; sick to death he lay,

His court despair'd, and watch'd the last decay;

At length new favour shines, new life he gains,

And rais'd he sings; 'tis thus the song remains: 100

"I said, my God! when in the loath'd disease

"Thy prophet's words cut off my future days,

"Now to the grave with mournful haste I go,

"Now Death unbars his sable gates below.

"How might my years by course of nature last? 105

"But thou pronounc'd it, and the prospect past.

"I said, my God! thy servant now no more

"Shall in thy Temple's sacred courts adore;

"No more on earth with living man converse,

"Shrunk in a cold uncomfortable herse.

" My life, like tents which wand'ring shepherds raise,
 " Proves a short dwelling, and removes at ease.
 " My sins pursue me; see the deadly band;
 " My God, who sees them, cuts me from the land;
 " As when a weaver finds his labour sped, 115
 " Swift from the beam he parts the fast'ning thread;
 " With pining sickness all from night to day,
 " From day to night, he makes my strength decay;
 " Reck'ning the time, I roll with restless groans,
 " Till with a lion's force he crush my bones; 120
 " New morning dawns, but, like the morning past,
 " 'Tis day, 'tis night, and still my sorrows last.
 " Now screaming like the crane my words I spoke,
 " Now like the swallow, chatt'ring, quick, and broke;
 " Now like the doleful dove, when on the plains 125
 " Her mourning tone affects the list'ning swains,
 " To heav'n for aid my wearying eyes I throw,
 " At length they're weary'd quite, and sink with woe;
 " From Death's arrest for some delays I sue,
 " Thou, Lord! who judg'd me, thou repriev'd me too.
 " Rapture of joy! what can thy servant say? 131
 " He sent his prophet to prolong my day;
 " Thro' my glad limbs I feel the wonder run,
 " Thus said the Lord, and this himself has done.
 " Soft shall I walk, and, well secur'd from fears, 135
 " Possess the comforts of my future years.
 " Keep soft my heart, keep humble while they roll,
 " Nor e'er forget my bitterness of soul.
 " 'Tis by the means thy sacred words supply
 " That mankind live, but in peculiar I: 140
 " A second grant thy mercy pleas'd to give,
 " And my rais'd spirits doubly seem to live.
 " Behold the time! when peace adorn'd my reign,
 " 'Twas then I felt my stroke of humbling pain;
 " Corruption dug her pit, I fear'd to sink, 145
 " God lov'd my soul, and snatch'd me from the brink;
 " He turn'd my follies from his gracious eye,
 " As men who pass accounts, and cast them by.

" What mouth has Death which can thy praise proclaim ?

" What tongue the Grave, to speak thy glorious name ?

" Or will the senseless dead exult with mirth, 151

" Mov'd to their hope by promises on earth ?

" The living, Lord ! the living only praise,

" The living only fit to sing thy lays ;

" These feel thy favours, these thy Temple see, 155

" These raise the song, as I this day, to thee :

" Nor will thy truth the present only reach,

" This the good fathers shall their offspring teach,

" Report the blessings which adorn my page,

" And hand their own with mine from age to age.

" So when the Maker heard his creature crave, 161

" So kindly rose his ready will to save.

" Then march we solemn tow'rs the Temple door,

" While all our joyful music sounds before ;

" There on this day thro' all my life appear, 165

" When this comes round in each returning year ;

" There strike the strings, our voices jointly raise,

" And let his dwellings hear my songs of praise."

Thus wrote the monarch, and I'll think the lay
Design'd for public when he went to pray ; 170

I'll think the perfect composition runs,

Perform'd by Heman's or Jeduthan's sons.

Then since the time arrives the seer foretold,

And the third morning rolls an orb of gold,

With thankful zeal recover'd, Prince ! prepare 175

To lead thy nation to the dome of pray'r.

My Fancy takes her chariot once again,

Moves the rich wheels, and mingles in thy train ;

She sees the fingers reach Moriah's hill,

The minstrels follow, then the porches fill ; 180

She wakes the num'rous instruments of art,

That each perform its own adapted part ;

Seeks airs expressive of thy grateful strains,

And list'ning hears the vary'd tune she feigns.

From a grave pitch to speak the monarch's woe, 185

The notes flow down, and deeply sound below,

All long-continuing, while depriv'd of ease
 He rolls for tedious nights and heavy days.
 Here intermix'd with discord, when the crane
 Screams in the notes thro' sharper sense of pain ; 190
 There run with descant on, and taught to shake
 When pangs repeated force the voice to break ;
 Now like the dove they murmur, till in sighs
 They fall, and languish with the failing eyes :
 Then slowly slack'ning, to surprise the more, 195
 From a dead pause his exclamations soar ;
 To meet brisk Health the notes ascending fly,
 Live with the living, and exult on high :
 Yet still distinct in parts the music plays,
 Till prince and people both are call'd to praise ; 200
 Then all uniting strongly strike the string,
 Put forth their utmost breath, and loudly sing ;
 The wide-spread chorus fills the sacred ground,
 And holy transport scales the clouds with sound.

Or thus, or livelier, if their hand and voice 205
 Join'd the good anthem, might the realm rejoice.

This story known, the learn'd Chaldeans came,
 Drawn by the sign observ'd, or mov'd by fame ;
 These ask the fact for Hezekiah done,
 And much they wonder at their god the sun, 210
 That thrice he drove, thro' one extent of day,
 His gold-shod horses in ethereal way ;
 Then vainly ground their guesses on Nature's laws ;
 The soundest knowledge owns a greater cause.

Faith knows the fact transcends, and bids me find
 What help for practice here incites the mind ; 216
 Straight to the song, the thankful song, I move ;
 May such the voice of ev'ry creature prove,
 If ev'ry creature meets its share of woe,
 And for kind rescues ev'ry creature owe ; 220
 In public so thy Maker's praise proclaim,
 Nor what you begg'd with tears conceal with shame.

'Tis there the ministry thy name repeat,
 And tell what mercies were vouchsaf'd of late,
 Then joins the church, and begs thro' all our days 225
 Not only with our lips but lives to praise.

'Tis there our sov'reigns for a single day
The feast proclaim'd, their signal thanks repay:
O'er the long streets we see the chariots wheel,
And, following, think of Hezekiah still; 230
In the blest dome we meet the white-rob'd choir;
In whose sweet notes our ravish'd souls aspire;
Side answ'ring side, we hear and bear a part,
All warm'd with language from the grateful heart;
Or raise the song, where meeting keys rejoice, 235
And teach the base to wed the treble voice;
Arts soft'ning echoes in the music sound;
And answ'ring natures from the roof rebound.
Here close, my Verse! the service asks no more;
Bless thy good God, and give the transport o'er. 240



HABAKKUK.

NOW leave the porch, to vision now retreat,
Where the next rapture glows with varying heat :
Now change the time, and change the Temple scene,
The following seer forewarns a future reign.
To some retirement where the prophets' sons
Indulge their holy flight my fancy runs ;
Some sacred college, built for praise and pray'r,
And heav'nly dream, she seeks Habakkuk there.
Perhaps 'tis there he moans the nation's sin,
Hears the word come, or feels the fit within ;
Or sees the vision fram'd with angels' hands,
And dreads the judgments of revolted lands ;
Or holds a converse if the Lord appear,
And, like Elijah, wraps his face for fear :
This deep recess portends an act of weight,
A message lab'ring with the work of Fate.

Methinks the skies have lost their lovely blue,
A storm rides fiery, thick the clouds ensue.
Fall'n to the ground, with prostrate face I lie,
Oh ! 'twere the same in this to gaze and die.
But hark, the prophet's voice ! my pray'rs complain
Of labour spent, of preaching urg'd in vain.
And must, my God ! thy sorrowing servant still
Quit my lone joys to walk this world of ill,
Where spoiling rages, strife and wrong command, 25
And the slack'd laws no longer curb the land ?

At this a strange and more than human sound
Thus breaks the cloud, and daunts the trembling
ground :

" Behold, ye Gentiles ! wond'ring all behold,
" What scarce ye credit tho' the work be told, 30
" For, lo ! the proud Chaldean troops I raise,
" To march the breadth, and all the region seize,
" Fierce as the prowling wolves at close of day,
" And swift as eagles in pursuit of prey :
" As eastern winds to blast the season blow,
" For blood and rapine flies the dreadful foe, 35

"Leads the sad captives countless as the sand,
 "Derides the princes, and destroys the land;
 "Yet these triumphant grown offend me more,
 "And only thank the gods they chose before." 40
 "Art thou not Holiest!" here the prophet cries,
 "Supreme, Eternal, of the purest eyes?
 "And shall those eyes the wicked realms regard,
 "Their crimes be great, yet vict'ry their reward?
 "Shall these still ravage more and more to reign, 45
 "Draw the full net, and cast to fill again?
 "As watchmen silent sit, I wait to see
 "How solves my doubt, what speaks the Lord to me."
 "Then go," the Lord replies, "suspend thy fears,
 "And write the vision for a term of years. 50
 "Thy foes will feel their turn when those are past:
 "Wait, tho' it tarry; sure it comes at last.
 "'Tis for their rapine, lusts, and thirst of blood,
 "And all their unprotected gods of wood:
 "The Lord is present on his sacred hill; 55
 "Cease thy weak doubts, and let the world be still."
 Here Terror leaves me with exalted head,
 I breathe fine air, and find the vision fled;
 The seer withdrawn, inspir'd, and urg'd to write,
 By the warm influence of the sacred sight. 60
 His writing finish'd, prophet-like array'd,
 He brings the burthen on the region laid;
 His hands a tablet and a volume bear;
 The tablet threat'nings, and the volume pray'r;
 Both for the Temple, where, to shun decay, 65
 Enroll'd the works of Inspiration lay;
 And awful oft' he stops, or marches slow,
 While the dull'd nation hears him preach their woe.
 Arriv'd at length, with grave concern for all,
 He fix'd his table on the sacred wall. 70
 'Twas large inscrib'd, that those who run might read,
 "Habakkuk's burthen by the Lord decreed;
 "For Judah's sins her empire is no more,
 "The fierce Chaldeans bathe her realm in gore."
 Next to the priest his volume he resign'd; 75
 'Twas pray'r with praises mix'd, to raise the mind;

'Twas facts recounted which their fathers knew,
 'Twas pow'r in wonders manifest to view;
 'Twas comfort rais'd on love already past,
 And hope that former love returns at last.

The priests within the prophesy convey'd,
 The fingers' tunes to join his anthem made:
 Hear and attend the words; and, holy Thou!
 That help'd the prophet, help the poet now.

"O Lord! who rules the world, with mortal ear 25
 "I've heard thy judgments, and I shake for fear.
 "O Lord! by whom their number'd years we find,
 "E'en in the midst receive the drooping mind;
 "E'en in the midst thou canst—then make it known
 "Thy love, thy will, thy pow'r, to save thine own.
 "Remember mercy tho' thine anger burn, 95
 "And soon to Salem bid thy flock return.
 "O Lord! who gav'st it with an outstretch'd hand,
 "We well remember how thou gav'st the land.

"God came from Teman; southward sprung the 95
 flame;
 "From Paron mount the One that's holy came;
 "A glitt'ring glory made the desert blaze,
 "High heav'n was cover'd, earth was fill'd with praise
 "Dazzling the brightness, not the sun so bright,
 " 'Twas here the pure substantial fount of light 100
 "Shot from his hand and side in golden streams,
 "Came forward effluent horny-pointed beams:
 "Thus shone his coming as sublimely fair
 "As bounded Nature has been fram'd to bear;
 "But all his further marks of grandeur hid, 105
 "Nor what he could was known, but what he did:
 "Dire plagues before him ran at his command,
 "To waste the nations in the Promis'd Land;
 "A scorching flame went forth where'er he trod,
 "And burning fevers were the coals of God: 110
 "Fix'd on the mount he stood, his meas'ring reed
 "Marks the rich realms for Jacob's seed decreed;
 "He looks with anger, and the nations fly
 "From the fierce sparklings of his dreadful eye;

"He turns, the mountain shakes its awful brow; 115
"Awful he turns, and hills eternal bow.
"How glory there, how terror here, displays
"His great, unknown, yet everlasting ways!
"I see the sable tents along the strand
"Where Cushan wander'd desolately stand, 120
"And Midian's high pavilions shake with dread,
"While the tam'd seas thy rescu'd nation tread.
"What burst the path? what made the Lord engage?
"Could waters anger, seas incite, thy rage,
"That thus thine horses force the foaming tide, 125
"And all the chariots of salvation ride?
"Thy bow was bare for what thy mercy swore,
"Those oaths, that promise, Israel had before.
"The rock that felt thee cleav'd, the rivers flow,
"The wond'ring desert lends them beds below. 130
"Thy might the mountains' heaving shocks confest,
"High-shatter'd Horeb trembled o'er the rest:
"Great Jordan pals'd its nether waters by,
"Its upper waters rais'd the voice on high:
"Safe in the deep we went, the liquid wall 135
"Curling arose, and had no leave to fall:
"The sun effulgent, and the moon serene,
"Stopp'd by thy will, their heav'nly course refrain:
"The voice was man's, yet both the voice obey,
"Till wars completed close the lengthen'd day. 140
"Thy glitt'ring spears, thy rattling darts prevail,
"Thy spears of lightning, and thy darts of hail.
"Twas thou that march'd against the Heathen band,
"Rage in thy visage, and thy flail in hand; 144
"Twas thou that went before to wound their head,
"The captain follow'd where the Saviour led:
"Torn from their earth they feel the desp'rate wound,
"And pow'r unfounded fails for want of ground.
"With village-war thy Tribes, where'er they go,
"Distress the remnant of the scatter'd foe; 150
"Yet mad they rush'd as whirling wind descends,
"And deem'd for friendless those the Lord befriends.
"Thy trampling horse from sea to sea subdue,
"The bounding ocean left no more to do.

" O when I heard what thou vouchsaf'dst to win 155
 " With works of wonder must be lost for sin,
 " I quak'd thro' fear, the voice forsook my tongue,
 " Or at my lips with quiv'ring accent hung;
 " Dry leanness ent'ring to my marrow came,
 " And ev'ry loos'ning nerve unstrung my frame. 160
 " How shall I rest, in what protecting shade,
 " When the day comes, and hostile troops invade?
 " Tho' neither blossoms on the fig appear,
 " Nor vines with clusters deck the purpling year;
 " Tho' all our labours olive-trees belie, 165
 " Tho' fields the substance of the bread deny;
 " Tho' flocks are sever'd from the silent fold,
 " And the rais'd stalls no lowing cattle hold,
 " Yet shall my soul be glad, in God rejoice,
 " Yet to my Saviour will I lift my voice, 170
 " Yet to my Saviour still my temper sings,
 " What David set to instruments of strings;
 " The Lord's my strength, like hinds he makes my
 " Yon' mount's my refuge, I as safely fleet, [feet;
 " Or (if the song's apply'd) he makes me still 175
 " Expect returning to Moriah's hill."

In all this hymn what daring grandeur shines!
 What darting glory rays among the lines!
 What mountains, earthquakes, clouds, and smokes
 are seen!

What ambient fires conceal the Lord within! 180
 What working wonders give the promis'd place,
 And load the conduct of a stubborn race!
 In all the work a lively fancy flows,
 O'er all the work sincere affection glows,
 While Truth's firm rein the course of Fancy guides,
 And o'er affection zeal divine presides. 186

Borne on the prophet's wings, methinks I fly
 Amongst eternal attributes on high;
 And here I touch at love supremely fair,
 And now at pow'r, anon at mercy there; 190
 So like a warbling bird my tunes I raise
 On those green boughs the Tree of Life displays,

Whose twelve fair fruits each month by turns receives,
 And for the nations healing ope their leaves :
 Then be the nations heal'd, for this I sing,
 Descending softly from the prophet's wing.

195

Thou, World ! attend, the case of Israel see,
 'Twill thus at large refer to God and thee.

If love be shewn thee, turn thine eyes above,
 And pay the duties relative to love ;

200

If pow'r be shewn, and wonderfully so,
 Wonder, and thank, adore, and bow below ;

If pow'r that led thee now no longer lead,
 But brow-bent Justice draws the flaming blade ;
 When love is scorn'd, when sin the sword provokes,

Let tears and pray'rs avert or heal the strokes ;

206

If Justice leaves to wound, and thou to groan
 Beneath new lords in countries not thine own,
 Know this for Mercy's act, and let your lays,
 Grateful in all, recount the cause of praise ;

210

Then love returns, and while no sins divide
 The firm alliance, pow'r will shield thy side.

See the grand round of Providence's care,
 See realms assisted here, and punish'd there ;
 O'er the just circle cast thy wond'ring eyes,
 Thank while you gaze, and study to be wise.

216



MISCELLANIES.

ESSAY ON THE DIFFERENT STYLES OF POETRY.*

TO HENRY LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

“———vatibus addere calcar,
“ Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.”
Hor. Ep. II. 1.

I HATE the vulgar with untuneful mind;
Hearts uninspir'd, and senses unrefin'd.
Hence, ye prophane! I raise the sounding string,
And Bolingbroke descends to hear me sing.

* Allegory is in itself so retired a way of Writing, that it was thought proper to say something beforehand concerning this Piece, which is entirely framed upon it. The design, therefore, is to shew the several Styles which have been made use of by those who have endeavoured to write in verse. The scheme, by which it is carried on, supposes an old Grecian Poet couching his observations or instructions within an Allegory; which Allegory is wrought out upon the single word Flight, as in the figurative way it signifies a thought above the common level: here Wit is made to be Pegasus, and the Poet his Rider, who flies by several countries where he must not touch, by which are meant so many vicious Styles, and arrives at last at the Sublime. This way of Writing is not only very engaging to the fancy, whenever it is well performed, but it has been thought also one of the first that the Poets made use of. Hence arose many of those stories concerning the Heathen Gods, which at first were invented to insinuate Truth and Morality more pleasingly, and which afterwards made Poetry itself more solemn, when they happened to be received into the Heathen Divinity. And indeed there seems to be no likelier way by which a Poetical Genius may yet appear as an Original, than that he should proceed with a full compass of thought and knowledge, either to design his plan, or to beautify the parts of it, in an allegorical manner. We are much beholden to Antiquity for those excellent compositions by which Writers at present form their minds; but it is not so much required of us to adhere merely to their fables, as to observe their manner. For, if we preclude our own invention, Poetry will consist only in expression, or simile, or the application of old stories; and the utmost character to which a Genius can arrive will depend on imitation, or a borrowing from others, which we must agree together not to call stealing, because we take only from the Ancients. There have been Poets amongst ourselves, such as Spenser and Milton, who have successfully ventured further. These instances may let us see that Invention is not bounded by what has been done before: they may open our imaginations, and be one method of preserving us from Writing without schemes. As for what relates any further particularly to this Poem, the Reader will observe, that its aim is Instruction. Perhaps a representation of several mistakes and difficulties, which happen to many who write Poetry, may deter some from attempting what they have not been made for: and perhaps the description of several beauties belonging to it may afford hints towards forming a Genius for delighting and improving mankind. If either of these happen, the Poem is useful; and upon that account its faults may be the more easily excused. *Parvell.*

When Greece could truth in Mystic Fable shroud, 5
 And with delight instruct the listening crowd,
 An ancient Poet (Time has lost his name)
 Deliver'd strains on Verse to future fame.

Still, as he sung, he touch'd the trembling lyre,
 And felt the notes a rising warmth inspire. 10

Ye sweetening Graces, in the Music throng,

Assist my genius, and retrieve the song

From dark oblivion. See, my genius goes

To call it forth. 'Twas thus the Poem rose.

“WIT is the Muses' horse, and bears on high 15

The daring rider to the Muses' sky;

Who, while his strength to mount aloft he tries,

By regions varying in their nature flies.

At first, he riseth o'er a land of toil,

A barren, hard, and undeserving soil, 20

Where only weeds from heavy labour grow,

Which yet the nation prune, and keep for show;

Where couplets jingling on their accent run,

Whose Point of Epigram is sunk to Pun;

Where *wings by fancy never feather'd fly, 25

Where lines by measure form'd in Hatchets lie;

Where Altars stand, erected Porches gape,

And sense is cramp'd while words are par'd to shape;

Where mean Acrostics, labour'd in a frame

On scatter'd letters, raise a painful scheme; 30

And, by confinement in their work, controul

The great enlargings of the boundless soul;

Where if a warrior's elevated fire

Would all the brightest strokes of verse require,

Then straight in Anagram a wretched crew 35

Will pay their undeserving praises too;

While on the rack his poor disjointed name

Must tell its master's character to Fame.

And (if my fire and fears aright presage)

The labouring writers of a future age 40

Shall clear new ground, and grots and caves repair,

To civilize the babbling echoes there.

* These and the like conceits of putting Poems into several shapes by
 the different lengths of lines, are frequent in old Poets of most languages.

Parnell.

Then, while a lover treads a lonely walk,
 His voice shall with its own reflection talk,
 The closing sounds of all the vain device
 Select by trouble frivolously nice,
 Resound through verse, and with a false pretence
 Support the dialogue, and pass for sense.
 Can things like these to lasting praise pretend?
 Can any Muse the worthless toil befriend?
 Ye sacred Virgins, in my thoughts ador'd,
 Ah, be for ever in my lines deplor'd,
 If tricks on words acquire an endless name,
 And trifles merit in the court of Fame!"

45

50

At this the Poet stood concern'd a while,
 And view'd his objects with a scornful smile:
 Then other images of different kind,
 With different workings, enter'd on his mind;
 At whose approach he felt the former gone,
 And shiver'd in conceit, and thus went on:

55

60

"By a cold region next the Rider goes,
 Where all lies cover'd in eternal snows;
 Where no bright Genius drives the chariot high,
 To glitter on the ground, and gild the sky.
 Bleak level Realm, where Frigid Styles abound,
 Where never yet a daring thought was found,
 But counted feet is Poetry defin'd;
 And stary'd conceits, that chill the reader's mind,
 A little sense in many words imply,
 And drag in loitering numbers slowly by.
 Here dry sententious speeches, half asleep,
 Prolong'd in lines, o'er many pages creep;
 Nor ever shew the passions well express'd,
 Nor raise like passions in another's breast.
 Here flat narrations fair exploits debase,
 In measures void of every shining grace;
 Which never arm their hero for the field,
 Nor with prophetic story paint the shield,
 Nor fix the crest, nor make the feathers wave,
 Nor with their characters reward the brave;
 Undeck'd they stand, and unadorn'd with praise,
 And fail to profit while they fail to please.

70

75

80

Her
 It n
 Th
 And
 The
 Nor
 Wh
 And
 Ah,
 Such
 The
 Wh
 But
 Let
 H
 And
 But
 And
 "
 'Tis
 No n
 No n
 Poss
 Wh
 On c
 The
 The
 And
 The
 Wh
 The
 In a
 The
 To c
 The
 Wh
 Till
 One
 Adm
 And

Here forc'd Description is so strangely wrought,
 It never stamps its image on the thought ;
 The lifeless trees may stand for ever bare, 85
 And rivers stop, for aught the readers care ;
 They see no branches trembling in the woods,
 Nor hear the murmurs of increasing floods,
 Which near the roots with ruffled waters flow,
 And shake the shadows of the boughs below. 90
 Ah, sacred Verse ! replete with heavenly flame,
 Such cold endeavours would invade thy name !
 The writer fondly would in these survive,
 Which, wanting spirit, never seem'd alive :
 But, if Applause or Fame attend his pen, 95
 Let breathless statues pass for breathing men."

Here seem'd the Singer touch'd at what he sung,
 And grief a while delay'd his hand and tongue ;
 But soon he check'd his fingers, chose a strain,
 And flourish'd shrill, and thus arose again : 100

" Pass the next region which appears to show :
 'Tis very open, unimprov'd, and low ;
 No noble flights of elevated thought,
 No nervous strength of sense maturely wrought,
 Possess this Realm ; but common turns are there, 105
 Which idly sportive move with childish air.
 On callow wings, and like a plague of flies,
 The little fancies in a Poem rise,
 The jaded Reader every where to strike,
 And move his passions every where alike. 110
 There all the graceful nymphs are forc'd to play
 Where any water bubbles in the way :
 There shaggy Satyrs are oblig'd to rove
 In all the fields, and over all the grove :
 There every star is summon'd from its sphere, 115
 To dress one face, and make Clorinda fair :
 There Cupids fling their darts in every song,
 While Nature stands neglected all along :
 Till the teaz'd hearer, vex'd at last to find
 One constant object still assault the mind, 120
 Admires no more at what's no longer new,
 And hastes to shun the persecuting view.

There bright surprizes of Poetic rage
 (Whose strength and beauty, more confirm'd in age
 For having lasted, last the longer still) 125
 By weak attempts are imitated ill,
 Or carried on beyond their proper light,
 Or with refinement flourish'd out of sight.
 There Metaphors on Metaphors abound,
 And sense by differing images confound: 130
 Strange injudicious management of thought,
 Not born to rage, nor into method brought.
 Ah, sacred Muse! from such a Realm retreat,
 Nor idly waste the influence of thy heat
 On shallow soils, where quick productions rise, 135
 And wither as the warmth that rais'd them dies."

Here o'er his breast a sort of pity roll'd,
 Which something labouring in the mind controul'd,
 And made him touch the loud resounding strings,
 While thus with Music's stronger tones he sings: 140

"Mount higher still, still keep thy faithful seat,
 Mind the firm reins, and curb thy courser's heat;
 Nor let him touch the Realms that next appear,
 Whose hanging turrets seem a fall to fear;
 And strangely stand along the tracts of air, 145
 Where thunder rolls, and bearded comets glare.
 The thoughts that most extravagantly soar,
 The words that sound as if they meant to roar;
 For rant and noise are offer'd here to choice,
 And stand elected by the public voice. 150

All schemes are slighted which attempt to shine
 At once with strange and probable design;
 'Tis here a mean conceit, a vulgar view,
 That bears the least respect to seeming true;
 While every trifling turn of things is seen 155
 To move by Gods descending in machine.
 Here swelling lines with stalking strut proceed,
 And in the clouds terrific rumblings breed;
 Here single heroes deal grim deaths around,
 And armies perish in tremendous sound; 160
 Here fearful monsters are preserv'd to die,
 In such a tumult as affrights the sky;

For which the golden sun shall hide with dread,
 And Neptune lift his sedge-matted head,
 Admire the roar, and dive with dire dismay, 165
 And seek his deepest chambers in the sea.
 To raise their subject thus the lines devise,
 And false extravagance would fain surprize;
 Yet still, ye Gods, ye live untouch'd by fear,
 And undisturb'd at bellowing monsters here: 170
 But with compassion guard the brain of men,
 If thus they bellow through the Poet's pen:
 So will the Reader's eyes discern aright
 The rashest folly from the noblest flight,
 And find that only boast and sound agree 175
 To seem the life and voice of majesty,
 When Writers rampant on Apollo call,
 And bid him enter and possess them all,
 And make his flames afford a wild pretence
 To keep them unrestrain'd by common sense. 180
 Ah, sacred Verse! lest Reason quit thy seat,
 Give none to such, or give a gentler heat."

'Twas here the Singer felt his temper wrought
 By fairer prospects, which arose to thought;
 And in himself a while collected sat, 185
 And much admir'd at this, and much at that;
 Till all the beauteous forms in order ran,
 And then he took their track, and thus began:

"Above the beauties, far above the show
 In which weak Nature dresses here below, 190
 Stands the great palace of the Bright and Fine,
 Where fair ideas in full glory shine;
 Eternal models of exalted parts,
 The pride of minds, and conquerors of hearts.

Upon the first arrival here, are seen 195
 Rang'd walks of bay, the Muses' ever-green,
 Each sweetly springing from some sacred bough,
 Whose circling shade adorn'd a Poet's brow,
 While through the leaves, in unmoledled skies,
 The gentle breathing of applauses flies, 200
 And flattering sounds are heard within the breeze,
 And pleasing murmur runs among the trees,

And falls of water join the flattering sounds,
 And murmur softening from the shore rebounds.
 The warbled melody, the lovely sights,
 The calms of solitude inspire delights,
 The dazzled eyes, the ravish'd ears, are caught,
 The panting heart unites to purer thought,
 And grateful shiverings wander o'er the skin,
 And wondrous ecstasies arise within,
 Whence admiration overflows the mind,
 And leaves the pleasure felt, but undefin'd.
 Stay, daring Rider, now no longer rove;
 Now pass to find the palace through the grove:
 Whate'er you see, whate'er you feel, display
 The Realm you sought for; daring Rider, stay.

205

210

215

Here various Fancy spreads a varied scene,
 And Judgment likes the sight, and looks serene,
 And can be pleas'd itself, and helps to please,
 And joins the work, and regulates the lays.
 Thus, on a plan design'd by double care,
 The building rises in the glittering air,
 With just agreement fram'd in every part,
 And smoothly polish'd with the nicest art.

220

Here laurel-boughs, which ancient heroes wore,
 Now not so fading as they prov'd before,
 Wreath round the pillars which the Poets rear,
 And slope their points to make a foliage there.
 Here chaplets, pull'd in gently-breathing wind,
 And wrought by lovers innocently kind,
 Hung o'er the porch, their fragrant odours give,
 And fresh in lasting song for ever live.
 The shades, for whom with such indulgent care
 Fame wreaths the boughs, or hangs the chaplets there,
 To deathless honours thus preserv'd above,
 For ages conquer, or for ages love.

226

230

235

Here bold Description paints the walls within,
 Her pencil touches, and the world is seen:
 The fields look beauteous in their flowery pride,
 The mountains rear aloft, the vales subside;
 The cities rise, the rivers seem to play,
 And hanging rocks repel the foaming sea;

240

MISCELLANIES.

229

The foaming seas their angry billows show,
Curl'd white above, and darkly roll'd below,
Or cease their rage, and, as they calmly lie,
Return the pleasing pictures of the sky;

245

The skies, extended in an open view,
Appear a lofty distant arch of blue,
In which Description stains the painted bow,
Or thickens clouds, and feathers out the snow,
Or mingles blushes in the morning ray,
Or gilds the noon, or turns an evening gray.

250

Here, on the pedestals of War and Peace,
In different rows, and with a different grace,
Fine Statues proudly ride, or nobly stand,

255

To which Narration with a pointing hand
Directs the sight, and makes examples please
By boldly venturing to dilate in praise;
While chosen beauties lengthen out the song,
Yet make her hearers never think it long.

260

Or if, with closer art, with sprightly mien,
Scarce like herself, and more like Action seen,
She bids their facts in images arise,
And seem to pass before the Reader's eyes,
The words like charms enchanted motion give,

265

And all the Statues of the Palace live.
Then hosts embattled stretch their lines afar,
Their leaders' speeches animate the war,
The trumpets sound, the feather'd arrows fly,
The sword is drawn, the lance is toss'd on high,

270

The brave press on, the fainter forces yield,
And death in different shapes deforms the field.
Or, should the shepherds be dispos'd to play,
Amintor's jolly pipe beguiles the day,
And jocund Echoes dally with the sound,

275

And Nymphs in measures trip along the ground,
And, ere the dews have wet the grass below,
Turn homewards singing all the way they go.
Here, as on circumstance Narrations dwell,
And tell what moves, and hardly seem to tell,

280

The toil of Heroes on the dusty plains,
Or on the green the merriment of Swains,

Reflection speaks : then all the Forms that rose
 In life's enchanted scene themselves compose;
 Whilst the grave voice, controlling all the spells, 285
 With solemn utt'rance, thus the Moral tells :
 " So Public Worth its enemies destroys,
 Or Private Innocence itself enjoys."

Here all the passions, for their greater sway,
 In all the power of words themselves array ; 290
 And hence the soft Pathetic gently charms,
 And hence the bolder fills the breast with arms.
 Sweet Love in numbers finds a world of darts,
 And with Desirings wounds the tender hearts.
 Fair Hope displays its pinions to the wind, 295
 And flutters in the lines, and lifts the mind.
 Brisk Joy with transport fills the rising strain,
 Breaks in the notes, and bounds in every vein.
 Stern Courage, glittering in the sparks of Ire,
 Inflames those lays that set the breast on fire. 300
 Aversion learns to fly with swifter will,
 In numbers taught to represent an ill.
 By frightful accents Fear produces fears;
 By sad expression Sorrow melts to tears:
 And dire Amazement and Despair are brought 305
 By words of Horror through the wilds of thought.
 'Tis thus tumultuous Passions learn to roll;
 Thus, arm'd with Poetry, they win the soul.

Pass further through the Dome, another view
 Would now the pleasures of thy mind renew, 310
 Where oft Description for the colours goes,
 Which raise and animate its native shows;
 Where oft Narration seeks a florid grace
 To keep from sinking ere 'tis time to cease;
 Where easy turns Reflection looks to find, 315
 When Morals aim at dress to please the mind;
 Where lively Figures are for use array'd,
 And these an Action, those a Passion, aid.

There modest Metaphors in order sit,
 With unaffected, undisguising Wit, 320
 That leave their own, and seek another's place,
 Not forc'd, but changing with an easy pace,

To
 And
 B
 In
 Wh
 Brin
 Wit
 And
 As
 And
 Thu
 Look
 T
 Expr
 And
 And
 T
 Whi
 And
 To
 For
 And
 And
 Whe
 And
 In
 T
 Spea
 Nor
 Nor
 The
 The
 The
 And
 T
 Poet
 Wh
 Wo
 'Tis
 Tra

To deck a notion faintly seen before,
And Truth preserves her shape, and shines the more.

By these the beauteous Similies reside, 325

In look more open, in design ally'd,
Who, fond of likeness, from another's face
Bring every feature's corresponding grace,
With near approaches in expression flow,
And take the turn their pattern loves to show; 330

As in a glass the shadows meet the fair,
And dress and practise with resembling air.
Thus Truth by pleasure doth her aim pursue,
Looks bright, and fixes on the doubled view.

There Repetitions one another meet, 335

Expressly strong, or languishingly sweet,
And raise the sort of sentiment they please,
And urge the sort of sentiment they raise.

There close in order are the Questions plac'd,
Which march with art conceal'd in shows of haste,
And work the Reader till his mind be brought 341
To make its answers in the Writer's thought.

For thus the moving Passions seem to throng,
And with their quickness force the soul along;
And thus the soul grows fond they should prevail, 345

When every Question seems a fair appeal;
And if by just degrees of strength they soar,
In steps as equal each affects the more.

There strange Commotion, naturally shown,
Speaks on regardless that she speaks alone, 350

Nor minds if they to whom she talks be near,
Nor cares if that to which she talks can hear.
The warmth of Anger dares an absent Foe;
The words of Pity speak to tears of Woe;
The Love that hopes, on errands sends the breeze;
And Love despairing moans to naked trees. 356

There stand the new Creations of the Muse,
Poetic Persons, whom the Writers use
Whene'er a cause magnificently great
Would fix attention with peculiar weight. 360

'Tis hence that humble Provinces are seen
Transform'd to Matrons with neglected mien,

Who call their Warriors in a mournful sound,
 And shew their Crowns of Turrets on the ground,
 While over Urns reclining Rivers moan 365
 They should enrich a nation not their own.
 'Tis hence the Virtues are no more confin'd
 To be but rules of reason in the mind;
 The heavenly Forms start forth, appear to breathe,
 And in bright shapes converse with men beneath; 370
 And, as a God in combat Valour leads,
 In council Prudence as a Goddess aids.

There Exclamations all the voice employ
 In sudden flushes of Concern or Joy:
 Then seem the sluices, which the Passions bound, 375
 To burst asunder with a speechless sound;
 And then with tumult and surprize they roll,
 And shew the case important in the soul.

There rising Sentences attempt to speak,
 Which Wonder, Sorrow, Shame, or Anger, break;
 But so the Part directs to find the rest, 381
 That what remains behind is more than guess'd.
 Thus fill'd with ease, yet left unfinish'd too,
 The sense looks large within the Reader's view:
 He freely gathers all the Passion means, 385
 And artful silence more than words explains.
 Methinks a thousand Graces more I see,
 And I could dwell—but when would thought be free?
 Engaging Method ranges all the band,
 And smooth Transition joins them hand in hand: 390
 Around the music of my lays they throng,
 Ah, too deserving objects of my song!
 Live, wondrous Palace, live secure of time,
 To Senses Harmony, to Souls sublime,
 And just Proportion all, and great Design, 395
 And lively Colours, and an Air divine.

'Tis here that, guided by the Muses' fire,
 And fill'd with sacred thought, her Friends retire,
 Unbent to care, and unconcern'd with noise,
 To taste repose and elevated joys, 400
 Which in a deep untroubled leisure meet,
 Serenely ravishing, politely sweet.

From hence the Charms that most engage they choose,
And, as they please, the glittering objects use;
While to their Genius, more than Art, they trust,
Yet Art acknowledges their labours just. 406

From hence they look, from this exalted show,
To choose their subject in the world below,
And where an Hero well deserves a name,
They consecrate his acts in song to Fame; 410

Or, if a Science unadorn'd they find,
They smoothe its look to please and teach the mind;
And where a Friendship's generously strong,
They celebrate the knot of souls in song;
Or, if the Verses must inflame Desire, 415

The thoughts are melted, and the words on fire:
But, when the Temples deck'd with glory stand,
And hymns of Gratitude the Gods demand,
Their bosoms kindle with Celestial Love,
And then alone they cast their eyes above. 420

Hail, sacred Verse! ye sacred Muses, hail!
Could I your pleasures with your fire reveal,
The world might then be taught to know you right,
And court your rage, and envy my delight.
But, whilst I follow where your pointed beams 425
My course directing shoot in golden streams,
The bright appearance dazzles Fancy's eyes,
And weary'd-out the fix'd Attention lies;
Enough, my Verses, have you work'd my breast,
I'll seek the sacred Grove, and sink to rest." 430

No longer now the ravish'd Poet sung,
His voice in easy cadence left the tongue;
Nor o'er the music did his fingers fly,
The sounds ran tingling, and they seem'd to die.

O, Bolingbroke! O Favourite of the skies, 435
O born to gifts by which the noblest rise,
Improv'd in arts by which the brightest please,
Intent to business, and polite for ease;
Sublime in eloquence, where loud applause
Hath stil'd thee Patron of a nation's cause. 440
'Twas there the world perceiv'd and own'd thee great,
Thence Anna call'd thee to the reins of State;

"Go, (said the greatest Queen,) with Oxford go,
And still the tumults of the world below;
Exert thy powers, and prosper: he that knows 445
To move with Oxford, never should repose."

She spake: the Patriot overspread thy mind,
And all thy days to public good resign'd.
Else might thy soul, so wonderfully wrought
For every depth and turn of curious thought, 450
To this the Poet's sweet recess retreat,

And thence report the pleasures of the seat,
Describe the raptures which a Writer knows
When in his breast a vein of fancy glows,
Describe his business while he works the mine, 455
Describe his temper when he sees it shine,

Or say, when Readers easy verse insnares,
How much the Writer's mind can act on theirs:
Whence images, in charming numbers set,

A sort of likeness in the soul beget, 460
And what fair visions oft we fancy nigh
By fond delusions of the swimming eye,
Or further pierce through Nature's maze to find
How passions drawn give passions to the mind.

Oh, what a sweet confusion! what surprize! 465
How quick the shifting views of pleasure rise!
While, lightly skimming, with a transient wing,
I touch the beauties which I wish to sing.

Is Verse a sovereign Regent of the soul,
And fitted all its motions to controul? 470

Or are they sisters, tun'd at once above,
And shake like unisons if either move?
For, when the numbers sing an eager fight,
I've heard a soldier's voice express delight;
I've seen his eyes with crowding spirits shine, 475
And round his hilt his hand unthinking twine.

When from the shore the fickle Trojan flies,
And in sweet measures poor Eliza dies,
I've seen the book forsake the virgin's hand,
And in her eyes the tears but hardly stand. 480
I've known her blush at soft Corinna's name,
And in red characters confess a flame:

Or wish success had more adorn'd his arms,
Who gave the world for Cleopatra's charms.

Ye Sons of Glory, be my first appeal, 485

If here the power of lines these lines reveal.
When some great youth has with impetuous thought
Read o'er achievements which another wrought,
And seen his courage and his honour go
Through crowding nations in triumphant show, 490

His soul, enchanted by the words he reads,
Shines all impregnated with sparkling seeds;
And courage here, and honour there, appears
In brave design that soars beyond his years;
And this a spear, and that a chariot lends, 495

And war and triumph he by turns attends;
Thus gallant pleasures are his waking dream,
Till some fair cause have call'd him forth to fame;
Then, form'd to life on what the Poet made,
And breathing slaughter, and in arms array'd, 500
He marches forward on the daring foe,
And emulation acts in every blow.

Great Hector's shade in fancy stalks along,
From rank to rank amongst the martial throng;
While from his acts he learns a noble rage, 505
And shines like Hector in the present age.
Thus verse will raise him to the victor's bays;
And verse, that rais'd him, shall resound his praise.

Ye tender Beauties, be my witness too,
If Song can charm, and if my Song be true. 510

With sweet experience oft a Fair may find
Her passions mov'd by passions well design'd;
And then she longs to meet a gentle swain,
And longs to love, and to be lov'd again.

And if by chance an amorous youth appears, 515

With pants and blushes she the courtship hears;
And finds a tale that must with theirs agree,
And he's Septimius, and his Acme * she:

Thus lost in thought her melted heart she gives,
And the rais'd Lover by the Poet lives. 520

* "With such a husband, such a wife,

"With Acme and Septimius' life,"

is the conclusion of Cowley's beautiful imitation of Catullus.

ON

QUEEN ANNE'S PEACE.

Ann's 1713.

MOTHER of Plenty, daughter of the Skies,
 Sweet Peace, the troubled world's desire, arise;
 Around thy Poet weave thy summer shades,
 Within my fancy spread thy flow'ry meads,
 Amongst thy train lost Ease and Pleasure bring, 5
 And thus indulgent sooth me whilst I sing!
 Great Anna claims the song; no brighter name
 Adorns the list of never-dying Fame;
 No fairer soul was ever form'd above, 10
 None e'er was more the grateful nation's love,
 Nor lov'd the nation more. I fly with speed
 To sing such lines as Bolingbroke may read,
 On war dispers'd, on faction trampled down,
 On all the peaceful glories of the crown;
 And if I fail in too confin'd a flight, 15
 May the kind world upon my labours write,
 "So fell the lines which strove for endless fame,
 "Yet fell attempting on the noblest theme."
 Now twelve revolving years has Britain stood,
 With loss of wealth and vast expence of blood, 20
 Europa's guardian; till her gallant arms
 Secur'd Europa from impending harms.
 Fair honour, full success, and just applause,
 Pursu'd her marches and adorn'd her cause;
 Whilst Gaul, aspiring to erect a throne 25
 O'er other empires, trembled for her own,
 Bemoan'd her cities won, her armies slain,
 And sunk the thought of universal reign.
 When thus reduc'd the world's invaders lie,
 The fears which rack'd the nations justly die: 30
 Pow'r finds its balance, giddy motions cease
 In both the scales, and each inclines to peace.
 This fair occasion Providence prepares
 To answer pious Anna's hourly pray'rs,
 Which still on warm devotion's wings arose, 35
 And, reaching heav'n, obtain'd the world's repose.
 Within the vast expansion of the sky,
 Where orbs of gold in fields of azure lie,
 A glorious palace shines, whose silver ray
 Serenely flowing lights the Milky Way, 40
 The road of angels: here, with speedy care,
 The summon'd guardians of the world repair,
 When Britain's angel, on the message sent,
 Speaks Anna's pray'rs, and Heav'n's supreme intent,
 That War's destructive arm should humble Gaul, 45
 Spain's parted realms to different monarchs fall,
 The grand alliance, crown'd with glory, cease,
 And joyful Europe finds the sweets of peace.
 He spoke; the smiling hopes of man's repose,
 The joy that springs from certain hopes arose 50
 Diffusive o'er the place; complacent airs
 Sedately sweet were heard within the spheres;

MISCELLANIES.

And bowing, all adore the sov'reign mind, And fly to execute the work design'd.	237
This done, the guardian on the wing repairs Where Anna sat, revolving public cares	55
With deep concern of thought: unseen he stood, Presenting peaceful images of good On Fancy's airy stage; returning trade, A sunk Exchequer fill'd, an army paid,	60
The fields with men, the men with plenty, blest, The towns with riches, and the world with rest. Such pleasing objects on her bosom play, And give the dawn of glory's golden day,	65
When all her labours at their harvest shown, Shall in her subjects' joy complete her own. Then breaking silence, "'Tis enough," she cries, "That war has rag'd to make the nations wise:	70
"Heav'n prospers armies whilst they fight to save, "And thirst of further fame destroys the brave: "The vanquish'd Gauls are humbly pleas'd to live, "And but escap'd the chains they meant to give. "Now let the pow'rs be still'd, and each possess "Of what secures the common safety best!"	
So spake the Queen, then, fill'd with warmth divine, She call'd her Oxford to the grand design;	75
Her Oxford! prudent in affairs of state, Profoundly thoughtful, manifestly great In ev'ry turn, whose steady temper steers Above the reach of gold or shock of fears;	80
Whom nobler chance, but merit understood By frequent trials, pow'r of doing good, And will to execute, advanc'd on high; O Soul created to deserve the sky!	
And make the nation, crown'd with glory, see How much it rais'd itself by raising thee! Now let the schemes which labour in thy breast, The long alliance crown with lasting rest;	85
Weigh all pretences with impartial laws, And fix the sep'rate int'rests of the cause.	90
These toils the graceful Bolingbroke attends, A genius fashion'd for the greatest ends, Whose strong perception takes the swiftest flight, And yet its swiftness ne'er obscures its sight:	95
When schemes are fix'd, and each assign'd a part, None serves his country with a nobler heart; Just thoughts of honour all his mind controul, And expedition wings his lively soul.	
On such a patriot to confer the trust, The monarch knows it safe, as well as just.	100
Then next proceeding in her agents' choice, And ever pleas'd that worth obtain the voice, She, from the list of high-distinguish'd names, With pious Bristol gallant Strafford names;	105
One form'd to stand a church's firm support, The other fitted to adorn a court; Both vers'd in bus'ness, both of fine address, By which experience leads to great success;	
And both to distant lands the monarch sends, And to their conduct Europe's peace commends.	110
Now ships unmoor'd to waft their agents o'er Spread all their sail, and quit the flying shore,	

The foreign agents reach th' appointed place,
 The Congress opens, and it will be peace.
 Methinks the war, like stormy winter, flies
 115 When fairer months unveil the blueish skies,
 A flow'ry world the sweetest season spreads,
 And doves with branches flutter round their heads.
 Half-peopled Gaul, whom num'rous ills destroy,
 120 With wishful heart attends the promis'd joy.
 For this prepares the Duke---Ah! sadly slain,
 'Tis grief to name him whom we mourn in vain:
 No warmth of verse repairs the vital flame,
 For verse can only grant a life in fame;
 125 Yet could my praise, like spicy odours shed,
 In everlasting song embalm the dead,
 To realms that weeping heard the loss, I'd tell
 What courage, sense, and faith, with Brandon fell.
 But Britain more than one for glory breeds,
 130 And polish'd Talbot to the charge succeeds,
 Whose far-projecting thoughts, maturely clear,
 Like glasses draw their distant objects near.
 Good parts, by gentle breeding much refin'd,
 And stores of learning, grace his ample mind;
 135 A cautious virtue regulates his ways,
 And honour gilds them with a thousand rays:
 To serve his nation, at his Queen's command,
 He parts, commission'd for the Gallic land:
 With pleasure Gaul beholds him on her shore,
 140 And learns to love a name she fear'd before.
 Once more aloft there meet for new debates
 The guardian angels of Europa's states,
 And mutual concord shines in ev'ry face,
 And ev'ry bosom glows with hopes of peace,
 145 While Britain's steps in one consent they praise,
 Then gravely mourn their other realms' delays,
 Their doubtful claims thro' seas of blood pursu'd,
 Their fears that Gallia fell but half subdu'd,
 And all the reas'nings which attempt to show
 150 That war should ravage in the world below.
 "Ah! fall'n estate of man! can rage delight,
 "Wounds please the touch, or ruin charm the sight!
 "Ambition make unlovely mischief fair!
 "Or ever pride be Providence's care!
 155 "When stern oppressors range the bloody field,
 "Tis just to conquer, and unsafe to yield:
 "There save the nations; but no more pursue,
 "Nor in thy turn become oppressor too.
 "Our rebel angels for ambition fell,
 160 "And war in heav'n produc'd a fiend in hell."
 Thus, with a soft concern for man's repose,
 The tender guardians join to moan our woes,
 Then awful rise, combin'd with all their might,
 To find what fury, 'scap'd the den of Night,
 165 The pleasing labours of their love withstands,
 And spreads a wild distraction o'er the lands;
 Their glitt'ring pinions found in yielding air,
 And watchful Providence approves the care.
 In Flandria's soil, where camps have mark'd the plain,
 The fiend, impetuous Discord, fix'd her reign;
 170 A tent her royal seat. With full resort
 Stern shapes of horror throng'd her busy court,

Blind Mischief, Ambush, close concealing Tre,
 Loud Threat'nings, Ruin, arm'd with sword and fire,
 Assaulting Fierceness, Anger wanting breath, 175
 High redd'ning Rage, and various forms of death,
 Dire imps of darkness, whom with gore she feeds,
 When war beyond its point of good proceeds.
 In Gallic armour, call'd, with alter'd name,
 Great love of Empire, to the field she came; 180
 Now, still supporting feud, she strives to hide
 Beneath that name, and only change the side;
 But as the whirl'd the rapid wheels around,
 Where mangled limbs in heaps pollute the ground,
 (A sullen, joyless sport,) with searching eye 185
 The shining chiefs regard her as they fly;
 Then hov'ring, dart their beams of heav'nly light;
 She starts, the fury stands confess'd to fight,
 And grieves to leave the foil, and yells aloud;
 Her yells are answer'd by the sable crowd, 190
 And all on bat-like wings (if Fame be true)
 From Christian lands to Northern climates flew.

But rising murmurs from Britannia's shore
 With speed recall her watchful guardian o'er.
 He spreads his pinions, and, approaching near, 195
 These hints in scatter'd words assault his ear;
 "The people's power---the grand alliance cross---
 "The peace is sep'rate---Our religion's lost."
 Led by the blatant voice along the skies,
 He comes where Faction over cities flies; 200
 A talking fiend, whom snaky locks disgrace,
 And numerous mouths deform her dusky face,
 Whence lies are utter'd, whisper softly sounds,
 Sly doubts amaze, or innuendo wounds:
 Within her arms are heaps of pamphlets seen, 205
 And these blaspheme the Saviour, those the Queen;
 Associate vices: thus with tongue and hand
 She shed her venom o'er the troubled land.
 Now vex'd that Discord, and the baneful train
 That tends on Discord, fled the neighb'ring plain, 210
 She rag'd to madness when the guardian came,
 And downwards drove her with a sword of flame;
 A mountain gaping to the nether hell
 Receiv'd the fury, railing as she fell;
 The mountain closing o'er the fury lies, 215
 And stops her passage where she means to rise;
 And when she strives, or shifts her side for ease,
 All Britain rocks amidst her circling seas.

Now Peace returning after tedious woes,
 Restores the comforts of a calm repose: 220
 Then bid the warriors sheath their sanguin'd arms,
 Bid angry trumpets cease to sound alarms,
 Guns leave to thunder in the tortur'd air,
 Red streaming colours furl around the spear,
 And each contending realm no longer jar, 225
 But, pleas'd with rest, unharness all the war.

She comes, the blessing comes! where'er she moves
 New springing beauty all the land improves:
 More heaps of fragrant flowers the fields adorn,
 More sweet the birds salute the rosy morn, 230
 More lively green refreshes all the leaves,
 And in the breeze the corn more thickly waves.

PARNELL'S POEMS.

She comes, the blessing comes in easy state,
 And forms of brightness all around her wait:
 Here smiling Safety, with her bosom bare,
 Securely walks, and cheerful Plenty there;
 Here wondrous Sciences with eagles' flight,
 There liberal Arts, which make the world polite;
 And opening Traffic, joining hand in hand
 With honest Industry, approach the land. 235
 O welcome, long desir'd, and lately found!
 Here fix thy seat upon the British ground;
 Thy shining train around the nation send,
 While by degrees the loading taxes end:
 While caution calm, yet still prepar'd for arms,
 And foreign treaties, guard from foreign harms;
 While equal Justice, hearing ev'ry cause,
 Makes ev'ry subject join to love the laws. 240
 Where Britain's patriots in council meet,
 Let public safety rest at Anna's feet;
 Let Oxford's schemes the path to plenty show,
 And thro' the realm increasing plenty go:
 Let arts and sciences in glory rise,
 And, pleas'd the world has leisure to be wise,
 Around their Oxford and their St. John stand, 245
 Like plants that flourish by the master's hand;
 And safe in hope the sons of Learning wait
 Where Learning's self has fix'd her fair retreat:
 Let Traffic, cherish'd by the senate's care,
 On all the seas employ the wafting air;
 And Industry, with circulating wing,
 Thro' all the land the goods of Traffic bring. 250
 The blessings so dispos'd will long abide,
 Since Anna reigns, and Harley's thoughts preside;
 Great Ormond's arms the sword of caution wield,
 And hold Britannia's broad-projecting shield;
 Bright Bolingbroke and worthy Dartmouth treat
 By fair dispatch with ev'ry foreign state;
 And Harcourt's knowledge, equitably shown,
 Makes Justice call his firm decrees her own. 255
 Thus all that poets fancied heav'n of old
 May for the nation's present emblem hold:
 There Jove imperial sway'd, Minerva wise,
 And Phoebus eloquent, adorn'd the skies;
 On arts Cyllenius fix'd his full delight,
 Mars rein'd the war, and Themis judg'd the right: 260
 All mortals once beneficently great,
 (As Fame reports,) and rais'd in heav'nly state;
 Yet sharing labours, till they shunn'd repose,
 To shed the blessings down by which they rose. 265
 Illustrious Queen! how heav'n hath heard thy pray'rs!
 What stores of happiness attend thy cares!
 A church in safety fix'd, a state in rest,
 A faithful ministry, a people blest,
 And kings submissive at thy footstool thrown, 270
 That others' rights restore, or beg their own.
 Now rais'd with thankful mind, and rolling slow,
 In grand procession to the temple go,
 By snow-white horses drawn; while sounding Fame
 Proclaims thy coming, praise exalts thy name; 275
 Fair Honour dress'd in robes adorns thy state,
 And on thy train the crowded nations wait, 280

MISCELLANIES.

241

Who, pressing, view with what a temper'd grace
The looks of majesty compose thy face,
And mingling sweetness shines; or how thy dress, 295
And how thy pomp an inward joy confess;
Then fill'd with pleasures to thy glory due,
With shouts, the chariot moving on, pursue.
'As when the phoenix from Arabia flown
(If any phoenix were like Anna known) 300
His spice at Phœbus' shrine prepar'd to lay,
Where'er their monarch cut his airy way,
The gath'ring birds around the wonder flew,
And much admir'd his shape, and much his hue,
The tuft of gold that glow'd above his head, 305
His spacious train with golden feathers spread,
His gilded bosom speck'd with purple pride,
And both his wings in glossy purple dy'd;
He still pursues his way, with wond'ring eyes
The birds attend, and follow where he flies. 310
Thrice happy Britons! if at last you know
'Tis less to conquer than to want a foe;
That triumphs still are made for war's decrease,
When men by conquest rise to views of peace;
That over toils for peace in view we run, 315
Which gain'd, the world is pleas'd, and war is done.
Fam'd Blenheim's field, Ramillies' noble seat,
Blaregni's desp'rate act of gallant heat,
Or wondrous Winendale, are war pursu'd
By wounds and deaths thro' plains with blood imbrud 320
But good design to make the world be still,
With human grace adorns the needful ill.
This end obtain'd, we close the scenes of rage,
And gentler glories deck the rising age.
Such gentler glories, such reviving days, 325
The nation's wishes, and the statesman's praise,
Now pleas'd to shine, in golden order throng,
Demand our annals, and enrich our song.
Then go where Albion's cliffs approach the skies,
(The fame of Albion so deserves to rise,) 330
And deep engrav'd for time, till time shall cease,
Upon the stones their fair inscription place:
Iberia rent, the pow'r of Gallia broke,
Batavia rescu'd from the threat'ned yoke,
The royal Austrian rais'd, his realms restor'd, 335
Great-Britain arm'd, triumphant, and ador'd,
Its state enlarg'd, its peace restor'd again,
Are blessings all adorning Anna's reign. 338

BACCHUS: OR, THE DRUNKEN METAMORPHOSIS.

AS Bacchus, ranging at his leisure,
(Io Bacchus, king of pleasure.)
Charm'd the wide world with drink and dances,
And all his thousand airy fancies,
Alas! he quite forgot the while 5
His fav'rite vines in Lesbos' isle.

The god returning ere they dy'd,
"Ah! see, my jolly Fawns," he cry'd,
"The leaves but hardly born are red,
"And the bare arms for pity spread;
"The beasts afford a rich manure;
"Fly, my boys, to bring the cure,

PARNELL'S POEMS.

"Up the mountains, o'er the vales,
 "Thro' the woods, and down the dales;
 "For this, if full the cluster grow,
 "Your bowls shall doubly overflow." 15
 So cheer'd, with more officious haste
 They bring the dung of every beast;
 The loads they wheel, the roots they bear,
 They lay the rich manure with care, 20
 While oft' he calls to labour hard,
 And names as oft' the red reward.
 The plants refresh'd, new leaves appear,
 The thick'ning clusters load the year,
 The season swiftly purple grew, 25
 The grapes hung dangling, deep with blue.
 A vineyard ripe, a day serene
 Now call them all to work again;
 The Fawns thro' ev'ry furrow shoot
 To load the flasks with the fruit; 30
 And now the vintage early trod,
 The wines invite the jolly god.
 Strow the roses, raise the song,
 See the master comes along!
 Lusty Revel join'd with Laughter, 35
 Whim and Frolic follow after;
 The Fawns aside the vats remain,
 To shew the work and reap the gain.
 All around, and all around,
 They fit to riot on the ground: 40
 A vessel stands amidst the ring,
 And here they laugh, and there they sing,
 Or rise a jolly, jolly band,
 And dance about it hand in hand, 45
 Dance about and shout amain,
 Then sit to laugh and sing again;
 Thus they drink, and thus they play
 The fun and all their wits away.
 But as an ancient author sung,
 The vine manur'd with ev'ry dung 50
 From ev'ry creature, strangely drew
 A tang of brutal nature too:
 'Twas hence in drinking on the lawns,
 New turns of humour seiz'd the Fawns.
 Here one was crying out, By Jove! 55
 Another, Fight me in the grove;
 This wounds a friend, and that the trees;
 The lion's temper reign'd in these.
 Another grins and leaps about, 60
 And keeps a merry world of rout,
 And talks impertinently free,
 And twenty talk the same as he;
 Chatt'ring, idle, airy, kind,
 These take the monkey's turn of mind.
 Here one, who saw the Nymphs that stood 65
 To peep upon them from the wood,
 Skulks off to try if any maid
 Be lagging late beneath the shade,
 While loose discourse another raises
 In naked Nature's plainest phrases, 70
 And ev'ry glass he drinks enjoys
 With change of nonsense, lust, and noise;

MISCELLANIES.

243

Mad and careless, hot and vain,
Such as these the Goat retain.

75

Another drinks and casts it up,
And drinks, and wants another cup,
Is very silent and sedate,
Ever long and ever late;
Full of meats and full of wine,
This takes his temper from the swine.

80

There some, who hardly seem to breathe,
Drink and hang the jaw beneath;
Gaping, tender, apt to weep,
Their nature's alter'd by the sheep.

85

'Twas thus one autumn all the crew,
(If what the poets say be true,)
While Bacchus made the merry feast,
Inclin'd to one or other beast;
And since, 'tis said, for many a mile
He spread the vines of Lesbos' isle.

90

ELYSIUM.

IN airy fields, the fields of bliss below,

Where woods of myrtle, set by Maro, grow,
Where grass beneath, and shade diffus'd above,
Refresh the fevers of distracted love;
There at a solemn tide the beauties, slain
By tender passion, add their fates again;
Thro' gloomy light, that just betrays the grove,
In orgies all disconsolately rove;

5

They range the reeds, and o'er the poppies sweep,
That nodding bend beneath their load of sleep,
By lakes subsiding with a gentle face,
And rivers gliding with a silent pace;
Where kings and swains, by ancient authors sung,
Now chang'd to flow'rets, o'er the margin hung;
The self-admirer, white Narcissus, so
Fades at the brink, his picture fades below:

10

15

In bells of azure Hyacinth arose,
In crimson painted young Adonis glows,
The fragrant crocus shone with golden flame,
And leaves inscrib'd with Ajax' haughty name.
A sad remembrance brings their lives to view,
And with their passion makes their tears renew,
Unwinds the years, and lays the former scene,
Where after death they live for deaths again.

20

Lost by the glories of her lover's state,
Deluded Semele bewails her fate,
And runs, and seems to burn; the flames arise,
And fan with idle fury as the flies.

25

The lovely Cænis, whose transforming shap
Secur'd her honour from a second rape,
Now moans the first, with ruffled dress appears,
Feels her whole sex return, and bathes with tears.

30

The jealous Procris wipes a seeming wound,
Whose trickling crimson dyes the bushy ground,
Knows the sad shaft, and calls before she go,
To kiss the fav'rite hand that gave the blow.
Where ocean feigns a rage, the Sennian fair
Holds a dim taper from a tow'r of air;
A noiseless wind assails the wav'ring light,
The beauty tumbling mingles with the night.

35

40

Where curling shades for rough Leucate rose,
 With love distracted tuneful Sappho goes,
 Sings to mock cliffs a melancholy lay,
 And with a lover's leap affrights the sea.

The sad Erythraë retreats to moan,
 What wrought her husband's death, and caus'd her own;
 Surveys the glitt'ring veil, the bribe of Fate,
 And tears the shadow, but she tears too late.

In thin design and airy picture fleet
 The tales that stain the royal house of Crete: 50
 To court a lovely bull Pasiphaë flies,

The snowy phantom feeds before her eyes.
 Lost Ariadne raves; the thread she bore
 Trails on unwinding as she walks the shore;
 And Phædra, desperate, seeks the lonely groves, 55

To read her guilty letter while she roves:
 Red shame confounds the first, the second wears
 A hairy crown, the third a halter bears.
 Fair Laodamia mourns her nuptial night,
 Of love defrauded by the thirst of fight; 60

Yet for another as delusive cries,
 And dauntless sees her Hero's ghost arise.

Here Thisbe, Canace, and Dido, stand,
 All arm'd with swords, a fair, but angry band:
 This sword a lover own'd; a father gave 65
 The next; a stranger chang'd the last to leave.

And there e'en she, the goddess of the grove,
 Join'd with the phantom-fairs, affects to rove;
 As once for Latmos she forsook the plain,
 To steal the kisses of a slumb'ring swain; 70
 Around her head a starry fillet twines,
 And at the front a silver crescent shines.

These, and a thousand and a thousand more,
 With sacred rage recall the pangs they bore,
 Strike the deep dart afresh, and ask relief, 75
 Or sooth the wound with soothing words of grief.

At such a tide unheeded Love invades
 The dark recesses of the madding shades;
 Thro' long descent he fans the fogs around,
 His purple feathers as he flies resound: 80

The nimble beauties, crowding all to gaze,
 Perceive the common troubler of their ease;
 Tho' dulling mists and dubious day destroy
 The fine appearance of the flatt'ring boy, 85

Tho' all the pomp that glitters at his side
 The golden belt, the clasp and quiver, hide,
 And tho' the torch appear a gleam of white,
 That faintly spots and moves in hazy night,
 Yet still they know the god, the gen'ral foe,
 And threat'ning lift their airy hands below. 90

From hence they lead him where a myrtle stood,
 The saddest myrtle in the mournful wood,
 Devote to vex the gods; 'twas here before
 Hell's awful empress soft Adonis bore,
 When the young hunter scorn'd her graver air, 95
 And only Venus warm'd his shadow there.

Fix'd to the trunk the tender boy they bind,
 They cord his feet beneath, his hands behind;
 He mourns, but vainly mourns, his angry fate,
 For beauty, still relentless, acts in hate. 100

Tho' no offence be done, no judge be nigh,
Love must be guilty by the common cry;
For all are pleas'd, by partial passion led,
To shift their follies on another's head.

Now sharp reproaches ring their shrill alarms, 105
And all the heroines brandish all their arms,
And ev'ry heroine makes it her decree
That Cupid suffer just the same as she.

To fix the desperate halter one assay'd,
One seeks to wound him with an empty blade; 110
Some headlong hang the nodding rocks of air,

They fall in fancy, and he feels despair;
Some toss the hollow seas around his head
(The seas that want a wave afford a dread)
Or shake the torch; the sparkling fury flies, 115
And flames that never burn'd afflict his eyes.

The mournful Myrrha bursts her rended womb,
And drowns his visage in a moist perfume;
While others, seeming mild, advise to wound
With hum'rous pains, by sly Derision sound, 120
That prickling bodkins teach the blood to flow,
From whence the roses first begin to glow,
Or in their flames to singe the boy prepare,
That all should choose by wanton fancy where.

The lovely Venus, with a bleeding breast, 125
She too securely thro' the circle prest,
Forgot the parent, urg'd his hasty fate,
And spurr'd the female rage beyond debate:

O'er all her scenes of frailty swiftly runs,
Absolves herself, and makes the crime her son's; 130
That, clasp'd in chains, with Mars she chanc'd to lie,
A noted fable of the laughing sky;

That from her love's intemperate heat began
Sicanian Eryx, born a savage man,
The loose Priapus, and the monster wight 135
In whom the sexes shamefully unite.

Nor words suffice the goddesses of the fair,
She snaps the rosy wreath that binds her hair,
Then on the god, who fear'd a fiercer woe,
Her hands unpitying dealt the frequent blow; 140
From all his tender skin a purple dew

The dreadful scourges of the chaplet drew,
From whence the rose, by Cupid ting'd before,
Now, doubly tinging, flames with lustre more.

Here ends their wrath; the parent seems severe, 145
The strokes unfit for little Love to bear;

To save their foe the melting beauties fly,
And, "Cruel Mother! spare thy child," they cry.
To Love's account they plac'd their death of late,
And now transfer the sad account to Fate: 150

The mother pleas'd, beheld the storm assuage,
Thank'd the calm'd mourners, and dismiss'd her rage.

Thus Fancy, once in dusky shade express'd,
With empty terrors work'd the time of rest, 155
Where wretched Love endur'd a world of woe

For all a winter's length of night below;
Then soar'd, as sleep dissolv'd, unchain'd away,
And thro' the port of iv'ry reach'd the day.

As mindless of their rage, he slowly sails
On pinions cumber'd in the misty vales, 160

(Ah, fool to light!) the Nymphs no more obey,
Nor was this region ever his to sway:
Cast in a deep'ned ring they close the plain,
And seize the god reluctant all in vain.

164

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

WHERE waving pines the brows of Ida shade,
The swain, young Paris, half supinely laid,
Saw the loose flocks thro' shrubs unnumber'd rove,
And piping call'd them to the gladdened grove:
'Twas there he met the message of the skies,
That he, the judge of beauty, deal the prize.
The message known, one Love with anxious mind,
To make his mother guard the time assign'd,
Drew forth her proud white swans, and trac'd the pair
That wheel her chariot in the purple air:
A golden bow behind his shoulder bends,
A golden quiver at his side depends;
Pointing to these he nods with fearless state,
And bids her safely meet the grand debate.
Another love proceeds with anxious care,
To make his iv'ry sleek the shining hair,
Moves the loose curls, and bids the forehead show,
In full expansion, all its native snow.
A third enclasps the many-colour'd cest,
And, rul'd by Fancy, sets the silver vest,
When to her sons, with intermingled sighs,
The goddess of the rosy lips applies.

5

10

15

20

" 'Tis now, my darling Boys! a time to show
" The love you feel, the filial aids you owe;
" Yet would we think that any dar'd to strive
" For charms, when Venus and her Love's alive?
" Or, should the prize of beauty be deny'd,
" Has beauty's Empress aught to boast beside?
" And ting'd with poison, pleasing while it harms,
" My darts I truited to your infant arms;
" If, when your hands have arch'd the golden bow,
" The world's great Ruler bending owns the blow,
" Let no contending form invade my due,
" Tall Juno's mien, nor Pallas' eyes of blue;
" But, grac'd with triumph, to the Paphian shore
" Your Venus bears the palms of conquest o'er,
" And joyful see my hundred altars there
" With costly gums perfume the wanton air."

25

30

35

While thus the Cupids hear the Cyprian dame,
The grove resounded where a goddess came;
The warlike Pallas march'd with mighty stride,
Her shield forgot, her helmet laid aside;
Her hair unbound, in curls and order flow'd,
And peace, or something like, her visage show'd;
So with her eyes serene, and hopeful haite,
The long stretch'd alleys of the wood she trac'd;
But where the woods a second entrance found,
With sceptred pomp and golden glory crown'd;
The stately Juno stalk'd to reach the seat,
And hear the sentence in the last debate;
And long, severely long, resent the grove,
In this what boots it she's the wife of Jove?

40

45

50

Arm'd with a grace at length, secure to win,
The lovely Venus smiling enters in;

MISCELLANIES.

247

All sweet and shining near the youth she drew,
Her rosy neck ambrosial odours threw;
The sacred scents diffus'd among the leaves,
Ran down the woods, and fill'd their hoary caves;
The charms, so am'rous all, and each so great,
The conquer'd Judge no longer keeps his seat;
Oppress'd with light, he drops his weary'd eyes,
And fears he should be thought to doubt the prize.

55

60

ON THE DEATH OF MR. VINER.

IS Viner dead? and shall each Muse become

Silent as Death, and as his music dumb?
Shall he depart without a Poet's praise,
Who oft' to harmony has tun'd their lays?
Shall he who knew the elegance of sound,
Find no one voice to sing him to the ground?
Music and Poetry are sister-arts,
Shew a like genius, and consenting hearts:
My soul with his is secretly ally'd,
And I am forc'd to speak, since Viner dy'd.

5

10

Oh, that my Muse, as once his notes, could swell!
That I might all his praises fully tell;
That I might say with how much skill he play'd,
How nimbly four extended strings survey'd;
How bow and fingers, with a noble strife,
Did raise the vocal fiddle into life;
How various sounds, in various order rang'd,
By unobserv'd degrees minutely chang'd,
Through a vast space could in divisions run,
Be all distinct, yet all agree in one:
And how the fleetest notes could swiftly pass,
And skip alternately from place to place;
The strings could with a sudden impulse bound,
Speak every touch, and tremble into sound.

15

20

The liquid harmony, a tuneful tide,
Now seem'd to rage, anon would gently glide,
By turns would ebb and flow, would rise or fall,
Be loudly daring, or be softly small:
While all was blended in one common name,
Wave push'd on wave, and all compos'd a stream.

25

30

The different tones melodiously combin'd,
Temper'd with art, in sweet confusion join'd;
The soft, the strong, the clear, the shrill, the deep,
Would sometimes soar aloft, and sometimes creep;
While every soul upon his motions hung,
As though it were in tuneful concert strung,
His touch did strike the fibres of the heart,
And a like trembling secretly impart;
Where various passions did by turns succeed,
He made it cheerful, and he made it bleed;
Could wind it up into a glowing fire,
Then shift the scene, and teach it to expire.

35

40

Oft have I seen him, on a public stage,
Alone the gaping multitude engage;
The eyes and ears of each spectator draw,
Command their thoughts, and give their passion law;
While other music, in oblivion drown'd,
Seem'd a dead pulse, or a neglected sound.

45

Alas! he's gone, our great Apollo's dead,
And all that's sweet and tuneful with him fled;

50

PARNELL'S POEMS.

Hibernia, with one universal cry,
 Laments the loss, and speaks his elegy.
 Farewell thou author of refin'd delight,
 Too little known, too soon remov'd from sight;
 Those fingers, which such pleasure did convey, 55
 Must now become to stupid worms a prey:
 Thy grateful fiddle will for ever stand
 A silent mourner for its master's hand:
 Thy art is only to be match'd above,
 Where Music reigns, and in that Music Love; 60
 Where thou wilt in the happy chorus join,
 And quickly thy melodious soul refine
 To the exalted pitch of Harmony Divine. }

A RIDDLE.

UPON a bed of humble clay,
 In all her garments loose,
 A prostitute my mother lay
 To ev'ry comer's use;
 Till one gallant, in heat of love, 5
 His own peculiar made her,
 And to a region far above,
 And softer beds, convey'd her.
 But in his absence, to his place
 His rougher rival came, 10
 And with a cold constrain'd embrace
 Begat me on the dame.
 I then appear'd to public view
 A creature wondrous bright,
 But shortly perishable too, 15
 Inconstant, nice, and light.
 On feathers not together fast
 I wildly flew about,
 And from my father's country past
 To find my mother's out; 20
 Where her gallant, of her beguil'd,
 With me enamour'd grew;
 And I, that was my mother's child,
 Brought forth my mother too. 24

ON MRS. A. F. LEAVING LONDON.

FROM Town fair Arabella flies,
 The beaux unpowder'd grieve,
 The rivers play before her eyes,
 The breezes softly breathing rise,
 The spring begins to live. 5
 Her lovers swore they must expire,
 Yet quickly find their ease,
 For as she goes their flames retire;
 Love thrives before a nearer fire,
 Esteem by distant rays. 10
 Yet soon the fair one will return
 When summer quits the plain;
 Ye Rivers! pour the weeping urn,
 Ye Breezes! sadly sighing, mourn,
 Ye Lovers! burn again. 15

'Tis constancy enough in love
That Nature's fairly shown,
To search for more will fruitless prove;
Romances and the turtle dove
The virtue boast alone.

28

ON THE B-----P OF S-----,

Who had like to have been burnt in his Study.

FROM that dire era, bane of S-----'s pride,
Which lost his schemes, and laid his friends aside,
He talks and writes that Pop'ry will return,
And he, and we, and all his works, must burn.
What touch'd himself was almost fairly prov'd,
(Oh! far from Britain be the rest remov'd!)
For as of late he meant to bless the age
With flagrant prefaces of party-rage,
O'erwrought with passion, and the subject's weight,
Lolling he nodded in his elbow seat;
Down fell the candle, greave and zeal conspire,
Heat meets with heat, and pamphlets burn their fire.
Here crawls a preface on its half burnt maggots,
And there an introduction brings its faggots;
Then roars the prophet of the Northern nation,
Scorch'd by a flaming speech on moderation.
Unwarn'd by this, go on the realm to fright,
Thou Briton! vaunting on thy second sight:
In such a ministry you safely tell
How much you'd suffer if religion fell.

5

10

15

20

EPIGRAM.

"Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
"Res angusta domi-----"

THE greatest gifts that Nature does bestow,
Can't unassisted to perfection grow:
A scanty fortune clips the wings of Fame,
And checks the progress of a rising name:
Each dastard virtue drags a captive's chain,
And moves but slowly, for it moves with pain:
Domestic cares sit hard upon the mind,
And cramp those thoughts which should be unconfin'd:
The cries of Poverty alarm the soul,
Abate its vigour, its designs cantroul:
The stings of Want inflict the wounds of Death,
And motion always ceases with the breath.
The love of friends is found a languid fire,
That glares but faintly, and will soon expire;
Weak is its force, nor can its warmth be great,
A feeble light begets a feeble heat.
Wealth is the fuel that must feed the flame,
It dies in rags, and scarce deserves a name.

5

10

15

ON THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN, 1715.

THIS house and inhabitants both well agree,
And resemble each other as near as can be;
One half is decay'd, and in want of a prop,
The other new-built, but not finish'd at top.

4

LOVE IN DISGUISE.

TO fife passion is no easy thing;
 A heart in love is always on the wing;
 The bold betrayer flutters still,
 And fans the breath prepared to tell:
 It melts the tongue, and tunes the throat, 5
 And moves the lips to form the note;
 And when the speech is lost,
 It then sends out its ghost,
 A little sigh,
 To say we die. 10
 'Tis strange the air that cools, a flame should prove;
 But wonder not, it is the air of love.

Yet, Chloris, I can make my love look well,
 And cover bleeding wounds I can't conceal;
 My words such artful accents break, 15
 You think I rather act than speak:
 My sighs, enliven'd through a smile,
 Your unsuspecting thoughts beguile;
 My eyes are vary'd so,
 You can't their wishes know: 20
 And I'm so gay,
 You think I play.
 Happy contrivance! such as can't be priz'd,
 To live in love, and yet to live disguis'd! 24

CHLORIS APPEARING IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

OFT have I seen a piece of art,
 Of light and shade the mixture fine,
 Speak all the passions of the heart,
 And shew true life in ev'ry line.
 But what is this before my eyes, 5
 With every feature, every grace,
 That strikes with love and with surprise,
 And gives me all the vital face?

It is not Chloris: for, behold,
 The shifting phantom comes and goes; 10
 And when 'tis here, 'tis pale and cold,
 Nor any female softness knows.

But 'tis her image, for I feel
 The very pains that Chloris gives;
 Her charms are there, I know them well, 15
 I see what in my bosom lives.

Oh, could I but the picture save!
 'Tis drawn by her own matchless skill;
 Nature the lively colours gave,
 And she need only look to kill. 20

Ah! fair-one, will it not suffice,
 That I should once your victim lie;
 Unless you multiply your eyes,
 And strive to make me doubly die? 24

ON A LADY WITH FOUL BREATH.

ART thou alive! It cannot be,
 There's so much rottenness in thee;
 Corruption only is in death;
 And what's more putrid than thy breath?
 Think not you live because you speak,
 For graves such hollow sounds can make;
 And respiration can't suffice,
 For vapours do from caverns rise:
 From thee such noisome stench comes,
 Thy mouth betrays thy breast a tomb.
 Thy body is a corpse that goes,
 By magic rais'd from its repose;
 A pestilence, that walks by day,
 But falls at night to worms and clay.
 But I will to my Chloris run,
 Who will not let me be undone:
 The sweets her virgin-breath contains
 Are fitted to remove my pains;
 There will I healing nectar sip,
 And, to be sav'd, approach her lip;
 Though, if I touch the matchless dame,
 I'm sure to burn with inward flame.
 Thus, when I would one danger shun,
 I'm straight upon another thrown:
 I seek a cure, one sore to ease,
 Yet in that cure's a new disease:
 But Love, though fatal, still can bless,
 And greater dangers hide the less;
 I'll go where passion bids me fly,
 And choose my death, since I must die;
 As Doves, pursu'd by birds of prey,
 Venture with milder man to stay.

5

10

15

20

25

30

ON THE NUMBER THREE.

BEAUTY rests not in one fix'd place,
 But seems to reign in every face;
 'Tis nothing sure but fancy then,
 In various forms, bewitching men;
 Or is its shape and colour fram'd,
 Proportion just, and Woman nam'd?
 If Fancy only rul'd in Love,
 Why should it then so strongly move?
 Or why should all that look agree,
 To own its mighty power in Three?
 In Three it shews a different face,
 Each shining with peculiar grace.
 Kindred a native likeness gives
 Which pleases, as in all it lives;
 And, where the features disagree,
 We praise the dear variety.
 Then Beauty surely ne'er was yet
 So much unlike itself, and so complete.

5

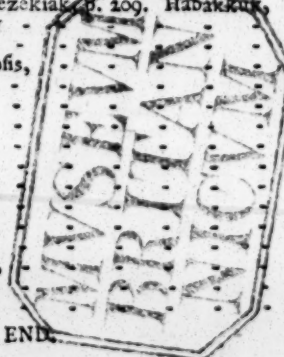
10

15

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Life of the Author,	5
Dedication to the Rt. Hon. Robert, Earl of Oxford, by A Pope, . .	14
Anacreontic I. p. 15. Anacreontic II.	16
Health. An Eclogue, p. 19. The Flies. An Eclogue,	21
Song I. When thy beauty appears, &c.	23
Song II. Thyrsis, a young, &c.	ib.
Song III. My Days have been, &c.	24
A Hymn to Contentment,	25
A Hymn for Morning,	27
A Hymn for Noon,	28
A Hymn for Evening,	29
To Mr. Pope,	31
To Dr. Swift on his Birth Day, November 30, 1713.	33
To a young Lady, on her Translation of the Story of Phœbus and Daphne, from Ovid,	35
Hesiod: or, The Rise of Woman,	36
The Hermit,	42
A Fairy Tale, in the ancient English Style,	50
The Vigil of Venus. Written in the Time of Julius Cæsar, and by some ascribed to Catullus,	55
Homer's Batrachomyomachia: or, The Battle of the Frogs and Mice. In three Books. Book I. p. 63. Book II. p. 66. Book III.	70
A Translation of Part of the first Canto of the Rape of the Lock into Leonine Verse, after the Manner of the ancient Monks,	76
An Elegy. To an old Beauty,	78
The Book-worm,	79
An Allegory on Man,	82
In Imitation of some French Verses,	85
A Night-Piece on Death,	87
The Horse and the Olive,	89
The third Satire of Dr. Donne, versified by Dr. Parnell,	92
To the Reader. Prefixed to Parnell's Posthumous Works,	98
The Gift of Poetry,	99
The Soul in Sorrow	100
The Happy Man,	102
The Way to Happiness,	103
The Convert's Love,	104
A Desire to Praise,	105
On Happiness in this Life,	107
Ecstasy,	108
On Divine Love, by meditating on the Wounds of Christ,	110
The Vision of Piety,	111
Moses, p. 115. Deborah, p. 135. Hannah, p. 145. David, p.	152
Solomon, p. 182. Jonah, p. 203. Hezekiah, p. 209. Habakkuk,	216
Essay on the different Styles of Poetry	222
On Queen Anne's Peace, anno 1713,	236
Bacchus, or the drunken Metamorphosis,	241
Elysium,	243
The Judgment of Paris,	246
On the Death of Mr. Viner,	247
A Riddle	248
On Mrs. A. F. leaving London,	ib.
On the B---p of S---,	249
Epigram	ib.
On the Castle of Dublin, Anno 1715,	ib.
Love in Disguise,	250
Chloris appearing in a Looking-glass,	ib.
On a Lady with foul Breath,	251
On the Number Three	ib.

THE END.



2
5
14
16
21
23
ib.
24
25
27
28
29
31
33

35
36
42
50

55

70

76

78

79

82

85

87

89

92

98

99

100

102

103

104

105

107

108

110

111

152

216

222

236

241

243

246

247

248

ib.

249

ib.

ib.

250

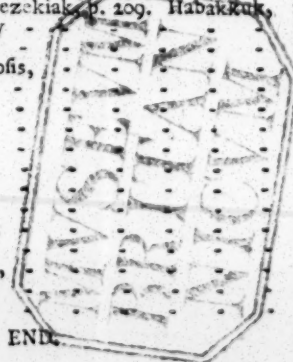
ib.

251

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Life of the Author, - - - - -	5
Dedication to the Rt. Hon. Robert, Earl of Oxford, by A Pope, -	14
Anacreontic I. p. 15. Anacreontic II. - - - - -	16
Health. An Eclogue, p. 19. The Flies. An Eclogue, - - - - -	21
Song I. When thy beauty appears, &c. - - - - -	23
Song II. Thyrsis, a young, &c. - - - - -	ib.
Song III. My Days have been, &c. - - - - -	24
A Hymn to Contentment, - - - - -	25
A Hymn for Morning, - - - - -	27
A Hymn for Noon, - - - - -	28
A Hymn for Evening, - - - - -	29
To Mr. Pope, - - - - -	31
To Dr. Swift on his Birth Day, November 30, 1713. - - - - -	33
To a young Lady, on her Translation of the Story of Phœbus and Daphne, from Ovid, - - - - -	35
Hesiod: or, The Rise of Woman, - - - - -	36
The Hermit, - - - - -	42
A Fairy Tale, in the ancient English Style, - - - - -	50
The Vigil of Venus. Written in the Time of Julius Cæsar, and by some ascribed to Catullus, - - - - -	55
Homer's Batrachomyomachia: or, The Battle of the Frogs and Mice. In three Books. Book I. p. 63. Book II. p. 66. Book III. - - - - -	70
A Translation of Part of the first Canto of the Rape of the Lock into Leonine Verse, after the Manner of the ancient Monks, - - - - -	76
An Elegy. To an old Beauty, - - - - -	78
The Book-worm, - - - - -	79
An Allegory on Man, - - - - -	82
In Imitation of some French Verses, - - - - -	85
A Night-Piece on Death, - - - - -	87
The Horse and the Olive, - - - - -	89
The third Satire of Dr. Donne, versified by Dr. Parnell, - - - - -	92
To the Reader. Prefixed to Parnell's Posthumous Works, - - - - -	98
The Gift of Poetry, - - - - -	99
The Soul in Sorrow - - - - -	100
The Happy Man, - - - - -	102
The Way to Happiness, - - - - -	103
The Convert's Love, - - - - -	104
A Desire to Praise, - - - - -	105
On Happiness in this Life, - - - - -	107
Ecstasy, - - - - -	108
On Divine Love, by meditating on the Wounds of Christ, - - - - -	110
The Vision of Piety, - - - - -	111
Moses, p. 115. Deborah, p. 135. Hannah, p. 141. David, p. - - - - -	152
Solomon, p. 182. Jonah, p. 203. Hezekiah, p. 209. Habakkuk, - - - - -	216
Essay on the different Styles of Poetry - - - - -	222
On Queen Anne's Peace, anno 1713, - - - - -	236
Bacchus, or the drunken Metamorphosis, - - - - -	241
Elysium, - - - - -	243
The Judgment of Paris, - - - - -	246
On the Death of Mr. Viner, - - - - -	247
A Riddle - - - - -	248
On Mrs. A. F. leaving London, - - - - -	ib.
On the B----p of S ----, - - - - -	249
Epigram - - - - -	ib.
On the Castle of Dublin, Anno 1715, - - - - -	ib.
Love in Disguise, - - - - -	250
Chloris appearing in a Looking-glass, - - - - -	ib.
On a Lady with foul Breath, - - - - -	251
On the Number Three - - - - -	ib.

THE END.



2
5
14
16
21
23
ib.
24
25
27
28
29
31
33

35
36
42
50

55

70

76

78

79

82

85

87

89

92

98

99

100

102

103

104

105

107

108

110

111

152

216

222

236

241

243

246

247

248

ib.

249

ib.

ib.

250

ib.

251

ib.

252

ib.

253

ib.

254

ib.

255